TRAVELS IN THREE CONTINENTS

Europe : Africa : Asia

J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

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TRAVELS IN THREE CONTINENTS

Europe ✦ Africa ✦ Asia

BY

J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

In reading accounts of the same regions by different travelers, I have often been struck with the dissimilarities resulting from the personal equation. Each sees what he takes with him, so that several views are more illuminating than one. Because of this I hope that there will be a place for another record of travel in many of the most interesting parts of the world.

Learning by experience, in protracted tours, that a certain amount of information is necessary to the interpretation of what one sees and hears, I have endeavored to interweave such knowledge with the narrative without impeding the natural flow of description. Thus I desire to aid those who contemplate this journey to prepare for it; to refresh the recollection of those who have preceded me; and enable those who do not expect to cross the ocean to see, "while looking through my eyes," almost "as well as with their own."

J. M. B.

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Travels in Three Continents.

CHAPTER I.

From New York to the Frontier of Spain.

To London—In Paris—Anniversary of the *Coup d'etat*—Glimpse of Bordeaux—The Grotto of Lourdes—Pau and the Pyrenees—Bayonne and Biarritz.

Accompanied by a member of the senior class in Amherst College, whom my proposed outline of travel had allured from his studies at the expense of delaying his graduation, at 6:30 on Wednesday morning, November 21, 1888, I sailed for Liverpool, arriving on the seventh day. I contrast that flight with my first voyage to the same port early in 1863, which was fourteen days in length, and advertised in the English papers as a remarkably quick passage.

Five hours after our arrival in Liverpool we were in London, which was enveloped in a dense fog during the forty-eight hours of our stay. The business which called us there having been transacted, we hastened to Paris by way of Folkestone and Boulogne. How charming Kent looked as we rode through! The trees not yet denuded of leaves, the farmers plowing, the sheep and cattle on the green hillsides made a true English pastoral scene.

The British Channel, generally vicious, was smooth as "a painted ocean." The walk about Paris on Saturday evening showed the same smiling, gossiping, pleasure loving, flippant city as of yore. Sunday was bright, clear, and the air crisp as a New England October day, yet it was a time of apprehension to the citizens, the thirty-seventh anniversary of the *coup d'etat*. A procession took place under the management of the radical municipal council of Paris, ostensibly

to strew flowers on the tomb of Alphonse Baudin, a deputy who was shot down upon the barricades on the day when Louis Napoleon transformed the Republic into an Empire.

The procession, which was more than two miles in length, occupied two hours in passing a given point, and a chain of police kept back the crowds estimated at a half million, distributed along the route. Those who were marching did so, for the most part, in absolute silence. There were no arms; there was no instrumental music, though the Marseillaise hymn was frequently sung with spirit. Occasionally there was raillery between the crowds and those in the parade, and cries were heard of "*Vive Boulanger!*" and the counter cries of "*A bas Boulanger!*"

None of those terrible men with blue blouses, nor of the "unwashed" *sans culottes*, who have figured in mobs, took part in this procession. The only hostile demonstrations were incited by the raising of a socialistic red flag. For a moment the uproar was tremendous, the cries incoherent and furious, the attitudes menacing; men, women, and children fled like sheep; but the police seized the flag and an obnoxious placard, and the tumult subsided.

In the town where I was reared lived a retired sea captain who told me of some of his adventures at Bordeaux, and from then until I visited it the name has had a witching interest for me. I found a city with a quarter of a million of population, connected by water with both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; its streets adorned with noble buildings; its commerce second in volume in France, sustaining the closest commercial relations to the United States, and having a romantic history.

Its wines have made it famous. A writer divides them into five classes as to quality. Half of the best goes to England; Paris takes a second, third, and fourth rate, with a small amount of the best; Russia, considerable of the best; Holland, the second and third; and the United States, the third, fourth, and fifth, with a limited quantity of the best.

When Benjamin Franklin went from the United States to represent the Colonies struggling for freedom, the sailing vessel landed him in Bordeaux, suggesting one of the most

important events in the history of this country, for the powerful intervention of France in its behalf depended much upon the influence of Franklin. One of the striking spectacles in Bordeaux is the miles upon miles of shipping, displaying every flag in the civilized world.

From a commercial city to the chief modern seat of alleged miraculous powers in western Europe, is indeed a transition, but we experienced it after traveling one hundred and sixty-seven miles to Lourdes. For fifty miles after leaving Bordeaux one could easily have imagined himself journeying in North Carolina, for the eye could see nothing but pines, interspersed with cottages and cultivated grounds. Such scenery is monotonous and desolate on a cloudy day; but when sunlight illumines earth and sky, and the warm breath of the pines finds its way to the face of the traveler, if not diversified, it is far from dull.

Gradually the face of the country became more hilly when, surmounting green valleys upon whose sides sheep and cattle were grazing, arose suddenly above the horizon the long line of the Pyrenees, snow-clad and resplendent in the full flood of sunlight, with here and there a fleecy cloud resting upon their loftiest peaks. A passenger in our compartment, a medical professor in the University of Paris, as the wonderful panorama greeted us, exclaimed: "This is my country! I was born in the Hautes-Pyrenees."

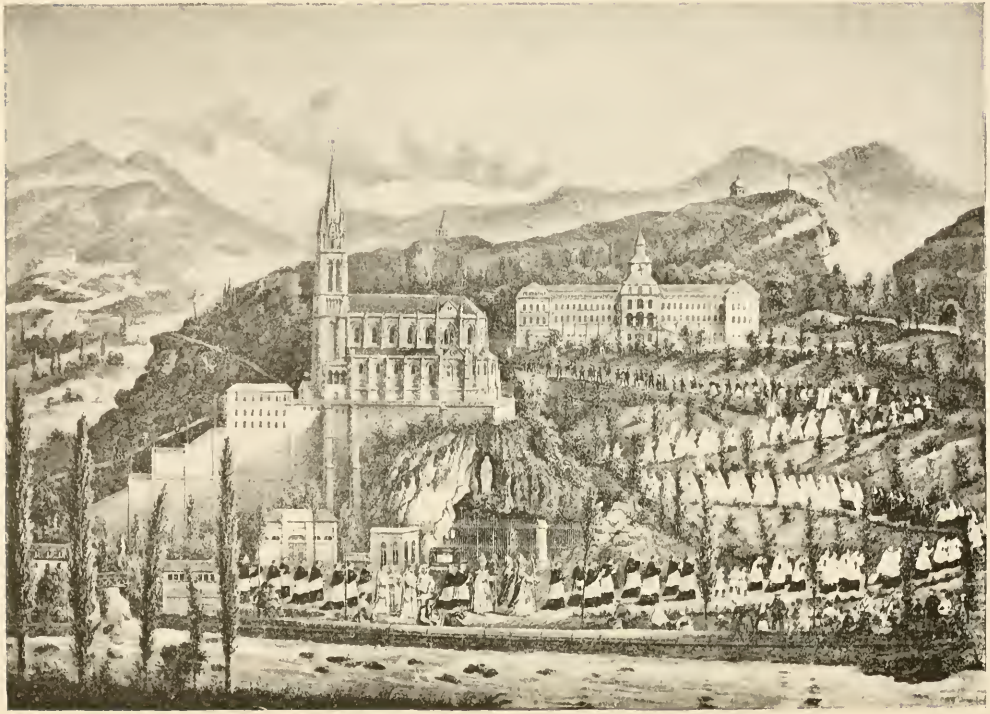
Lourdes is in the heart of the Pyrenees, surrounded by mountains, the highest of which glisten by day like ice palaces, are transformed at sunset into burnished pyramids of gold, and into huge lamps of silver when the moonlight whitens them. From a hundred elevations in and around the valley, varying in height from three hundred to three thousand feet, views may be had, any one of which, were it not for the wealth of splendor lavished upon the whole region of the Pyrenees, would make the place attractive to lovers of the beautiful, and a magnet even to those who worship the sublime. From some of these heights I beheld landscapes whose aspect could be so changed as to challenge recognition by a difference of not more than fifty yards in the point of view. We saw remains of walls built by the Romans, and

visited a ruined castle which withstood a protracted seige in the time of Charlemagne.

Till about thirty years ago Lourdes had scarcely been heard of; but in the year 1858, eighteen times between February and July, the Holy Virgin, it is alleged, appeared in a grotto at the foot of a rock, to a little peasant girl by the name of Bernadette Soubirous. The child was twelve years old, and her business that of feeding hogs. The substance of what it is claimed was said to her is: "I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but in the other. I desire that many people shall come here. You shall pray for sinners. You shall kiss the ground for sinners. Penitence! Penitence! Penitence! Go, tell the priests that a chapel must be built here. I desire that pilgrims may come here in procession. Go and drink of the fountain, and bathe there. You shall eat of the grass which is near it. I am the Immaculate Conception."

No one except Bernadette could see the vision, but one hundred and fifty thousand visited the grotto during the six months after the first of the visions. When subsequent trances occurred, multitudes of these were present watching the child, whose face, when she said the Virgin appeared, "seemed to be glorified by a holy light and beauty entirely unnoticeable at other times, and which continued till the vision fled." To prove her identity, the Virgin caused a spring of water to burst from the earth. It is certain that a spring, previously unnoticed, exists. Cures followed the drinking of the water and bathing in it, and such crowds flocked to the place that the authorities, not believing in the reality of the visions or of the cures, forbade persons to approach the grotto, and would not allow votive offerings placed in the church. But the people continued to come, the bishop of the diocese of Tarbes encouraging them.

Various medical men and other prominent citizens certified to the genuineness of the miracle. Finally Pope Pius IX was persuaded to sanction the opinions of the bishop. Revenues flowed to the church, the town grew rapidly, hotels and pensions were called for to accommodate the pilgrims, thirty or forty thousand sometimes arriving in one day. A handsome church and many other buildings have been constructed.



Characteristic View of Lourdes.

a square laid out, an image erected representing the Virgin as she appeared to the girl, and roads cut through the hills and rocks. We found the church filled with offerings from those helped or cured, or whose friends had been benefited. The grotto, which was formerly called the Grotte de Massavielle, is known as the Grotte de la Vierge (the Virgin).

Kneeling before the image of the Virgin were many pilgrims drinking the water, bottling and carrying it away, and some, both men and women, with outstretched arms, praying with intense earnestness. The town contains the ordinary proportion of cripples, lunatics, sick children, and more than the average number of persistent beggars.

As we were dining in the hotel a nun with attractive manners advanced to the table and inquired if we spoke English. As I was responding in the affirmative she gave us to understand that she could not speak a word of English, and began by signs to beseech us for money to assist in building a hospital to take care of poor pilgrims, aged and abandoned, and the sick who were brought there to drink and wash themselves in the miraculous fountains. She presented a paper stating that no matter how little we might bestow our names would be inscribed in a special register; that if we gave a thousand francs or more our names, with a title of "Founder," should be engraved in letters of gold on a marble tablet; five hundred francs would give us the title of "Benefactor," a mass would be said once a month in perpetuity, and the poor pray every day for us, and especially would the Blessed Virgin call down upon us the choicest celestial blessings, and God would give it back to us a hundredfold.

We drank of the water at the fountain, but were not a whit the better nor any the worse. It was pure and good, and we brought away a bottle of it.

Only nine miles from Lourdes is Betharram. Its church stands at the foot of a hill, and upon the slope are thirty-two praying places, erected of granite, and from the bottom to the top of the long declivity thirty years ago crowds of pilgrims climbed, many upon their knees, pausing for prayer at each place. Numerous cures were reported, but now Lourdes flourishes and Bettharam is almost deserted.

It is so all over Europe under Greek, Roman, Armenian, and Mohammedan forms. The fame of supernatural cures arises, has its brief day, and a new locality or "Home" takes its turn. Similar traditions, connecting alleged supernatural healings with places, living persons, signs, and relics, have a strong foothold in Protestantism.

From Lourdes to Pau is but twenty-four miles, and the railway runs through the valley of the Gave, making a descent of several hundred feet before this fashionable resort is reached. I cannot conceive a more beautiful region for a pedestrian or equestrian tour. The successive villages with their churches, the diversified hill scenery, with occasional mountain views, the Gave meandering like a silver thread, and occasionally descending rapidly in short cataracts, form a charming picture.

Pau is a watering place, much affected by English and Americans. From the river rises sharply the hill on which the hotels and the city are situated, being more than two hundred and fifty feet in perpendicular height. The square is reached by a winding road. From the chief hotels, Gassion and De France, the western Pyrenees for a distance of fifty or sixty miles are in full view. In the center stand the Pic du Midi de Bigorre in the east, and the Pic du Midi d'Ossau in the west. This splendid view is by some compared to that from the streets of Bern; it does not equal it in grandeur, for the Pyrenees are not sufficiently high and are too near to rival the view of the Bernese Oberland.

The castle, celebrated as the birthplace of Henri of Navarre, is an interesting link between ancient and modern French history. John Calvin, by order of Margaret of Valois, was confined in one of the towers, five of which remain. Had not Calvin been persecuted in France, probably he would not have found his way to Geneva, and the larger part of his history might not have been written. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was born in Pau, the son of a saddler; he went away as a drummer boy. In the castle are shown fine specimens of Swedish porphyry which he sent while king.

Pau is a delightful place in the winter for the well and those not much indisposed, but too cold and changeable for confirmed invalids.

The situation and fortifications of Bayonne have always made it a place of more than local interest. It is the last important town in France, and in the direct route to Spain. The Adour and Nive come together at this point, three miles from the place where they fall into the Bay of Biscay. They divide the town into three parts, and, with the three bridges, form not only an excellent harbor, but add to the beauty of the city.

After visiting the small but symmetrical cathedral, I explored the fortifications, having a better opportunity for forming an idea of their dimensions than I desired, as I lost my way about sundown and walked two miles in the wrong direction.

The bayonet, now used in every land, takes its name from Bayonne, owing to a circumstance which occurred in 1523. A Basque regiment, in an engagement with the Spaniards, having used up their powder, fastened their knives upon the ends of their muskets and made a successful charge upon the enemy.

It was here that Catherine de' Medici and the Duke of Alva planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but when the order was issued by Charles IX, Orthez, the governor of Bayonne, refused to execute it. Pau, where he was born, boasts of the fact to this day.

Five miles from Bayonne is Biarritz, which was the perfection of beauty on the two days that we were there. It is upon the shore of the Bay of Biscay, whose waters were smooth as glass, clear as crystal, and bright as sunrise. The view was limited on the one side by a long line of mountains, fading away in the blue ether in which blended sea and sky enveloped them. The guide directed our eyes to a lofty summit, and said, "France," and pointing to the mountains beyond it, said, "Espagne." Standing among the ruins of an old fort on the promontory of Atalye, we saw the bay, bounded on the right by Cape St. Martin, and on the left by the coast of Spain.

Biarritz has become a fashionable resort; the hotels are among the finest in France. The Empress Eugenie loved the place, having been in the habit of visiting it when a young girl. Her imperial husband and herself occupied an unpretending brick chateau there, now the only "lion" of the place. I should advise every American, who is an enthusiastic lover of natural scenery and traveling for pleasure, to visit Biarritz.

CHAPTER II.

"I Take my Journey into Spain."

Entering Spain—Scenes on the Frontier—San Sebastian—Protestant Missions—The Infant King—Reminiscences of Lafayette—Burgos—Carthusian Monastery—Tombs of the Parents of Queen Isabella—The Convent—Legends of the Cid—The Cathedral and Castle.

SPAIN! ancient, proud, fiery; pitiless in victory, revengeful in defeat; romantic, fanatical, converting into an opiate recollections of past glory; though swept within a few years by gusts of liberal sentiment, still the stronghold of ecclesiastical intolerance, cruelty, and superstition; home of orators, lovers, and beautiful women; paradise of priests, in strange contrast with a crushed and ignorant peasantry, aristocracy of nobles and beggars! Spain! offspring of Asia, mother of America, twin sister of Africa, gives rise to more problems and sets the fancy more free than any other domain in Europe except Russia.

These questions and fancies had fermented in my brain for years. Washington Irving planted the germs and William H. Prescott watered them, and when I crossed the frontier Don Quixote stepped forward to meet me. Sancho Panza I found not, for, as a Spaniard of refinement and intelligence informed me, the whole people are Don Quixotes, but not more than one or two such practical, sensible, and simple-hearted creatures can be found as the man who said "Blessings on him who invented sleep."

We entered the country through the Spanish Basque provinces. After leaving Hendaye, we crossed the Bidassoa which separates France and Spain.

At Irun, the first town in Spain, we were detained two hours for the customhouse inspection. Americans, with their protective tariff, should be the last to find fault with the examinations of other countries.

Our baggage was promptly dispatched, without any disposition on the part of the Spanish officer to annoy us. The time was

improved by enjoying the beautiful scenery, and observing some lay brothers of a monastery, with their sandals and stockingless feet, gray suits, heavy beards, and characteristic Spanish costumes. *Caballeros* slowly pacing the station in their highly ornamented cloaks, the officers in uniform, and a hundred things besides, showed that we were in a country of peculiar customs and speech.

San Sebastian, the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, was the first important place visited. Established at the Hotel de Londres (where they speak little or no English), we called upon the Rev. William H. Gulick, who is the son of a missionary and born in the Sandwich Islands. Mrs. Gulick is a daughter of Dr. Gordon, long the treasurer of the American Board.

The town is built on an isthmus between two bays and is at the foot of Monte Orgullo. The sun being still high, Mr. Gulick proposed a visit to the castle. *En route* thereto we saw a circular edifice, twenty-five feet in height and several hundred in diameter, large enough to hold three or four thousand persons. It was a bull ring, as important in the estimation of the people as the cathedral, the theater, or the municipal building. After passing it we began the ascent of the mountain upon which stands the castle La Mota.

We could see the Spanish and French Pyrenees and old forts at remote points along the horizon; villages dimly visible in ravines, or sparkling in the sunlight upon the hilltops, while before us was the Bay of Biscay.

As an expositor of the history of the castle and the sieges it has sustained, Mr. Gulick was to standard histories what an eloquent teacher is to text-books. He conducted us to the spot where, in 1813, the British forces, under the Duke of Wellington, assaulted the city, which was garrisoned by three thousand French veterans, under General Rey. They succeeded in taking the main works and town, but the French intrenched themselves strongly in the upper citadel, where they remained until August 31, when the English soldiers climbed over the perpendicular wall and forced a surrender. Quebec and Lookout Mountain on this side of the Atlantic furnish analogies. A number of the British officers are buried on the hillside.

The Bay of Biscay is in the eye of every storm, and the waves as they beat against the rocks rise to a great height. A remarkable phenomenon frequently occurs whereby vessels are saved from wreck. As they are driven in from the sea, just when their condition seems hopeless, the amount of water which has been accumulated in the bay by the wind commences, by the force of gravity, to roll backward, so that they are caught at a point a few miles from shore, beat up and down for days, and often escape otherwise inevitable destruction.

The evening was occupied in a visit to the schools of the American Board, where we witnessed the calisthenic exercises and met the teachers. Here is a girls' school named the "North American College." Forty handsomer, healthier, more intelligent girls of from ten to sixteen years of age we never saw. No direct effort is made in the school to proselyte Catholic children from their religion, but all are required to participate in the Protestant services. The germs of a full college are here. The teachers are accomplished, one a graduate of Mount Holyoke; another, a young Italian lady, a "phenomenal" linguist.

The next day we drove to Hernani, an ancient and picturesque Basque town, in which houses yet stand with the coats of arms undefaced, which were once inhabited by the nobility but are now occupied by the common people. Here may be seen the brave and independent Basques, a remnant of the aboriginal Iberians, who retain their peculiarities of custom and manner, and their language, which they call Euscara. We saw the boys play one of the Basque games, in which a long glove of peculiar shape and materials is used in place of a bat, and the ball is driven forcibly against a wall, being caught on the rebound.

The country residence of the Queen of Spain, who is much beloved by the citizens of San Sebastian, is situated on the road taken for this drive. The little king was then two years old. The queen regent drives without display, but the king appears in state, with outriders and all the pageantry of royal dignity. San Sebastian is now the most fashionable bathing resort in Spain, much frequented by aristocratic "Madridlenians," whose costly residences adorn the vicinity.

From Hernani we drove to Pasajes, the most curious rock-locked harbor on the coast of Europe. On entering from the sea at high water, the harbor appears more like a lake than a part of the bay. The rocks, barren of earth and grass, give to some extent the effect of art. In this harbor entire fleets have been sheltered. At present it is occupied chiefly by fishermen. The peasants were making hempen shoes, and women were congregated about an old, red-faced dame, engaged in dissecting the body of that universal friend and follower of mankind—the hog, whose life is crowned by "death for his country."

Here Lafayette embarked for America to give his name, fame, fortune, and personal services to the country and to Washington, who said: "It was a noble deed in a noble cause, and a star of hope in the darkest hour."

The journey of half a day from the frontier of Spain to Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile and Leon, revealed a panorama of wild mountain scenery and a corresponding triumph of engineering. The road ascends three thousand feet. A hundred mountains were to be tunneled, climbed, or circled. Five, seven, nine, and, in one instance, fourteen tunnels were passed between two stations. Great granite masses, in sharp contrast with brown hills, loftier peaks covered with snow, with the sun set or shining as the eye rested upon one or another summit, made a scene of splendid confusion.

Long after dark we reached the dimly lighted station of Burgos. Damp was the night; chilling to body and soul the gloom; depressing the mephitic vapors. The Spanish guests in the hotel were happy; they smoked and drank incessantly, and probably smelled nothing but their tobacco and liquors. The city is a thousand years old, and "looks every day of it." The next day was stormy, but having procured a carriage drawn by a pair of powerful mules, we drove two and a half miles along the river Arlanzon to the Cartuja de Miraflores, a monastery of the Carthusian order, built by Queen Isabella as a monument to her parents. As Americans we were quite willing to pay a tribute to her ancestry.

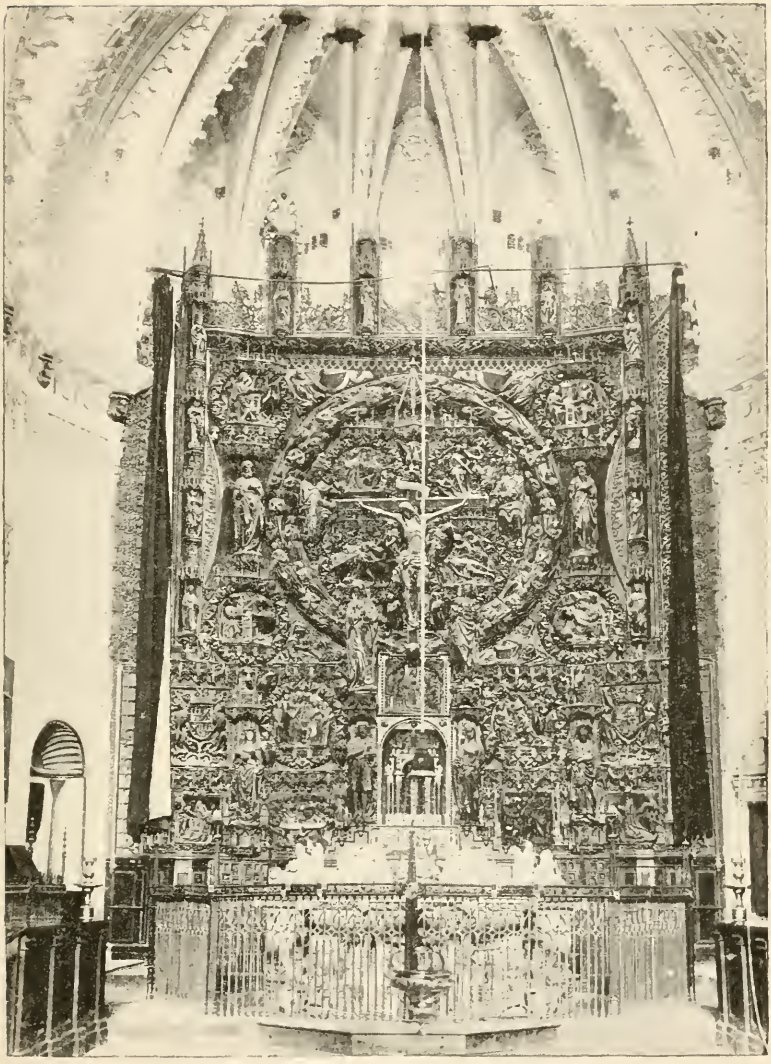
The sepulcher is a noble specimen of tomb sculpture, octagonal, with lions at the corners, and on the sides are illustra-

tions from the New Testament. Upon the top, in a recumbent posture, are the statues of Don Juan II and his wife, Isabella of Portugal. In a recess Alphonso, who died in 1470, aged sixteen, and without whose death Isabella never could have been queen, is represented kneeling amid sculptured foliage.

The monks performed service after having, with many apologies, explained to an English lady that it was against the rules of the order for a woman to be present. We remained, but envied the woman who was not permitted to stay, for a more melancholy piece of droning never fell upon human ears.

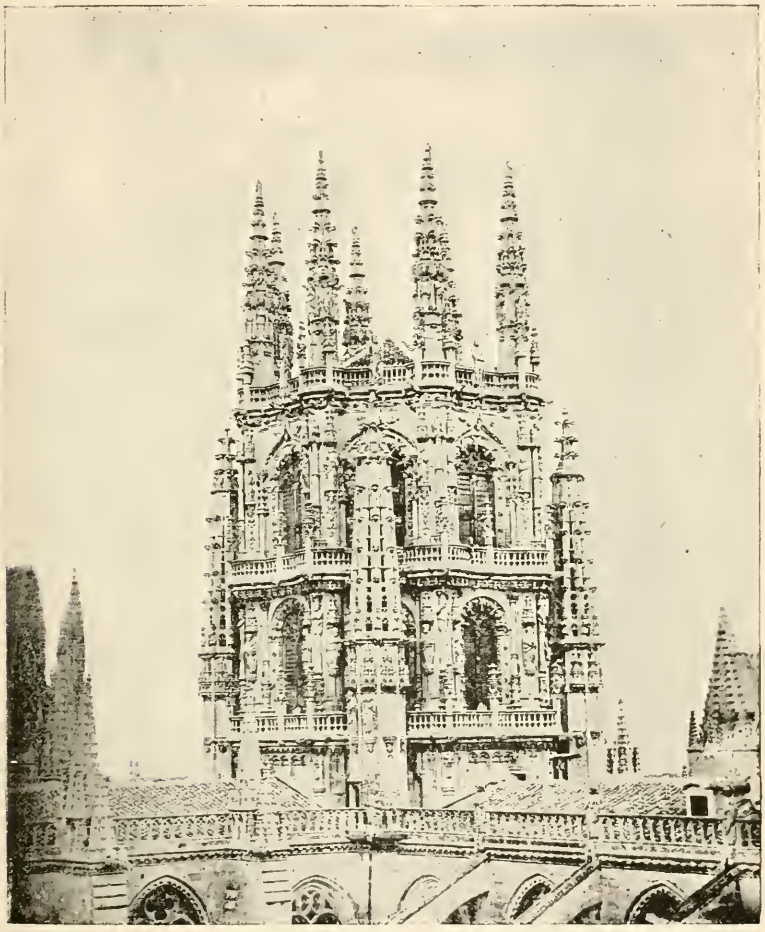
Emerging from this monastery, where fifteen or twenty monks occupy accommodations originally provided for two hundred, living upon gifts and pay for masses, we drove to the convent of Las Huelgas—"the pleasure ground." It is a nunnery of the Cistercian order, founded seven hundred years ago by Alfonso VIII to expiate his sins and to please his queen, Eleanor, a daughter of Henry II, of England. Here various kings of Castile were knighted, and many kings and queens are buried. To this day the nuns must belong to the nobility and bring a dowry. We saw seven during the performance of the mass. They were in middle life, stout, handsome, tastefully dressed, and in the magnificent carved stalls, presented a *tableau vivant* more beautiful than most of the works of art which adorn the picture galleries. The ladies who had been forbidden to hear the service by the monks here had their revenge, for the nave, chapter house, and romanesque nuns' cloister are not accessible to men, though women, duly introduced, are admitted.

The bones of the Cid (pronounced *Thith* by the purists of old Castile), Don Rodrigo Ruy Diaz de Bavar, the most prominent hero of Spanish history, are shown in the town hall. He vanquished the Moors, and was considered the mightiest warrior of Christianity. The Moors gave him the name of the Cid after he had overthrown five kings. The legends told of him are monstrous; among others, that after he died a Jew approached his corpse, saying: "No one dared to touch his body while he was living, I will see what he can do now;" whereupon the dead hand pulled the sword from the scabbard, at which the Jew fainted.



High Altar in the Cathedral of Burgos.

The symmetry, beauty, and impressiveness of the Cathedral of Burgos surpass description. Strength and delicacy are so united that the charm and fragrance of flowers are blended



Exterior View of the Cross of Cathedral of Burgos.

with the massiveness of a giant tree. Within it is three hundred and fifty feet long; the transept two hundred and fifty in

width and one hundred and ninety-five in height. The style is Gothic; the side chapels and adjacent rooms are twenty in number, some being as large as ordinary churches; the ornamentation is diversified and exquisite; the choir contains one hundred and three stalls, carved in walnut; every chapel is filled with paintings, sculptures, ornaments. A mere catalogue of the statues, windows, arabesques, arches, sculptured tombs of princes and bishops, pilasters, gratings, angels, saints, bas-reliefs, niches, and wonderful works of art without description would require a chapter.

We ascended the lofty hill to the castle—an ancient fortification almost in ruins. From the parapets the finest view of the cathedral is obtained. Upon the horizon are convents, monasteries, and other buildings. The more distant prospect, though grand, is desolate. In neither mountain nor hill, valley nor plain can a tree be seen, except along the paths to the convents. Having entered without permission, we were advancing to the highest point of view when a soldier ordered us out of the castle. As we were about passing through the gateway a tall, stern-looking officer appeared. I bowed and said to him, "Americano." He sent a subaltern for his cloak, put it on with dignity, and said, "America Nord?" To which we responded, "New York." "You-would-see-the-castle?" Then with the air of Don Quixote giving an order to Sancho Panza, he waved his hand majestically toward the interior, and we returned, none daring "to molest us, or make us afraid."

CHAPTER III.

The Spanish Capital.

Location of the Capital—Climate—Puerta del Sol—Royal Palace—Review of Troops—Picture Gallery—Visit to the Cortes—Spanish Orators and Statesmen—The Virgin's Sandal—Protestant Missions—Spanish Horsemen.

MADRID is a city with an independent character, though resembling Paris in several features. It was hardly daylight on a rainy morning when we arrived. The chill, the darkness, and the streets, deserted by all except cabmen and venders of milk and vegetables, were gloomy; but a cup of Spanish chocolate and a French roll made a great difference in the aspect of the city, and while breakfast was preparing the people had begun to swarm like bees from their hives. The crack of countless whips, cries of newsboys, hurrying to and fro of clerks, mingling with a ceaseless procession of donkeys, carts, and coaches, transformed the silent streets into a battle-field of daily life.

A thousand years ago the now treeless plains about Madrid were covered with forests. Like the people of the United States, the inhabitants improvidently cut them down, to the injury of the climate and of the healthfulness of the region. The river on which the city is situated is dry except during short intervals, and the annual fall of rain is but about ten inches. Madrid rests on the roof of several hills, about twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level, and was selected as the capital because in the very center of Spain. From the streets was a magnificent prospect of the Sierra Guadarrama, and of the mountains of Toledo; the former were snow-clad from their summits two thirds of the way down to the plateau.

The climate of Madrid is reputed the worst in Europe, and I can readily believe it. We experienced clear, cloudy, and rainy days, and each was intensely disagreeable. Pneumonias, spoken of as pulmonics by the people, are common and exceedingly fatal.

Most of the houses are high, and are occupied in apartments or flats. Some of the streets and certain squares and promenades are handsome. The Puerta del Sol, enthusiastically praised by travelers, requires sunlight and a crowd to appear at its best. At 4 P. M. on a bright day it is impossible to conceive anything more animated; neither London nor New York can exhibit such brightness of aspect, such hastening but not hurrying crowds, such sparkling conversation, so constant an interchange of civilities. All the lines of street railways meet there; every business place of importance is in the vicinity, the large hotels, and some of the leading public buildings.

The grand square is the Plaza Major. In the center is an equestrian statue of Philip III. The mob pulled it down in 1873, when the red Republic reigned, but it has been replaced. Charles I, of England, went down to Madrid to see a bullfight given in his honor by Philip III, and it took place in this square; but while such displays may only make it contemptible, the *autos-da-fe* celebrated there render it infamous.

El Prado at fashionable hours enables its visitors to see the largest number. Spaniards always seem to be the gayest of European peoples on such occasions.

The royal palace is a truly royal residence, but stands in such an exposed place that in winter the sentinels are often nearly frozen. We paid particular attention to the royal chapel, a splendid room, wonderfully decorated, and containing a valuable collection of ecclesiastical objects. In the library are many historical manuscripts and a prayer book said to have belonged to Ferdinand and Isabella.

At the window of the Hall of Ambassadors we saw the little king, a happy-looking child. Whether the monarchy will fall before he comes of age and ascends the throne; whether he will ascend it and be dethroned as was his grandmother, the still living ex-queen Isabella; whether he will be assassinated, or have a "long and peaceful reign," the wisest statesman can forecast no more clearly than this boy.

As we were leaving the palace the review of the regiment which was that day to be stationed there took place. The average height of the soldiers was apparently not more than

La Plaza Major.

five feet seven inches; the officers were taller; the uniform was new and gay; the bearing graceful and erect, though they did not keep step with the accuracy which we have seen in other lands. The music to which they marched was peculiarly melodious and rhythmical.

The royal picture gallery, the Museo, is the one institution of Madrid whose contents successfully challenge competition. Among the Italian masters, Correggio, Bassanno, Titian, and Raphael are represented; Titian by twenty of his works, and Raphael by a considerable number. The Dutch, French, and German, and also the Flemish schools are illustrated by their best names. We recognized the familiar work of Philip Wouverman, in all of whose paintings the white horse appears. In St. Petersburg I saw two of his pictures, considered as curiosities because without that symbolic animal. But it is in the Spanish school that this collection, containing many of the masterpieces of Murillo, Velasquez, and Alonzo Cano, surpasses the other galleries of Europe.

We spent a considerable portion of a day there, and of the Spanish pictures those that left the deepest impression upon my eye and memory are: "An *auto-da-fe*, celebrated in the Plaza Major of Madrid, June 30, 1680." The king, with his wife and mother, looks from a balcony; victims are led before him to hear their sentences; a friar is preaching to those to be burned, and the grandees of Spain are spectators; in the foreground are the asses on which the doomed are taken to the place of execution. The other is the figure of Æsop, which some say "looks more like a shirtless cobbler than a philosopher;" a superficial remark, for some shirtless cobblers have been philosophers, notably Samuel Drew, the metaphysician. Cobblers in all ages have furnished original and learned men, noted as fine conversers as well as clear thinkers, and they have often been concerned in revolutions.

On ordinary occasions order in the streets of Madrid is noticeably good. The police force is large, well organized, and supplemented by various officials who add dignity and force to the public exhibition of authority. Drunkenness is comparatively rare, and no cases of gross intemperance are seen during the day. But the capital is liable to outbreaks

difficult to be suppressed without bloodshed, which the memory of recent revolutions should make very unpopular.

The then recent ministerial crisis, regarded with interest throughout the civilized world, was attributed chiefly to the violent demonstrations against Senor Canovas on his return to Madrid from the south a short time before, the charge being made that the Liberal government promoted the manifestations to make impossible the return of the Conservatives to power, and to impress the queen with the impolicy of exhibiting sympathy with them. The crisis was announced three days before we reached Madrid. All meetings of the Cortes were suspended. It seemed improbable that I should have the opportunity of looking upon a body famed throughout the world for Ciceronian eloquence and outbursts of personal and partisan feeling.

E. H. Strobel, Esq., Charge d'Affaires, and then acting minister of the United States, courteously gave me the use of the only seat at his disposal in the Tribune Diplomatique, and promised to keep me advised of the time when the crisis should be resolved, and a new ministry appointed.

In Spain a ministerial crisis is not brought about merely by the defeat of the government in the House of Deputies or Commons, but occurs when any considerable number of the ministry resign, or on account of public disapprobation, personal incompatibility, or for other reasons, it is necessary to make serious changes. At an early hour on Tuesday morning information came that at midnight a new ministry had been formed. This meant that at the regular hour that afternoon the Cortes would reassemble.

Theoretically, the government of Spain is a limited monarchy. The legislative power is in the sovereign and the Cortes, which consists of a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Senado meets in an edifice unworthy of its dignity. The Congresso de los Disputandas (House of Commons, Deputies, or Representatives) convenes in a building which dates from 1842, and was eight years in construction. It is handsomely furnished and adorned with fine pictures by noted artists. We had passed it on several occasions, and spent some time in studying the bronze statue of Miguel de

Cervantes. The greatest writer of Spain, and one of the greatest of all lands, wears the old Spanish costume, "and hides under his cloak the arm mutilated at Lepanto, which he never did in life, it being the pride of his existence." The adventures of Don Quixote are displayed in relief upon the pedestal.

At three o'clock I took the seat specified in my credentials. By my side sat the Russian minister, a son of Prince Gortchakof, ministers from Portugal and Germany, and a representative of the United States of Colombia. Every seat of the Tribuna Publica was filled, and hundreds were standing. The Tribuna Reservada was crowded. The seats of the deputies were empty. After we had sat for about forty minutes, officers in uniform entered, took places upon the platform, and a hush of expectancy fell upon the assembly. Marcos, President of the Chamber of Deputies, a distinguished man, of florid face, sandy whiskers, and short and sturdy in figure, took the chair. The ministers entered and seated themselves upon the bench named *El banco azul*, covered with blue silk.

The deputies then filled the building, and the floor was instantly crowded by senators, ex-ministers, and deputies, and others admitted to the privileges of the House. Several of the ministers were of imposing appearance, clad in brilliant military uniform. Three only of eight or nine were attired as civilians. The deputies were elegantly dressed; many smoked incessantly and held canes. Senator Moret, estimated inferior only to Castelar as an orator, and distinguished as a man of letters and a diplomat, had been superseded. Several of the ministry had been changed from one department to another, and others, new in the government, introduced.

A long address from Senor Sagasta, the prime minister, opened the business. I looked with interest upon him, remembering when he was condemned to death, and compelled to flee to England, whence he returned after the Revolution to assume the position of Minister of the Interior. He set forth the causes of the crisis, and congratulated the House on the formation of a ministry. As a speaker, he was plain, forcible, epigrammatic, courteous. Don Francisco Silvela, second in

position and repute as an orator among the Conservatives, replied. His style was rhythmical, highly rhetorical, occasionally epigrammatic. He essayed to show that the government was responsible for, or at least indifferent to, the outrages perpetrated upon himself and Senor Canovas in the streets of Madrid a few weeks previously. Sagasta answered at length, minifying the disturbance, and declaring that the government had no intimation of it, and did its best to suppress it; he playfully insinuated that the Conservatives must not be too sensitive; they had had much approbation elsewhere, and should bear rebuffs more patiently. While he was speaking Canovas rose and said: "I will take the word." He is an orator of the highest grade, erect, graceful, self-poised, and roused the House to shouts of applause and murmurs of disapprobation. Castelar showed marked interest, but did not speak. Baldheaded, good-humored, he belongs to the class of men who do not exhibit in repose the elements of greatness. It was midnight when the session closed.

In one of the most popular chapels in Madrid, I purchased of a Roman Catholic priest the exact measurement of the Virgin's sandal, a facsimile of which is herewith printed.

In the center, in Spanish, is the statement that the original is preserved in a monastery in Spain, and an account of the benefits to be derived from the measurement. Of this statement a literal translation is herewith given:

"Long live the holiest Mary, mother of God. This is the true measure of the sandal of the holiest Virgin, which is preserved with great veneration in a convent of Spain. The Pope John XXII granted three hundred years of indulgence to all who kiss three times this measure and pray three *Ave Marias*.

"This indulgence confirmed Clemens VIII, in the year 1603, and it can be gained as often as you wish for the blessed works of the Purgatory and for the greater glory of the Queen of the Angels.

"It is permitted to take from this measure others, and all shall have the same indulgences.

"Mary, Mother of Grace, pray for us."

"It is sold in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Solitude.

VIVA

MARIA SANTISIMA

MADRE DE DIOS.

Esta es verdadera medida de la sandalia de la Virgen Santisima, que se conserva con gran veneracion en un Monasterio de España.

El Papa Juan XXII concedió trescientos años de indulgencias a todos, besando tres veces esta medida, y rezando tres Ave Marias

Dicha indulgencia confirmó Clemente VIII en el ano 1603, y se puede ganar cuantas veces se quiera por las benditas almas del Purgatorio, y para mayor gloria de la Reina de los Angeles.

Se permite sacar de esta medida otras, y todas tendrán las mismas indulgencias.

MARIA

MATER GRATIÆ,

ORA PRO NOBIS.

Pigeon Street, for her worship. Madrid, 1883. Published by Aguado; Pontejos, 8."

Desiring to see where the few Protestants in Madrid worshiped, we went one Sabbath morning to the mission of the United Presbyterian Church, over which the Rev. John Jameson, of Scotland, has presided for nearly twenty years. Presbyterianism finds it expedient to adopt in Spain quite an extended liturgy, but its traditional "long prayer" was not omitted. The congregation numbered one hundred and seventy-five. The choir was composed of fifty children, who furnished a volume of melody almost sufficient to drown the organ, but did not prevent us from hearing the peculiar penetrating voice of an assistant who kept the children in concert to an unusual degree.

After the opening services this assistant, Don Cipriano Tornos, ascended the pulpit and preached. He had been a Catholic priest of such distinction as to rise to the position of preacher at the Spanish court; was hardly excelled in popularity by any priest in Madrid; but fifteen years before, with no charge against him and with every desired preferment within reach, he left the Roman Church, affiliated with the Presbyterian, and ever since has faithfully performed his duty as assistant minister. Like Luther, he married; and his Roman Catholic opponents have not been slow to allege the purpose to do so as the reason of his withdrawal.

There is in Madrid a Lutheran minister, the Rev. Fritz Fliedner, the son of the founder of the now renowned "Kaiserswerth." He works upon a "providential" plan, starting institutions, schools, orphanages, homes for governesses, incipient hospitals and missions, and conducting them undenominationally. Two or three committees in Germany, and some English congregations, raise funds for him, and from various parts of the world money is sent. He publishes books and tracts in Spanish, conducts a service in that language, and preaches to a small congregation of Germans. I visited his schools in Madrid and elsewhere; they are numerously attended, and he contrives to make the parents of the children, and the friends of orphans wherever they have any, pay something toward their education.

The Wesleyans have a mission, but, owing to a feud and secession, it was not prosperous.

Madrid has not so many centers of tragic interest as Paris, but we saw a church on whose steps a bishop two or three years before was killed by a priest, said to be insane, and the corner of the street where General Prim was assassinated, December 27, 1870. The holes in the wall made by the discharge of the gun may still be seen. The street where Cervantes lived is named for him, and the house, supposed to be the one occupied by him, has his profile over the door.

The Spaniards are magnificent horsemen, and a greater number of elegant equipages, accomplished riders, and spirited animals, the Route en Roi in London and the Bois du Boulogne in Paris seldom exhibit. The few sunny days during our sojourn brought the whole population out of doors.

Madrid wears the aspect of a prosperous city. Its dullness is gone, and, with the restoration of trees in the suburbs now going forward on a large scale, even its climate is improving, so that it may yet vindicate the wisdom of its arbitrary selection as the site of the capital.

CHAPTER IV.

The Escorial, Toledo, and Cordova.

Situation of the Escorial—Character of Philip—Interior of the Escorial—Description of Toledo—Its Cathedral—Picturesque Gates—Ruined Walls—Ancient Churches—The Alcazar—Journey to Cordova—Cathedral and Great Mosque.

I HAVE been in many hospitals, barracks, asylums, and prisons, but the gloomiest work of man on which my eyes ever rested is the Escorial. It is grand, but it is the grandeur of darkness, despotism, and death. Philip, "less a warrior than a monk, and less a monk than an inquisitor," built it as a tomb for his father, himself, and his successors, and as a monument to San Lorenzo, on whose day, August 10, 1557, the battle of St. Quentin was fought and won, as Philip believed, through his intercession. While intended for a burial place, it was also a monastery, an

Street of St. Thomas in Toledo.

The Escorial.

asylum, and a palace. For two years he searched for a spot, and finally selected as wild and secluded a region as Spain could afford. One must pass beyond the arctic circle to witness barer, browner, more inhospitable prospects. Upon the lofty slope of the Guadarrama Mountains he erected this structure, more than one eighth of a mile long, and nearly as wide. It is built of granite, and dividing the surface into paths wide enough for the step of a man, one could walk thirty-two leagues without going over the same ground twice. Though the mountains behind it are high and stern, this building is not dwarfed by the surroundings. The Spaniards call it the eighth wonder of the world. The chapels and altars are filled with paintings by the finest artists, and the high altar is composed of precious marbles and inlaid jasper. The library contains magnificently bound and illuminated volumes, ranged upon the shelves with their edges outward, instead of the backs, as is usually the case. The colors of the tapestry rival in delicacy, richness, and vividness the richest paintings upon canvas.

The character of the founder—severe, melancholy, and morbid—is stamped upon every part of the structure, where his successors of a different temperament have not given it a more human appearance. During the fourteen years that Philip lived there he did all in his power to transform himself into a monk, and sat with the priests as they sang in the choir, finding his way through a secret door to a certain corner. The room in which he died was so situated as to give him a constant view of the high altar.

The first impression is oppressive. The visitor unconsciously looks about to see if there is a way of escape, and almost fancies that he hears keys turning in rusty locks behind him. Monks and beggars flit across the scene and disappear through the passages, or are lost in the prodigious expanse of the main edifice. But after a while this passes away and the visitor becomes cool, then stolid. Only professional guides and architects or worshipers are likely to go there twice.

The Pantheon, underneath the high altar, is indeed a worthy sepulcher for kings. From the church, by successive flights of polished marble steps, the visitor descends until he finds

himself in an octagonal room, nearly forty feet in diameter and but little less in height, formed entirely of marble and jasper, and relieved by gilt bronze ornaments.

The body of Alfonso XII, who died December 2, 1885, lay in a side room subjected to the action of a stream of water, by which the perishable parts were gradually removed. The urn prepared to receive it when this process should have been completed, was exhibited. In an apartment called *el Panteon de los Infantes* are the bones of the princes and queens of Spain whose sons did *not* reign, except the late Queen Mercedes. The marble caskets are beautiful and some of the inscriptions touching; but the whole is in unpleasant contrast with the general character of the building, and in many instances the decorations are gaudy.

Whenever we spoke to travelers or residents concerning cathedrals already visited, the usual reply was, "Wait till you reach Toledo."

The city of Toledo, sixty miles from Madrid, is the residence of an archbishop whose jurisdiction includes Madrid, Cordova, and seven other bishoprics. To-day its population amounts to less than eighteen thousand; once it had two hundred thousand. Goth, Jew, Moor, and Spaniard have lavished wealth, art, and labor upon it. As we approached, the city towering on an almost perpendicular rock, appeared like a complete fortification for the defense of the plain and of the river Tagus.

The people of Toledo are proud of their history and of their Spanish, said to be the purest now spoken, and honored by Alfonso X in a law providing that, in cases of doubt, the Toledan definition and pronunciation of words shall prevail. The streets are so crooked that there is no way for the stranger to avoid being lost except to commit to memory the signs on places of business.

The Alcazar, a beautiful edifice, has been destroyed several times; once by the French, and, finally, only two years ago, by an accidental fire. Little remains but bare walls, yet they are sufficient to show what a noble structure it must have been.

Wherever one wanders a surprise awaits him. Styles of

various ages and peoples are illustrated in the buildings. The Moors have left their impress upon every part. The character of the sites makes even ordinary buildings striking as they rise like terraces. Interesting anecdotes abound of the different epochs in Toledo's long history. A student could spend years allowing his own inquiries to guide him, and before exhausting the subject would become acquainted with the history of Europe during the entire Christian era.

No one can with certainty say when the cathedral was founded; the Moors transformed it into a mosque, and when they were conquered it was guaranteed to them by Alfonzo VI, but the promise was not fulfilled; the structure was burned in 1226, and a new one erected upon the site, finished in the year Columbus discovered America.

The names of one hundred and forty-nine eminent artists are given who for six centuries were employed to decorate it. We entered through cloisters, and were conducted slowly through the various chapels and to all the best view-points. Here there is nothing oppressive; all is chaste and beautiful. One might sit a half day content to gaze upon the scene without the slightest attention to details, losing vision in the lofty height or the dark expanse. The chapels are epitomes of history and museums of art. There is a unique image in silver, three hundred and fifty years old, ten thousand nine hundred ounces in weight, and the cross on the pinnacle is made of the first gold brought by Columbus to Europe. Street, in his *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, says that this cathedral "is not inferior in design to any of the great French cathedrals, while it far surpasses them in rich furniture, picturesque effect, and artistic objects of every kind." The wonderful mosaics, the volume of sound produced by the organ and the voices of fifty priests, and the performance in a side chapel of an ancient ritual, were among the things that pleased us.

Spanish cathedrals have a peculiarity which diminishes their internal effect. The choir is placed in the center of the edifice. The acoustics are by this improved, but the perspective is divided.

Our guide through this building we had taken from Madrid, a courier employed for the time that we were in its vicinity,

a Hebrew of superior intelligence and a romancer. One of the officials ordered me to take off a cap worn to prevent taking cold in the chilly building. The courier made a few remarks which led not only to his withdrawing the command, but treating me with such unusual courtesy and reverence that I asked the courier what was the meaning of the sudden change in manner. "I told him," said he, "that you were a bishop of the holy Roman Church, whose health had failed, and who on account of important services in mission fields had received a dispensation to wear a cap and a beard." I had neither suggested nor authorized the fiction, but enjoyed its benefits.

Besides the cathedral, its chief charm, Toledo has other attractions; the gates, so picturesque, the ruined walls, the castle, and the bridges; churches that were formerly mosques, and others that were synagogues. One originally a synagogue, was erected in the twelfth century, converted into a church, then transformed into an asylum for penitent women of previously abandoned life, then resumed its place as a church, and was so retained until 1791, when it was used as a barrack; next it became a military store, and finally a dancing hall. It is now in process of restoration.

We visited the manufactory of cutlery, and procured specimens of the famous Toledo blade. The cadets of the Alcazar, set free from daily tasks, were lunching, lounging, arguing, and joking in the courtyard.

From Madrid to Cordova is two hundred and seventy-six miles. The railway passes through the Campos de la Mancha, and within six miles of the place where Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, in which may be found an accurate description of those cheerless wastes, on which windmills still stand. The prison in which the author wrote his work is now a printing office, and one of the best Spanish editions of *Don Quixote* has recently been printed in that building.

Cordova was probably of Carthaginian origin, founded about 206 B. C., and is the site of the first Roman colony in Spain, becoming the capital of "Ulterior Spain." During the Roman domination many eminent men, among them Seneca and Lucan, were born there. It was captured by the Goths in 527, and one

Cathedral of Toledo.

hundred years afterward by the Moors. The Arabian empire, which had become the most aggressive in the world, established at Cordova the Western Caliphate, rivaling in splendor, learning, and wealth those of Bagdad and Cairo. From 1236, when the Catholics regained the city, it declined, until now it has little or nothing to exhibit but the remains of the Arabian dynasty, consisting chiefly of the bridge, the Moorish towers, and the cathedral, formerly a mosque.

Probably the cathedral gives a better idea of the grandeur of the ecclesiastical edifices erected by the Mohammedans than any other in Europe. The design is more simple than that of the cathedral at Toledo. When the Arabs entered Cordova in 701, they converted half the Christian cathedral into a mosque. Seventy years later Abd-er-Rahman I. determined to build a temple which should compete with the East, and bought of the Christians the part of the temple which up to that time they had occupied. The new mosque was begun in 786 on the site of the old Christian church where formerly had stood a temple devoted to Janus. The object of the caliph was to save the people from the customary pilgrimages to the tomb of Mohammed in Mecca. It ranked among the Mohammedan mosques as third in sanctity. The entire area is six hundred and forty-two feet long, by four hundred and sixty-two wide; the walls are from thirty to sixty feet high and six feet thick, and the roof is thirty-five feet high. One's chief sensation on beholding is astonishment. Twelve hundred pillars originally supported the roof, each a solid block of marble, brought with their capitals from the different countries over which the Saracens were then rulers. Here are every conceivable hue and kind of stones: pink and white marbles; dark brown, black streaked with white, pale yellow jasper; blood red, green, and different colors of porphyry. About nine hundred and twenty columns remain, the rows appearing perfect in whatever direction one looks.

The pavement of the holy place is of white marble, and the shell-shaped roof is of one block. The mosaics surpass any in the world. When the mosque was illuminated for great festivities, 10,805 lights were used.

We saw the spot where the constant procession of the faith-

ful, on their knees, had worn away the marble—"worn as though the cold pavement were a sod." A few years ago Muley Abbas, an uncle of the present Emperor of Morocco, went through this mosque, passing seven times around it on his knees, sighing and praying, and then wept loudly, sobbing like a child, because "all this splendor had been the work of his ancestors. They had raised this wonder, and now the degenerate Moors could not even read the Arabic inscriptions."

When the Christians took formal possession they began the work of erecting side chapels, and continued it for two hundred years. Finally, against the protest of the city corporation, a bishop built a church in the midst of the mosque. Charles V upheld the bishop, but when he visited Cordova in 1526 he reproved the chapter: "You have built here what you or anyone might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world." The mosque is almost as vast as the Escorial; but it is massive without severity, original without monstrosity, elegant in its curves and profiles, and instead of making the impression of a huge stone quarry, it is obviously a happy combination of gems from many sources.

"What must it have been when its roof was higher and glistening with gilding and vivid colors, and thousands of gold and silver lamps; when its walls were worked like lace, and looked like cashmere shawls illuminated from behind?"

What must Cordova have been when it was the center of riches and of the highest civilization of the age, with its university, its population of a million, its three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred hotels?

The Court of Oranges, with its palms, cypresses, and orange trees, and its colonnades of marble pillars, is a mixture of Spanish and Moorish scenes. An interesting relic is a Roman military column found in 1532, which shows the distance from that point to Cadiz, one hundred and fourteen miles. At the town gate, near the bridge, is an ugly monument in honor of Raphael, the tutelar saint, erected one hundred and fifty years ago, commemorating the alleged miraculous apparition of St. Raphael for the salvation of the city.

Vista of Interior of Cathedral of Cordova.

CHAPTER V.

"Proud Seville."

General Description of Seville—Tobacco and Porcelain Factories—The Hospital—Picture Gallery—The Colombina Library—The Cathedral—Tomb of the Son of Columbus.

From cold and gloomy Burgos, bustling, windy, and modern Madrid, languishing, diminished, and dilapidated Cordova, to sunny Seville, is a delightful transition ; for this is the land of orange groves, of grass ever green, of bare heads and bare feet, of singing birds, and children playing in the street. The rains are frequent and heavy, but not cold. Tables are laden with vegetables, and for once heavy meats fill a subordinate place. If the inhabitants but knew how to cook their fruits and vegetables, this would be a gastronomical paradise. The very beggars of Seville have a character of their own. One sees in them the airs of decayed aristocracy, the indolence of an Asiatic, and the contentment without the surly ferocity of the American tramp. Here the bullfighters, guitar-players, singers, Sabbath-breakers, intriguers, have unrestricted license. The sterner aspect of the Spaniards of the north gives place to an almost French affability and politeness.

The Phœnicians brought their commerce and paganism to this part of Spain, and gave it a name signifying a plain, and the historians trace the name through four or five changes: Phœnician, Sephela; Greek, Ispola; Roman, Ispolis; Moorish, Ishbiliah; and finally, Sevilla. Cæsar conquered it 45 B. C. The Vandals made it a capital, and so the Goths kept it till the advent of the Moors, nearly six hundred and fifty years ago. When it was surrendered to the Christians, almost the whole population, consisting of four hundred thousand Moors, Jews, and Arabs, fled.

The government of Spain has a monopoly of the manufacture of tobacco, and of modern things the most extraordinary and monstrous is the tobacco factory. Hideous, yet fascinat-

ing, is the interior of the building, a tenth of a mile square, in which five thousand women and girls manufacture ten thousand pounds of cigars per day. Every room is filthy, and the stenches so pungent that it is a common occurrence for visitors to be taken ill and compelled to retire.

The tales of the beauty of the women are false, and denounced by most standard books. A few are of more than ordinary comeliness, but even those are of the cigar-box-picture type of beauty. The majority are brazen in expression and disgusting in conduct. They eat and smoke as they work, chatter like magpies, and beg of the visitor. Through the building are scattered wretched infants in cradles, or strapped to their mothers while they are at work.

In the porcelain factory we followed from the beginning to the end the process of making fine goods. Stripers on the cheap quality give place to those who paint little pictures, and these, in turn, to real artists, who decorate the fine specimens of china. Many women of a much higher grade than those in the tobacco factory and of correspondingly better behavior, are engaged in this employment.

The great hospital under the control of the Roman Catholic Church is a neat, comfortable, and well-managed institution. We visited every department, finding it an honor to its managers; the floors, bedding, and furniture scrupulously clean, and the atmosphere pure. Everything being made of stone gives to one unaccustomed to it an impression of severity and coldness; but in that climate it is comfortable. The sisters were attentively caring for the sick, presenting to visitors a view of this form of Roman Catholic activity at its best. One department had over it a sign, Hombres Dementes; and among the pauper lunatics and those of obscure birth we saw a scion of one of the wealthiest families in southern Spain, whose manners indicated his delusion—pride, the national characteristic, exaggerated.

The squares and streets of Seville are pleasing. The estate of the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Phillippe, of France, is one of the most elaborate private establishments in Spain. On the one side is the river, and on the other are the botanical gardens and the principal promenade of the city. The duke's

garden is nearly two miles in circumference, and is largely devoted to oranges. Sometimes the harvest, grown in the center of the city, not in the form of a grove, but interspersed with all other kinds of subtropical fruits and trees, nets him ten thousand dollars annually. Beautiful as his mansion is he does not wish to live there, and spends most of his time in Paris, for the reason that in that building he has been bereaved of five daughters.

The picture gallery of Seville is small but fine; probably the best place in which to study Murillos. Here can be seen the large "Conception," and his favorite picture, "St. Thomas Giving Alms." The only painting upon wood he ever made is here. I viewed more than twenty-five of Murillo's most celebrated works, and in some felt the power of art; others might have been substituted by any of ten thousand paintings, and I could not have perceived that injustice had been done to the collection. Having procured an analytical criticism by a high authority, it was a satisfaction to discover that three of those which impressed me were highly commended, and a perplexity to find that some of those which I had thought of little account were classed among his best. One which, if offered to me in a store for a few dollars, I would have refused, is estimated as worth many thousands. While in the depths of humility after this discovery I stumbled upon the writings of another critic who considered the picture utterly unworthy of Murillo, and of doubtful authenticity!

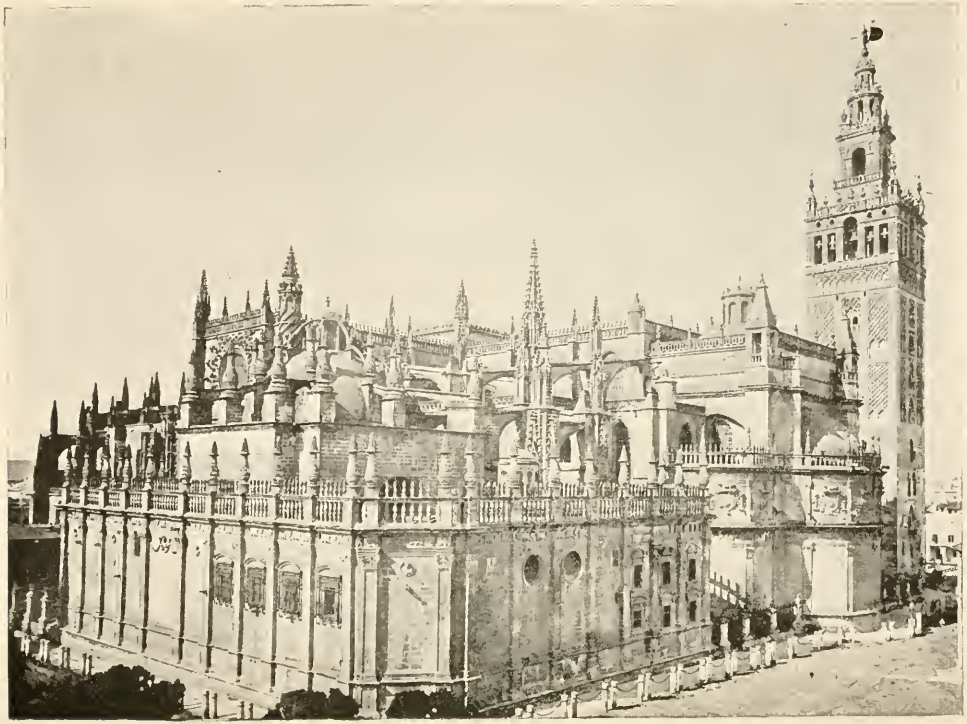
Turning from the picture gallery to the Biblioteca Colombina, we were plunged into the antiquities of our own country; for this library was founded by the bequest of Fernando Colon, a son of Christopher Columbus. He was a wide traveler, a brave soldier, and a scholar; and accompanied his father and uncles several times to America. At his death he bequeathed his library of twenty thousand volumes to the chapter. "Neglect and insects" have reduced the books derived from him to one half the original number. The titles of several incited curiosity to read them. One, published twelve years before Columbus discovered America, contains all the information possessed by Ptolemy, Aristotle, Pliny, and others, on the form of the world. Christopher Columbus copied it all out with his

own hand, and added notes. Most curious is a tract written by Columbus to satisfy the Inquisition, in which he undertakes to show that his discovery of America is predicted in the Scriptures! I lingered long in this room.

Of course we went to Murillo's house, and to the place where he died. The street in which he was born now bears his name. He was buried under a church, but when the building was destroyed by the French under Marshal Soult, his bones were scattered. All they can exhibit is a facsimile of the slab formerly on his tomb.

The Cathedral of Seville is classed with those of Burgos and Toledo as the finest in Spain, and is the largest church in Europe except St. Peter's in Rome. It was resolved by the corporation, preliminary to its erection, "to construct a church such and so good that it should never have its equal." The edifice had met with a calamity a short time before our visit. A large portion of the ceiling in the center fell, damaging the decorations, and destroying some of the best. The air was filled with dust and noise of workmen, and much of the space was taken up by scaffolding. On entering, the impression was that of solemn grandeur. With its brilliant windows; noble choir, placed in the center according to the custom in Spain; vast organs, transepts, alabaster shrines, silver candlesticks twenty-five feet high, many chapels, each rivaling the others in splendor of decorations, and treasures of art, huge silver altars, relics of antiquity, lofty nave, and still higher dome between the transepts, and the whole Gospel history painted upon the high altar in forty-four compartments, it fulfills the vast designs and exhibits the munificence of its projectors.

The tomb of Fernando, son of Columbus, is in this cathedral. Murillo's celebrated painting of St. Anthony has a peculiar history. On the night of November 4, 1874, the kneeling figure of the saint was cut out of the canvas. The Spanish government at once communicated the fact of its loss to the civilized world, through its representatives, and the picture was discovered in the city of New York, where it had been offered to Mr. Schaus for fifty pounds. It was restored to its original place with such skill that no indication that it had ever been removed can be seen.



Cathedral of Seville.

The Alcazar would need a volume to portray its diversified beauty. Roman pillars with Gothic capitals, genuine Moorish doors, ceilings, and tiles, with roofs of the same character, and Arabian suites of rooms; along the garden tanks where kings fished and queens and favorites of kings bathed, hidden fountains, gardens worthy of Aladdin. In one of these may be realized the full conception of the garden so glowingly described in Gibbon and other historians of ancient luxury. There were oranges and lemons growing in the open air, and we plucked sweet lemons, distinguished from the sour by a peculiarity in the leaf as well as by their possessing the sweetness of the sweetest orange, while preserving the characteristic lemon flavor.

Tragedies have stained these marbles with blood. Here dwelt Don Pedro the Cruel, who murdered his brother, and deserves to be classed with Ivan the Terrible, of Russia, and Richard III, of England. If, as Byron says,

> "Fair is proud Seville,
> Let her country boast
> Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days,"

it cannot be forgotten that here was established the Inquisition.

Among the men of whose nativity Seville is proud are the Roman emperors, Hadrian, Trajan, and Theodosius; Murillo, Magellan, and Las Casas the philosopher and friend of the Indians. Shortly after the discovery of America it was the emporium of the world. From its port went forth Pizarro, Columbus (on one or more of his voyages), and Cortes. Now its people are indolent and pleasure-loving. Most of its modern enterprises are under the control of the English, who manage its waterworks, tramways, and porcelain factory. The people sing, coquette, chatter, sleep, and vainly felicitate themselves on the glory-days past and gone.

CHAPTER VI.

The Alhambra.

Approaching Granada—Not Disappointed in the Alhambra—Description—History—Purpose—Splendor—Iconoclasm of the Christians—Ravages of the French under Napoleon—Mystery and Magic of the Alhambra.

CLOUDS and mists covered the heights of the Alhambra, as we looked forth on the morning after our arrival, which had been late the previous evening.

I have read Irving, De Amicis—whose emotion and imagination make him so absorbing and misleading—and many other writers on the Alhambra; and gazed upon numberless photographs and paintings, but the result has been as though photographs of the separate parts of the human body were exhibited to an inhabitant of another sphere, as the materials from which he must form an estimate of a living human being; for the Alhambra is not one building, but many. In the deepest valley or the most gloomy desert on the globe, it would intoxicate and enthrall; but its situation increases its fascination immeasurably. I doubt if earth contains a grander natural setting for a more astonishing human creation.

The approaches to Granada for more than sixty miles are increasingly grand. The Sierra Nevada rise to the southeast to a height of nearly twelve thousand feet, while other ranges are visible in every quarter. The city is built on hills, spurs of the Sierra Nevada, at a height of more than two thousand feet above the sea level. Beneath is a charming valley, continually watered by rains and streams from the Sierras, the summits of which are above the snow line. The ascent from the bed of the river Darro to the Alhambra is a steep climb by coach of nearly half an hour. The prospect is enrapturing; the long line of the Sierras, occasionally lost in the clouds; the valley, smooth as a prairie, seventy miles in circumference, as green in the last weeks of December as New England meadows in June, studded with "villas and vil-

lages;" the river, like a thread of silver, winding through it, and Granada itself, guarded, as Jerusalem, by the mountains that were round about it; with its picturesque white or gray stone houses, tile roofs, cathedral, churches, towers, private residences of varying heights and forms.

It is a fashion to be disappointed in visiting the Alhambra, and another to write of it in a vein of disparaging criticism. That class of writers did us a service; for while they could not wholly counteract the influence of dreams that began with childhood, and were recollected with pleasure when they had begun to fade with the dissipation of pleasing illusions, they produced a calmness which estopped the thrill which would otherwise have accompanied the first conscious approach to the enchanted spot. Whatever may have been the experience of others, I was not disappointed. The Alhambra, both in what it is and in what it requires of the imagination, transcends not only the formulated expectations, but the vague, undefinable fancies of the mind.

The Moors, in everything differing from the Greeks and Romans, never cared much for the exterior, made it as plain as possible; but the interior revealed, as with a sudden burst of sunrise, a profusion and wealth of decoration which would alike astonish and captivate.

From our hotel, built against the wall that surrounds the Alhambra, we entered the inclosure through wondrous scenery; deep ravines on either hand, their sides covered with elm trees a hundred feet high (presented by the Duke of Wellington), growing there for three quarters of a century, interspersed with cherry trees which almost overtop them. These trees are the habitation of countless nightingales, which, in their seasons, make the slopes vocal. Here and there streams of water, pure and translucent as rock crystal, burst from the mountain side.

Like the Kremlin at Moscow, the Alhambra is an inclosure, a half mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, of irregular confines. The Alhambra, as the word is generally used, occupies but a small part of it. The hill is surrounded by walls thirty feet high and six feet thick, but as the building is on the hillside, these walls do not shut out the view of it from below nor

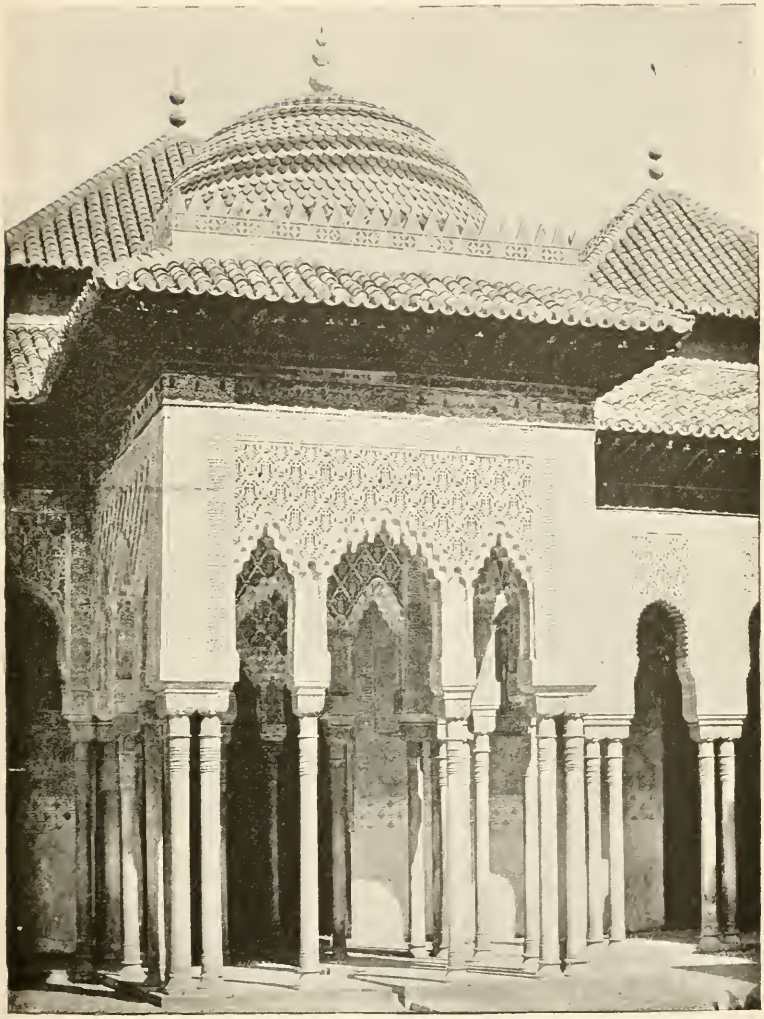
obstruct the view from above. It is cut off from the mountain by an artificial ravine.

We entered by the Porch of Justice. Over the doorway the name of the founder is inscribed, and this Mohammedan prayer: "May the Almighty make this a protecting bulwark and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just." Over the outer arch a *hand* is sculptured; over the inner a *key*. The legend is that the Moors boasted that this gate would never open to the Christians "till the hand took the key." The hand never took the key, but the Christians entered nevertheless. Then we passed through the fountains, baths, the Hall of Ambassadors, and the courts. The supports in some of the rooms are concealed, "so that the apparent supports, thin pillars and cashmere, perforated fabric which seemed fairy work, appeared incapable of sustaining the roof." Divans, alcoves, courts of oranges, gardens filled with tropical vegetation, in the midst of the building, with inscriptions from the Koran everywhere, such as, "There is no conqueror but Allah," culminating in the Court of Lions, with its one hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, upholding porticoes on each side, transformed the Arabian Nights' entertainments into reality.

In one of the private apartments of the Moorish kings, splendid in richness and harmony, a poem is copied upon the tiles, one stanza of which is thus translated by an Arabic scholar: "Look attentively at my elegance and reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration."

Who built the Alhambra, and why? A thousand years before Christ the Phœnicians had discovered the resources of Spain and founded Cadiz. Seven hundred years later the Carthaginians, their descendants, had subjugated a large part of the peninsula. Five hundred years subsequently the Vandals, after ravaging France, swept south through the passes of the Pyrenees into Spain, where they settled permanently. Soon afterward the Visigoths went from Italy by way of southern Gaul into Spain, and there began a series of struggles with the Vandals and the Romans.

In the early part of the seventh century arose the most ter-



Temple adjacent to the Court of Lions.

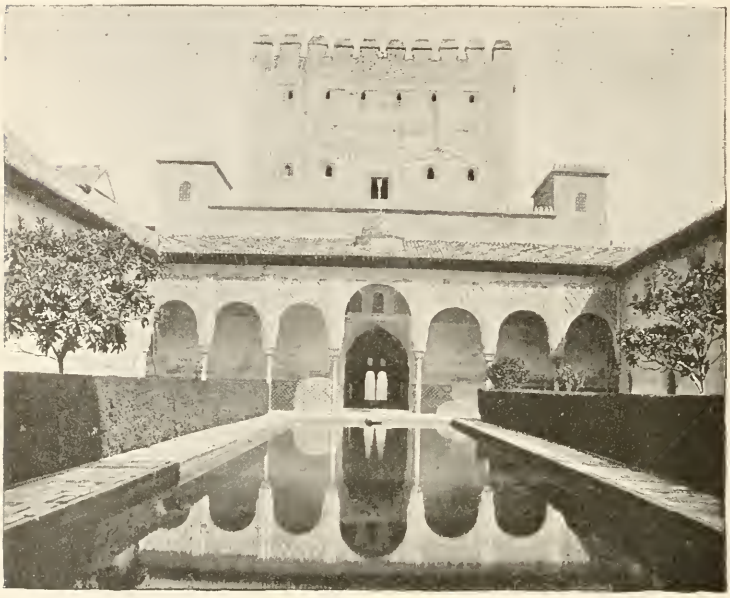
rible power that had ever appeared in modern history in Asia—Mohammedanism. In less than seventy-five years after the birth of Mohammed the Saracens had overrun all the lands between Armenia and Khiva, and in less than sixty more possessed themselves of North Africa, ravaged Asia Minor, and besieged Constantinople. About the beginning of the eighth century Spain was invaded, the hordes crossing the straits under Taric, and landing at Algeciras, near Gibraltar. Roderick, the last King of the Visigoths, intercepted them at Xerez de la Fontera in 711. Nine days of battle were terminated by the death of the Gothic king in single combat with Taric, and this gave the Mussulmans the mastery over nearly the whole of Spain. An independent Caliphate was established at Cordova. The name Alhambra is mentioned for the first time after the Moors had been in power in Spain for one hundred and fifty years. Its meaning was simply a "Red Tower."

The first extraordinary edifice was erected by Ibn-l-ahmar, in 1248. He enlarged the former structures and made an addition, which he intended should excel in grandeur the palaces of Bagdad, Fez, and Damascus. His successors erected new buildings, summoning the finest artists from all parts of the world, and giving them free access to their treasures. An elegant mosque was built in 1300; finally Yusuf I, who had such stupendous resources that it was believed that he could transmute other metals into gold, lavished so much on the interior that the popular opinion was that the cost defied calculation.

Thus arose the Alhambra, a fortress palace, in which an oriental monarch was to live, intended "to awe the city below with the forbidding exterior of power, to keep *out* heat and enemies, foreign and domestic, and to keep *in* women."

The whole of Spain had not been subdued by the Moors. Various kingdoms were formed; Asturias and Navarre, and finally Castile, being among the most powerful. The central kingdom associated itself with them, and waged continuous war. The kingdom of Aragon was spreading rapidly, and the Moors were restricted to Granada. In 1469, when Ferdinand, of Aragon, married Isabella, Queen of Castile, the consolidation of Spain into one empire began. Granada was conquered, and

in 1492 the Moors were expelled from the peninsula. Ferdinand and Isabella resided for a time in the Alhambra, and in one of its rooms the queen informed Christopher Columbus that she would support him in his enterprise.



Court of the Myrtles.

So soon as the Christians obtained control the work of devastation commenced. When Ferdinand and Isabella departed, the monks and soldiers who were left did what they could to destroy the Alhambra. They whitewashed the open work, coating some of it so thick that a pickax was required to remove it; stole, destroyed, or sold the furniture. Charles V determined to erect a palace, tore down a part of the Alhambra, and began a structure which has never been finished. From age to age it deteriorated, until finally turned into an asylum for debtors and state prisoners. When the French took possession in 1810 and 1812 they used it for barracks, destroyed everything they could, and blew up the mosque, which was said to have had no rival in the world.

They mined the entire structure, and would have annihilated the last vestige of its grandeur if a corporal had not put out the fuses. After the conquest it was offered to the Duke of Wellington, but he preferred another place, which is still owned by his descendants. Not till 1842 did its repair and restorations begin, but these have since been carried forward with success.

In examining the registry of visitors we saw signatures of the greatest interest. The first in the collection was Washington Irving, May 12, 1829, whose room in the Alhambra, looking into a court of oranges and palms, is now one of the "lions." Irving did more to rekindle interest in the Alhambra than any other person. Then followed Caleb Cushing, February 16, 1830, *de los Estados Unidos de America;* Caroline W. Cushing. Here is a name which subsequently was felt around the world—Benjamin Disraeli, July 31, 1830.

It is impossible for me to describe the Alhambra. Indeed, if Mr. Richard Ford, who lived for a year within it, and who has written the best general book upon Spain, is to be believed, I do not understand it, having visited it but three times. He says: "To understand the Alhambra it must be visited often and alone; at night, when the moon floats above it in the air like its crescent symbol, the tender beam tips the filigree arches, a depth is given to the shadows and a misty, undefined magnitude to the salons beyond, . . . then, in proportion to the silence around, does the fancy and imagination become alive. The shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the form of the dusky Moor as, dressed in his silken robes, he comes to lament over the profanation of the infidel and the devourment by the destroyer."

CHAPTER VII.

Granada and Malaga.

The Cartujan Convent—Its Beautiful Church—Cathedral and the Sepulchers and Graves of Ferdinand and Isabella—Gypsies—Malaga—Its Fruit, Superb Scenery—Beggars—Visitors—Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve—Suburbs.

BESIDES the Alhambra there are many things to please and instruct in Granada. The Generalife (grounds of the architect from whom the Sultan purchased the site more than five centuries ago) is noteworthy for views, gleaming streams, elevation above the Alhambra—the latter appearing more like a fortress from that point than from any other; for carved doors, arches, and arabesques; aged and immense cypresses, and raised gardens, with flights of Italian steps through which fountains play. Above the Generalife stretches a chain of hills, over which we took a long stroll, attaining a point nearly a thousand feet above the level of Granada.

The Cartujan convent contains one of the finest pictures by Alonzo Cano, on the roll of Spain's greatest artists, and has a church inlaid with tortoise shell, ebony, and cedar wood.

There we were permitted to try some experiments for the purpose of ascertaining how much the voices of the priests are affected by the echoes produced in the vast expanses of hollow domes, naves, and transepts. Our previous opinion, that a voice which would not attract special attention in an ordinary church of a rectangular form, with stationary seats, will in a cathedral be greatly magnified, was fully confirmed; for on singing the Doxology in English, a language unknown to the custodian, we were almost appalled by the tremendous volume of sound.

In Granada is the cage in which San Juan de Dios was confined as a lunatic for preaching the necessity of "Foundling Hospitals." He died in 1550, and was canonized one hundred and fifty years afterward!

Granada and the Alhambra.

The gypsy quarters greatly interest travelers. These, the strangest of half-civilized human beings, live in caves. It was astonishing to find a suite of rooms excavated in the side of a hill, without ventilation, except through a single front door, filled with an atmosphere apparently as pure as that of a well-ventilated dwelling. There were very few such; most were

Gypsy Quarters in Granada.

dens of filth, the habits of the occupants being less cleanly than those of wild beasts. Their demands for money were vociferous and persistent, and a stranger of timid disposition wandering among them might be in danger.

The Cathedral of Granada is not remarkable in comparison with those of Toledo and Seville, but the Capilla Real, which contains carved effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella exactly

representing their faces, forms, and costumes, and the magnificent Carrara marble sepulchers, upon which are extended life-size figures, and their graves beneath, which have never been disturbed, receive merited reverence both from the Spanish people and foreigners. Here we saw the box in which were kept the jewels hypothecated by Isabella to raise the money to equip Columbus. Those jewels lighted the path to a new world.

Our route after leaving Granada was direct to Malaga. As we drew near the end of the journey, the tunnels, precipices, overhanging cliffs, in the darkness of the night, made the stars seem as lanterns waved by mountaineers signaling each other. Malaga, on a bay of the Mediterranean, protected by these mountains, exhibits almost tropical scenery. It seemed like midsummer, yet the people were preparing for Christmas, and the market was filled with fowl of every kind, oranges, figs, lemons, raisins, quinces, melons, pomegranates, olives, tomatoes, eggplants, oysters, and fish, in which soles, red mullets, and sardines were conspicuous. For three days, Sunday not excepted, the clamor of hucksters never ceased until the small hours, and began again long before daybreak. A multitude of hideous beggars could be seen—blind, scrofulous, and verminous. If a half dozen hospitals had been burned in a night and the patients turned loose, with the inmates of a lunatic asylum included, loathsome creatures would hardly have been more numerous. Blind asylums appear to be comparatively unknown, though the habits of the people and the climate in the southern part tend to increase the number of those deprived of sight. At almost every station sightless eyes, or sockets without eyes, were turned up, accompanied by noisy appeals for relief.

Malaga has few monuments of antiquity and few public buildings of importance; but its climate, harbor, vessels, and its somewhat cosmopolitan population; its relation to Mediterranean travel; its numerous visitors from northern Europe who come to escape the rigors of winter; and its famous oranges and raisins, make it a pleasant resting place.

Through the courtesy of Colonel Marston, the American consul, we received an invitation to visit the studio of Caba-

nerro, one of the first of the younger artists of Spain. A superb picture had just been accepted by the government for the Senate Chamber, and the sum of ten thousand dollars appropriated as his compensation. The painting, which had just received the finishing touches, occupied the entire side of the large studio, and represented a scene of hundreds of years ago, when the King of Spain appeared at the court of the sultan in Constantinople to offer him his troops. The sultan, the commanding officers, and the fierce, swarthy men of Aragon were depicted with startling vividness. Great local interest had been aroused by the painter's taking some of his models from the faces of living residents of Malaga.

Everyone recommended us to attend the midnight mass in the cathedral on Christmas Eve. The people of Malaga attend services on this day in much larger numbers than on Sundays and other feast days. It was estimated that more than five thousand were in the building. As our party advanced the organ and choir pealed forth a volume of sound which made the massive walls ring again. Besides the multitude standing, a thousand worshipers in front of the high altar were upon their knees. These consisted exclusively of women, not a man in the vast assembly could be seen kneeling.

In all parts of the building irreverence was manifested. When the Host was elevated the people mechanically crossed themselves, but, at the same moment, there began a struggle on the part of the women to get nearer. They jabbered at each other, pushed and crowded, and fairly fought for places, all the while, however, except a few of the more fierce, laughing. Men generally were more irreverent in their deportment than women. The aspect was that of a show and people intent upon making the most of it. An epidemic of laughter finally spread over the entire assembly, and what should have been a solemn scene became a caricature of devotion. As the celebrating priest was feeble, the mass was read by three priests in unison, whose united voices were not easily heard in the remoter parts of the edifice.

A Catholic citizen, when asked concerning the music, replied that it was supposed to be "the very melody sung by the angels at the birth of our Lord." It was not, however, stated

that the shepherds who heard the song understood musical notation, and that one had a tablet with him and took down the notes!

In the presence of the entire assembly, during a part of the performance, an assistant availed himself of the opportunity for a nap, and one of the brothers awoke him. I record this merely as a fact, having seen a Protestant minister asleep in the pulpit when a bishop was preaching. When the service was over the struggle was fearful. The crowd, now a turbulent mob, pushed and elbowed its way out.

While in Malaga we called on Senor Vila, Pastor of the Spanish Protestant Church, a man of force, intelligence, and courage unexampled. For the offense of vindicating his work against the aspersions of priests he was heavily fined, and condemned to imprisonment for two years, the execution of which part of the sentence was indefinitely delayed.

Among the walks and rides taken in Malaga and its suburbs a visit to the sugar cane fields should not be forgotten. Here the cane grows in a few places as luxuriantly as in Louisiana, and almost as much so as in the West Indies. The children are as happy when they get sticks of sugar cane to suck as they are in colder climates on receiving a box of confectionery; judging from what we saw it has some decided advantages, for a stick two or three feet long will give linked sweetness long drawn in and keep the urchins quiet until excess of sweets brings on the usual results.

Driving for an hour up the dry bed of the river we reached the estate of the Marquis of Casa Loring. The Spanish Lorings, a branch of the Massachusetts family of that name, have attained great wealth and rank in Spain. Almost all the railroads were built under the superintendence of the oldest member; a title has been conferred upon him, and his estates at Madrid, Malaga, and elsewhere are among the finest. The members of the family, having married into ancient Spanish families and embraced the Roman Catholic religion, are allied with the aristocrats of the kingdom. This estate is noted for the beauty and luxuriance of its vegetation. An enraptured writer mingles his figures by saying that it and an adjoining one of San Jose, the property of Don Tomas Heredia, "Are

beautiful oases in the sea of sun-gilt hills surrounding Malaga." We visited both these estates. The view from the Marquis of Loring's place is finer than any prospect from the other, and in a small temple of Grecian style, on the grounds, are many Roman remains collected from the neighboring villages. Tablets, containing remarkable specimens of Roman municipal law, are exhibited in this museum. But the charm of both places is the variety and profusion of subtropical and tropical plants, vegetables, and trees, which make them horticultural gardens, where one may see the products of all climates except the coldest. Here were immense fig trees, countless orange trees bending under the weight of their fruit, interspersed with the paler lemon; date palms reared their lofty heads, and in some instances the clusters needing support. Magnificent bamboos and palms, whose annual rings indicated their age, lined the avenues. The female date palms were much more numerous than the male, the former bearing all the fruit. Extraordinary specimens of the cactus, with groves of the eucalyptus, introduced from Australia to counteract the causes of malaria, are prominent features of the landscape. With apple and pear trees, vines, fountains, artificial lakes, streams gurgling from the hills—in fine, here was everything that nature and art could produce to make basking places for weary travelers or indolent loiterers in life's dusty path. The hothouse seemed to me a blemish, calling attention to the limitations of the otherwise Edenic situation.

The Heredias are proprietors of the long-established iron works, the most important industry of Malaga. The family are devoted Catholics.

We spent Christmas in Malaga, struggling against the traveler's gloom, which attacks almost everyone absent from home and friends, but is most acute on festal days. While all were giving and receiving presents, the only attention bestowed upon us was by hotel waiters hoping for fees, and beggars seeking alms.

CHAPTER VIII.

Peculiarities of the Spaniards.

Aspect of Spanish People—Spectacles in Squares and Streets—Spanish Politeness—Amusements—Morals—Lotteries—Women—Guardias Civiles—Religion, Catholic and Protestant.

HOWEVER long the visit, unless the traveler becomes a resident, mastering the language, and associating with the people, he must be at a disadvantage when he attempts to describe individual character or social condition. Yet foreign residents often hold diverse opinions of the same things. The system adopted by me in studying the people of a country, is to read what travelers and standard authors have written; to observe all classes attentively; to converse with all who are accessible; to communicate with foreign residents, consuls, merchants, students; to ask questions, comparing the answers; and finally to submit the conclusions to intelligent natives who understand English, and to foreigners of different nationalities who have long lived in the country.

The aspect of the people of Spain differs in different parts as the inhabitants had a diverse ancestry. The climate of the north is cold, scenery stern, conditions of life hard; that of the south is mild, its fruits and prospects those of perpetual summer, its life in the open air and its costumes picturesque. But all classes have intermarried, and removals to common centers have increased, until now in the streets of the cities every variety that could result from the admixture of the original population with the Goths, Moors, Romans, Greeks, and Phœnicians appears.

While two thirds of the people have the Spanish type, one in three looks as much like an Englishman or an American as the majority of the natives of those countries, having the lighter complexion and even the same general expression of countenance.

As the Spaniards make greater use of promenades, ride,

walk, and sit in public more than any other people, the spectacles in the squares and streets are always pleasing; not less so is village life where there is more regard for ease and less care for mere show. I did not expect to see many instances in the capital and larger cities, of the picturesque national dresses, and was agreeably surprised. Though many of the upper classes wear high hats like Englishmen or Frenchmen, and ladies have laid aside veils and mantillas, the cloak without the cape is still much used by gentlemen who, for the most part, have renounced the gay colors.

The middle classes, especially persons somewhat advanced in years, wear the cloak and cape, with red, and other bright velvet linings.

Spaniards are very polite; even beggars salute one another as though they were grandees. But though the grandiloquent style in which they accost one another provokes a smile, the manner in which "General," "Colonel," "Squire," "Major," "Judge," "Doctor," "Professor," and degrees of all kinds are sought and used, and even inscribed on visiting cards in the United States, should prevent us from thinking meanly of the Spaniards for a manifestation of a weakness of human nature which no form of government or religion has yet been able to eradicate or materially diminish.

We did not find the custom of taking off the hat in entering banks, offices, and stores as universal as represented. In many places, perhaps under the influence of foreign trade, we were embarrassed, not by the excess, but by the lack of such politeness as is common even in America. Still even in this day it is not an easy or brief task to equal Spaniards in greeting, for they are never in a hurry.

Much of this politeness is superficial. The offers made are expected to be declined, and a writer in praising Spanish courtesy is obliged to say that "Spaniards, although they seldom bid a foreigner [as guest], will accept his bidding."

When they address the man by his last name he is *Senor*, as Senor de Garcia; if the Christian name is used *Don* is employed, as Don Ferdinand Garcia. Formerly *Don* was equivalent to *Sir* as used in England, as Sir William Jones; now it is applied to everyone, and there is an old proverb that Don

without din (money) does not amount to anything. The Spaniards hate abruptness, address each other as *Caballero*, and abound in such phrases as "Please tell me," "Be so kind." Those who neglect these things give offense. Beggars that swarm everywhere are refused in a manner which illustrates the superficial character of many of the phrases in use. When they become annoying the Spaniard says, "My brother, will you excuse me, for God's sake?" or he tells him that God will take care of him, and he may say this while he is anathematizing him to his companion.

Amusements consist largely of music, dancing, and festivals.

> "There ne'er was born a Spanish woman yet,
> But she was born to dance."

Everyone dances, and the music is chiefly adapted to it. The guitar is the most popular instrument. Castanets and tambourines are used in some parts of the country, and in churches on special occasions. In southern Spain one could rarely pass out of hearing of the tones of the guitar in the evenings. The lower classes could be seen dancing without reserve.

The Spaniards turn everything into an occasion for a holiday, and each holiday into a festival. Every place has its saint, processions, and pilgrimages, almost all degenerating into picnics. The catalogue for the year of such days is almost as appalling as in Russia, interfering with business and reducing the legitimate income of the nation, as well as increasing its expenditures to an almost unsupportable extent.

The people are the most persistent and excessive smokers. Little boys of eight or ten years of age smoke, and in all places except the church men were always indulging. They pay no regard to the presence of women. Few apartments on the trains, even *first*-class, are reserved for the use of non-smokers; but everywhere fumes arise. The Spaniard smokes while he is shaving, when he is in the opera, and when in his place in the Cortes. Upon health the effect is bad. It is very difficult to find Spaniards who do not complain of some malady. Dyspepsia and nervous diseases, including spasmodic affections, are common.

The standard of morals is not high. By this it is not intended to indorse the extravagant imputations upon the women, nor to imply that every Spaniard is untruthful, unclean, or dishonest. Spaniards are not especially intemperate in the use of alcohol, and drunkenness, though seen, is not frequent. We looked for it in places and at times which would certainly have revealed much were it general. They eat and drink less than any other nation in Europe. But they are devoted to lotteries, and next to beggars, the venders of lottery tickets are the greatest nuisances encountered. Of this business the government has a monopoly. The report of the United States consul at Madrid speaks of the evil effects of the institution, and in showing the final results to the government, he says that this method of raising money is alike paltry and pernicious. It is the working classes who are most injured, for by it their heads are filled with ideas of suddenly accumulating riches.

Bribery is general; most public officials being so dishonest that it is a common saying that anything can be done by bribery, and nothing in the regular way. Mayors of cities grow rich in a year. One, at least, of the most important cities is utterly destitute of credit. Spaniards so distrust each other that money is not forthcoming for great public works. The English manage the waterworks, the street cars, and almost everything else. It has been remarked that a distinction must be made between the Spaniard in his individual and in his collective capacity, and still more in an official one; "to him as an individual you may trust your life, fair fame, and purse, but in his corporate capacity, either business or official, as he trusts nobody, he has been willing to float down the turbid stream like the rest."

In southern Spain women are spoken of in a manner which shows how low the standard of virtue is. Foundling asylums are numerous, and, as in Russia, no questions are asked when those "conceived in sin and born in iniquity" are presented for admission. A Spaniard, not a Protestant, who abominated the whole system remarked to me that the proper inscription for those buildings is, "Violations of the Seventh Commandment Made Easy."

The disposition of the average Spaniard is fiery and vindic-

tive. The long knife is quickly drawn. A courteous request, couched in flattering words, "especially a silver key" proportioned in weight to the social standing of the person to whom it is applied, will secure anything within his power to bestow; but it is in vain to attempt either to drive or to hurry a Spaniard. Their great word is "*mañana*," "to-morrow, to-morrow."

Violence, robbery, and insecurity of life and property have given place to comparative security. Besides the local police and ordinary means of preserving order, there is a body of men, consisting of twenty thousand foot, and five thousand horse guards, called Guardias Civiles, to distinguish them from military and naval guards. They are recruited from long-service men in the army, and from the military college, where are educated for the force the orphan children of such guards as have died in the discharge of their duty. They are assigned in couples to every town and village, and in small barracks along the highroads in larger numbers throughout all Spain. The uniform is dark blue, with light yellow belts. Two meet every train at every station, and the law requires them in patrolling the roads to walk at least twelve paces apart, so as not to be surprised simultaneously. The cavalry carry swords, revolvers, and short guns; the foot soldiers Remington rifles with bayonets, and sometimes other weapons. The men must be five feet eight inches high, and every member of the force is able to read and write. We saw hundreds of them, everywhere picturesque and noble figures. They have destroyed the organized robbers that made travel dangerous, and are in readiness to check the slightest disturbance. Yet in many places the knife is a too convenient weapon. It is not an uncommon thing in Malaga, in street fights, for men to draw long, murderous knives, and begin to cut each other to pieces. The police, when there is a fight of that kind, keep out of the way; for when the Spaniards are heated with passion or wine, they are liable to turn upon the officers of the law and make an end of them quickly.

Lack of suitable institutions for paupers accounts for the horrible cases which constantly offend the eye. It should be remembered that if all such cases detained in institutions in

the United States were turned into the streets, our own country would present a similar appearance. In the treatment of lunacy Spain is behind other nations. The number of ascertained lunatics is small. While the climate tends to develop fierce, warlike, and excitable natures, it also produces an indolence which, together with practical philosophy of postponement, causes speculations, ambitions, political passions "to effervesce like champagne and then collapse." Many of the inmates of such asylums as exist are criminals, who should be punished; and many wandering beggars are lunatics who should be placed under restraint. Though still behind other countries, the people of Spain are certainly improving.

A Roman priest of high standing wrote that, "owing to the national temper of Spain, Catholicism in that country became the most intolerant and cruel form that Christianity has ever assumed." It is certainly at the present time more superstitious and severe toward dissenters than in any other European country.

Notwithstanding this, priests as a class are notoriously frivolous and profligate. The hardest things we heard said of them came from Catholics, nor would any Protestant dare to speak publicly of them so disparagingly as do their own people. The wife of a foreign consul, herself a Catholic, declared that "there were but three or four priests in the entire Church in that city to whom an honest woman could confess." The people consider the confessional, chiefly frequented by women, as an organized institution for the pollution of the family.

Not until 1868 did religious freedom, guaranteed in theory, become anything more than an unfulfilled promise. At that time the Protestant world was roused to hope and ardor by the reports from Spain. Various Churches at once sent missionaries, and volunteers were not wanting who of their own motion, or under the direction of self-originated committees, hastened into the field—a few with, but most without, a knowledge of the language. In various sections they were welcomed with every manifestation of interest. The promise, however, was not sustained. The burial of the

dead and visitation of the sick constantly appealed in behalf of the established Church. Though a man had determined to become a Protestant, his wife, mother, and sister would resist it to the last. Horror of being refused burial in consecrated ground was constantly before the sick; the taunt of changing religion on every lip; and a variety of petty persecutions began, especially in the towns, villages, and country districts.

Those who crowded to hear evangelical preachers, regarding them as symbols of a revolt against monarchy, and who at first were prone to say, "Why, I believe as you say; put my name down to join your church; I am with you," when they heard of conversion, and were solemnly warned that no priest could absolve them, but God only, lost interest in the movement, and speedily fell away. All the middle classes, and those of the higher who began to show any interest in Protestantism, experienced the force of social odium. So hostile is the atmosphere that those who attempt to move in society in Spain must not avow themselves Protestants.

Here is an instance. An English lady, residing in one of the chief cities in southern Spain, her husband having a large business there, was in the habit of giving receptions, which were numerously attended by the *élite*. She was not a Romanist, but had not affiliated herself with the Protestant church in the place. During her absence in England in the summer, it was rumored, though falsely, that she intended to connect herself with the Protestant church on her return in the autumn. When she came back, knowing nothing of this rumor, she issued cards for a reception as before, and not one Spaniard of the many invited attended.

Protestant congregations for worship are small, the largest scarcely numbering one hundred and fifty, including all the children in the schools, most of them being much smaller than that. Yet, from the point of view of a lover of liberty for both Catholic and Protestant, there are several things which more than justify the effort. To have seen a Protestant school in the house in which Philip II lived while the Escorial was building; to have heard the singing of Protestant hymns in the city in which thousands were con-

demned "to the pleasant death of the stake;" to have listened to plain Protestant preaching within fifteen minutes' walk of the very spot where the Inquisition was established; to have tracts on "the way of salvation" thrust into one's hands in a street along which wild huzzas of fiendish joy filled the air when a woman was brought forth to be burned for her allegiance to Christ, and to hear a Gospel sermon where first the pagan, afterward the Mohammedan, then the Catholic declared that nothing other than what he believed should be taught or believed—surely this, to everyone who, whatever his creed may be, rejoices in human progress, is something worth tossing to and-fro upon stormy seas, and traveling weary miles on land to do, to see, to hear, and to feel!

CHAPTER IX.

The Bullfights of Spain.

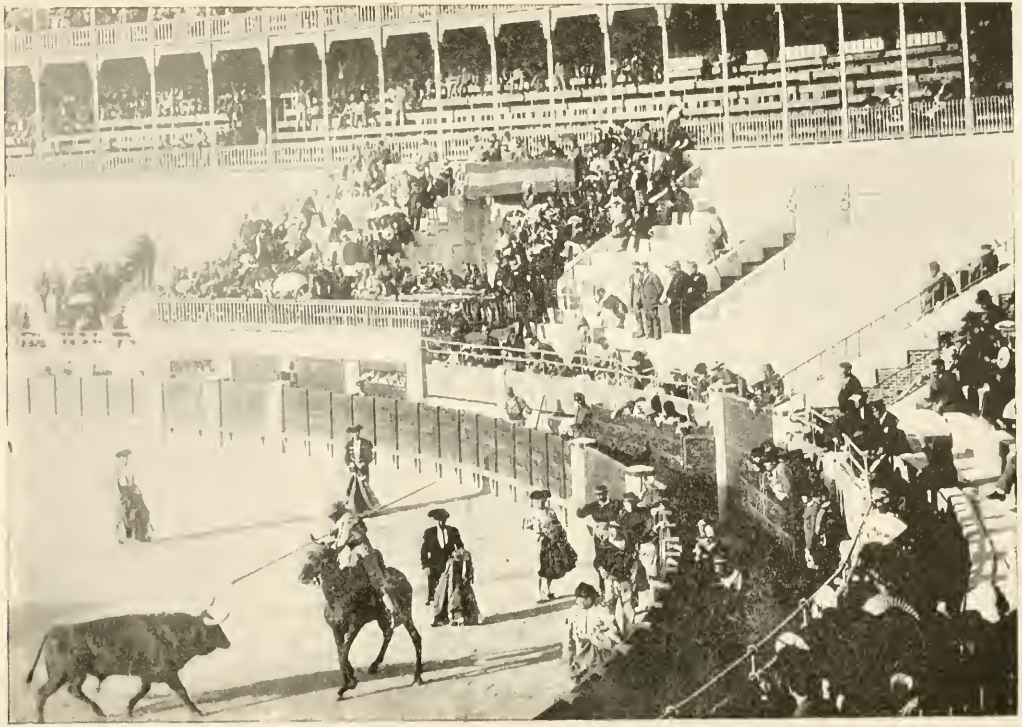
Popularity of Bullfights—Cost—Description—Attempts to Suppress—Attitude of the Church.

BULLFIGHTS were never more popular than they are to-day, and for twenty years have been increasing in influence, extravagance, and numbers attending. The theater occupies a secondary place, not only in the feelings of the lower, but in the sentiments of the upper classes. Not that the people of Spain love the theater less, but they love the bullfights far more.

Barcelona has opera houses and theaters, one of which holds four thousand persons, and disputes with three or four other cities for the honor of having the largest in Europe. But the bull ring is twice as large as the theater, and Barcelona is proud of its fights, equal to those of any city in Spain, except Valencia and Madrid. At Madrid the bull ring will seat twelve thousand seven hundred persons, and is a wonderful structure, to explore which consumed an afternoon. It is built in the style of an ancient Roman circus, and in it the most famous fights take place. The highest salaries are paid, "and the most distinguished professionals employed." The bulls are specially bred in the finest pastures.

On Easter Sunday, a few minutes after the gorgeous pageants in the churches and cathedrals are at an end, the season commences. The succeeding Sundays are *bull* days until the heat of *dog* days enervates man and beast. There is a second season in the autumn. Performances begin about half past four in the afternoon, and last two or three hours; a good seat costs one dollar and a half.

The ring of Malaga is of extraordinary size and located in the best part of the city. At Salamanca, where the University is practically in a state of collapse, the ring is very prosperous.



Preliminary Skirmish in a Bullfight.

The bullfights of Valencia are famous, and as is generally the case the ring belongs to the trustees of the hospital. It seats fifteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-one persons. Well has it been remarked that it is in harmony with reason that the trustees of the hospitals should own these buildings, for the fever excited in the people and the accidents furnish patients as well as funds. The fights in Valencia are considered by many second only to those of Madrid.

Seville is called the *alma mater* of the ring, because in the opinion of those who have investigated the matter, the bull ring, though based on Roman institutions, as it now is "is indubitably a thing devised by the Moors of Spain, for those in Africa have neither the sport, the ring, nor the recollection." At Seville the ring is of stone, occupies a conspicuous place on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and will seat eleven thousand.

Near Cordova, in the famous pastures, we saw thousands of bulls, and as the country is without fences, except here and there a wall to keep together those that have been selected for the approaching fights, the scene resembled the Western plains before the buffalo had been exterminated.

Each exhibition costs from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. The day before the spectacle the bulls are brought to the town, causing intense excitement. The people dress in their best, and all classes are so wrought up that they can hardly contain themselves. Formerly only gentlemen fought; now none but professionals. Seville and the whole of southern Spain were in a state of ferment at the time of our visit, preparing for a bullfight of extraordinary magnificence, the proceeds to be given to the widow of a man who had been killed in the ring some time before. It was expected that she would receive at least ten thousand dollars. We saw the bulls in special cars, drawn by horses and guarded by officials.

The bullfight is always the same. The opening is announced with pomp. The president takes his seat in a box in the center, and the performers pass before him in procession. These consist of picadors, who carry spears, ride on horses, advance and receive the bull's attack, for before they can attack him he rushes upon them. The chulos fol-

low the picadors; they are apprentices who divert the bull from the picadors. Then come the banderilleras, who are on foot and carry darts, which they plant, if possible, in the neck of the bull. In the third act the espada comes forward to slay the bull with the sword. During the two or three hours of performance from six to eight bulls are killed. Men, women, and children yell and utter every possible form of praise or blame for man and brute. Several horses are killed, and the scene, as they leap about the ring after being gored by the bulls, is unfit for description. When a bull is killed he is dragged off by mules, glittering with flags and tinkling bells. Slow bulls are beaten, abused, and anathematized by the spectators; "such animals as show the white feather are loathed as depriving the public of their just rights, and are beaten as they pass within reach by sticks carried by the people;" but a "murderous bull, who gores horses, upsets men, and clears the plaza, becomes a universal favorite. Long life is wished to him by those who know he must be killed within ten minutes. . . . The horsemen often show marvelous skill in managing to place their horses as a rampart between them and the bull." When deadly struggles take place, every expression of anxiety, fear, eagerness, horror, and delight is visible. These feelings reach the highest pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging to the fatal struggle, crimson streams of blood streaking his foaming body, flies from the infuriated bull.

When the horses are dead they are dragged off, and when the picador is wounded he is carried out and forgotten, new gladiators appearing. A gentleman informed me that he had seen twelve dead horses hauled away from the scene after having been butchered in a hideous manner.

The bull is one of the most terrible animals when roused. Sometimes wild beasts are brought to contend with him, and within the last twenty-five years a bull slew successively a lion brought from Africa and a tiger brought from India to fight with him. On another occasion this bull encountered a lion and a tiger at the same time and disabled both. As he was then believed to be unconquerable, an elephant was brought upon the scene. This ponderous animal simply pressed upon the spine of the hero of so many conflicts and crushed him

into an incoherent mass. That elephant was kept in Madrid and exhibited until his death.

This fiendish cruelty is defended by the Spaniards and their sympathizers. The horses, they say, are old animals of no account. They have to be blinded, otherwise they would not face the bull. If they are only wounded the gash is sewed up and stopped with tow, and they are still forced to fight. The Spaniards say that the bull is a tame, almost a domestic, animal, and would never fight at all unless roused by the sight of blood, and to use these old horses for that purpose is not to be condemned. They charge against other nations similar things, speaking contemptuously of the Protestants who object to their fights, and yet play the salmon and chase the hare and the fox.

When the intelligence and sensibility of the horse and his services to mankind are taken into the account, whatever may be said for or against hunting or fishing, that the cases are not parallel is clear. The Spaniards also contend that the effects produced upon them are not the same as upon people not accustomed to such scenes. That is the same as to affirm that the effect of a brutal prize fight would be different upon persons who never saw it from that produced upon those who are in the habit of witnessing such spectacles. What blunts the sensibilities to such sights as Spanish bullfights is brutalizing and degrading. Several American ladies and gentlemen concluded to go to a bullfight, notwithstanding it was upon the Sabbath. Having sophisticated their consciences, they went, and one said to another: "Now, you are here on Sunday; whatever sin there is in it you have committed, and had better fix your eyes on everything and see it through."

In less than fifteen minutes after it began the spectacle was too horrible to be endured, so that all the ladies save one were made ill, and she could not turn her eyes from the horrible sight. One of the gentlemen fainted and fell to the floor. A Frenchman sitting near them also fell in a swoon. The entire party, in less than half an hour, were compelled to retreat. This was at a fight given in honor of the King of Portugal, at that time visiting Madrid.

It is the conduct of many Americans and Englishmen that

gives the defenders of bullfights their strongest practical point. They go to the disgusting exhibitions, and often develop a mania which leads them to boast "that they went every Sunday while they were in Spain." We saw members of Christian churches who expressed great disappointment at the postponement of a bullfight which they had expected to attend; and a young lady gave us an account of the conduct of her minister, from Scotland, who went to a bullfight on Sunday, "*just to see what the customs of the country were.*"

The attitude of Roman Catholicism is theoretically one of condemnation, but practically bullfights are encouraged by the Church, which in many places has a strong, though indirect, interest in the profits.

At the bull ring at Madrid a chapel is attached to the ring in which the bullfighters, before entering the arena, meet and have a short religious service, a priest being in readiness. In ancient times those killed on the spot were denied burial rites on the ground that they died without confessing; but a priest is "now in attendance with *Su Magestad* (the sacred Host), ready to give always spiritual assistance to a dying combatant."

Queen Isabella was opposed to the fights, though they were far less cruel then than now, and had a direct influence upon the breed of horses and the development among gentlemen of courage and dexterity with the lance. The pope issued edicts against them, yet they persisted, and under the despotism of fashion the bullfight was "stripped of its chivalrous character and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bullfighters, just as did our rings and tournaments of chivalry into those of ruffian pugilists."

In 1868 a bill was brought into the Cortes to abolish bullfights, but the sympathies of almost the entire people being with the spectacle, the bill was rejected.

CHAPTER X.

To "Afric's Sunny Fountains."

Voyage to Tangier—Views along the Route—Arrival—Street Scenes—A Moorish School.

On the afternoon of Christmas we sailed through the Bay of Malaga into the Mediterranean. Our vessel had a truly African name, the *Mogador*, named after a part of the city of Morocco. No quieter sea ever reflected a more golden sunset than did the Mediterranean that evening. But the promise to the eye, like many to the ear, was broken to the heart, for when the day was done the winds began their revels, which soon plunged men, women, and children into one common gulf of nausea and despondency. Through the short, choppy waves the *Mogador* swiftly pushed, and wretched as we were, it was a pleasure to pass everything that rode the waves that night. A little after ten o'clock the storm subsided, the clouds disappeared, and the rugged mountains of the African coast stood forth in the starlight like stupendous battlements as we anchored in the harbor of Ceuta. This is the "Botany Bay" of Spain.

The town, like ancient Rome, stands on seven hills, and its name is said to be a corruption of *septem*. The ancients called it Abyla, and one of its mountains formed one of the Pillars of Hercules. The numerous fortifications on adjacent hills, and the towering masses of mountains, were startling exhibitions of power.

The next day we sailed over the same route which the Moors took when they set forth to conquer Spain, and anchored in the harbor of Algeciras, the point at which they landed. It was in this harbor that we obtained our first view of the Rock of Gibraltar. After a brief stay at this place, of no importance now, though once the Moor's key to Spain, and the scene of the greatest crusade of the fourteenth century, we resumed our course through the Straits of Gibraltar. Gibraltar, with its forts, its town, and the harbor filled with ship-

ping, was in full view; across was the entire line of the northwest coast of Africa, its hills and mountains covered with vegetation.

Sailing close to Spain, we soon sighted Cape Trafalgar's low, sandy shore, scene of one of the greatest of naval encounters. After we had buffeted the waves in a violent storm for a long time, the Bay of Tangier came into view, forming an amphitheater about three miles wide, to which the shores correspond, the city rising on the slopes of hills. From the deck northward we saw the citadel, and southward the white houses of the town. Formerly there was no pier, and it was impossible for vessels to land passengers; but such was the bigotry of the people that the Mohammedans would not carry a Christian, and passengers were taken to the shore on the backs of Jews. We had heard of the pier, and supposed that we should land as at a European port, but it had been broken by the preceding storms, and we were compelled to take the boats. Many more Moors clambered up the ship's side than there were passengers, and wrangling about the prices was fierce. Ingratiating ourselves with the health officer, who spoke English, we ascertained the fixed rate, and sharing his boat, had no trouble in the settlement.

The harbor, notwithstanding the fast increasing darkness, was beautiful, and the domes and minarets of the mosques on the hillsides, so unlike the towers and steeples of Christian churches, would have been sufficient, had we drifted instead of steered into the harbor, to show that we were landing upon an unknown shore. Once upon *terra firma*, we were led through a long, dark, narrow alley, as weird an entrance as stranger ever had. At a turn two solemn-looking, turbaned Moors in white, wearing long beards, and having the aspect of authority, attracted our attention. Passport in hand, we were ready to surrender the baggage, when the health officer, knowing that we were Americans, informed them that we had nothing dutiable, whereupon they gravely bowed and we passed on. The alley led to a street not much wider, but lighter, and in five minutes we entered the hotel.

Tangier, the capital of a province, and the residence of foreign ministers and consuls to the Court of Morocco, and frequently visited by English, French, and Spanish merchants

Tangier.

upon business, and by travelers, is provided with two or three excellent hotels, the Continental, where we stayed, surpassing any in Spain. In front of it were scores of Moors, and in the hall perhaps a dozen. Male Moors waited efficiently upon the tables, and were picturesque in their fantastic *jellabiyah* (dressing gowns), turbans, and sandals; attentive, polite, surprisingly noiseless, and rapid. We were hardly in our rooms when a man, who might have posed as the sultan, or as the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, so far as dress and dignified condescension were concerned, appeared. There was an excess of complacency in his smile, and something of flippancy in his dainty manners as he entered, and when he said, with a smile that exhibited the whitest of teeth, and was suggestive of great expectations, "I am ze commissionaire of ze hotel," we saw that this august being was willing for the sum of two dollars per day to conduct us through such portions of the empire of Morocco as we might elect. We did not employ him, as his time and ours could not be made to agree. But guides were numerous, and in due time we sallied forth into the streets, through which no carriage can pass, so narrow are they, and so crowded. Jews, Negroes, Moors, women with their faces covered, country people with peculiar dresses, donkeys, mules, and water carriers, swarming together, gave the appearance of a dense crowd, and one paused at almost every step to consider whether he could make his way.

A traveler says of the crowd: "They were all oppressed by an immense sadness or a mortal weariness, none smiling, but moving one behind the other with slow and silent steps, like a procession of specters in a cemetery." This is a misrepresentation. The street crowds in Tangier are grave, but many smile and gesticulate like Italians or Frenchmen; and as for their moving with slow and silent steps, they are among the most rapid walkers in the world. As they transact business in the street, they crouch against the walls in front of the shops, and the poorer classes crowd against the sides of the narrow lanes; being dressed in white, the color of the walls, they pass almost unobserved, and have a spectral look.

The streets are not only narrow, but crooked and dirty, all the ordinary rubbish being left there. The houses have no

windows. Most of the shops are mere holes in the wall, receiving all light and air through the front door, which is entirely open. The interior of the lawyers' offices can be seen plainly from the street, and we beheld ancient men poring over documents, and others writing as slowly as children with their first copies. Of the larger shops one can have no idea from the entrance. We were conducted to one of the best for the purchase of antiquities. Entering by a small door we passed through a room not much larger than a closet, then through another, and after climbing a narrow stairway, found that the display rooms were three or four in number, and contained thousands of curious objects. The Moors are sharp and shrewd at a bargain. They consider the European, and especially the traveler, a legitimate object of prey. One who continued to show his goods long after we had told him that we did not desire to buy, said in broken English: "We want to taste your money to see if it is sweet." When we persisted in refusing he lost his temper, and told us to "keep our money in our own bowels." In general, as they hope for another visit, they are polite to the last.

In a Moorish school the children sit on the floor, the teacher, generally an old man of venerable aspect, sitting in the midst of them, crosslegged. The Prophet thought that a knowledge of the Koran was knowledge enough for a believer, and this the children have to commit to memory. I visited such a school in Tangier. The old teacher, with a long stick, was compelling the children to repeat aloud passages from the Koran. If they did not do it correctly, he rebuked; if they were inattentive, he beat them. Whatever may be said of corporal punishment in its moral aspects, that it compels attention there is no doubt; for when that stick descended the laugh of the young Mussulman was changed into a wail, and with tremendous energy he began to repeat the sacred words. As the whole school talks aloud, continually swaying backward and forward —a thing believed by them to be beneficial to the memory—the hubbub was prodigious; but what was unintelligible to us was not so to the teacher, and from the amount which the children recited the plan seemed successful.

Moorish Village.

CHAPTER XI.

The Eye of Africa.

The Great Market—Caravan—Distinctions Indicated by Dress—Slavery, Past and Present—The Prison—Coffee House—Suburbs.

The great market at Tangier on Sunday or Thursday is indescribable, but explains itself to the eye. All around the square are shops. In the center, covering several acres, thousands of persons buying and selling; donkeys and camels laden with country produce and manufactured articles are continually arriving and departing; enveloped in their peculiar cloaks or hoods, in groups of five, eight, or ten, hundreds of women are squatting upon the ground; stalwart Negroes, tall Mussulmans, and Berbers mingling with hundreds of Moors; and here and there a snake charmer, conjuror, and story-teller, each with his audience as in the time of the Thousand-and-one Nights' Entertainment.

Tents are being erected, coffee is being pounded (they do not grind it in Morocco), and everything which the earth produces or the people manufacture is exposed for sale. Heavy rains had covered the ground with a layer of mud and water, but neither men nor women appeared to care, walking through it barefoot, sitting down in it. The gravity of the Moors when not in action gives place when they engage in bargaining, or meet their friends in the markets, to animated conversation, with graceful and sometimes violent gesticulation.

The beautiful bronze handwork, for which the Moors are famous, we saw in process of manufacture in the shops; also looked into some of the factories where is made Morocco leather, the only real native industry.

A huge caravan expected was delayed by the storm. These are movable markets, carrying into the interior of Africa many merchantable articles, taking up, as they cross the desert, loads of salt, which, with the other commodities, they exchange in

the Soudan for gold dust, ostrich feathers, and, even to this day, slaves for Morocco.

Distinctions existing among the Moors are indicated by the dress. It is quite an art, in which we took the first lessons here, to comprehend them. Beggars were not as numerous as in Spain, but there were enough, many being blind, to

Snake Charmer.

throw a gloomy aspect over the streets. One traveler says that he had not seen among the Arabs a hunchback, or a lame man, or a man with the rickets, but many without a nose and without an eye, one or both. We saw all of these, but the number of them was small in comparison with the blind.

Many of the common people went about barefooted and

barelegged. Some wore sandals, which slipped up and down at the heel. The feet of many of both sexes were covered with corns and bunions. The absence of women of the better classes was noticeable; the few who did appear were covered to the eyes, according to the Mohammedan custom. Only the very poor or the abandoned appear in public with faces uncovered. Some ladies staying at the hotel found no difficulty in visiting the harem of the sultan, and gave us interesting descriptions of what they saw. Of course where the face of no male Moslem other than the owner could be seen, "a Christian dog" could not be allowed.

Till within a few years there was a slave market in Tangier; through the influence of foreign governments this has been abolished. We visited the site, but had little to say considering how short a time it was since similar auction blocks for the sale of human beings existed in our own land. We were told that slaves are still sold in the interior, and that they are dealt in privately even in Tangier. Indeed, one of the residents pointed out a Jew riding on a donkey followed by a Negro, and said that the Negro was the Jew's slave. Another denied this, affirming that a Jew was not allowed to hold a Mohammedan in slavery, and that Negroes were all of that faith. I conclude that slaves are still held by the Moors of that city, but only as domestics. Nearly one third of the population of Tangier consists of Jews. They wear a peculiar dress and are despised, but have their revenge by making money constantly out of their persecutors. The Jewish women are so handsome that now, as in the time of Esther, they are sometimes the means of protecting the men from their oppressors.

Nothing more horrible than the prison at Tangier can be conceived. It is divided into two parts, one for the criminal inhabitants of the city, and the other for those of the province of which Tangier is the capital. Prisoners are not allowed beds, are placed in one large hall, the more desperate being heavily ironed. A huge wooden door, having an aperture nine inches in diameter, is the means of entrance and exit, and before it sit two aged men. Around stand numbers of Moorish soldiers acting as guards. We looked through the aperture

and saw hundreds of forms in every stage of filth, some looking desperate and defiant, old men striding across the floor with heavy irons attached to their feet, no conversation, not a smile. Some had the stony stare of despair, others the expressionless eye of idiocy. The stench was intolerable.

While we were gazing a man rushed to the hole and thrust his head up. I saw in an instant that he was a maniac. He declaimed to us for the space of five minutes, and one of the guards said: "He is mad. . He is telling you that his father died, and he and his brothers disputed about the property, and they tried to rob him of his share, and when he resisted they put him in here, and he has been here two months, and he wants you to see that his cause is looked into."

While he was raving, faces behind his were grinning hideously at his demonstrations. Let the artist who wishes to paint a picture of hell go to Tangier and look through those openings. The women's department contained only two persons, who were in charge of an enormous Negress, weighing not less than three hundred pounds. As we were leaving a curious scene happened. A horse was fastened in the center of the square. One of our animals kicked it as he was being led past, and in an instant a hundred Moors appeared, who ran to and fro vociferating and gesticulating. Great was the excitement. A gigantic fellow felt it his duty to chastise our horse, but when he saw us smiling at his vehemence, he smiled also and retreated. This trivial scene showed the Arabs in a light very different from any aspect of their character previously exhibited.

One evening we visited a coffee house to hear the music. Ten or fifteen Moors, picturesquely dressed, squatting on the floor, played upon tambourines, rude dulcimers, and other stringed instruments, and sang monotonous airs. No charge was made for admission, but visitors were expected to buy coffee. The Arabs make their coffee without straining, and boil the sugar with it. It is thick and of a sickish taste, but old residents say that after one has learned to like it, no other preparation will please him. Late in the evening we took a long walk through the narrow streets in an unearthly darkness and silence; Arabs were standing asleep; in the niches

of the walls; others were rolled up in round balls; now and then a figure passed out of an alley and into a door; occasionally a sound of music floated upon the air, apparently afar off, but really close at hand within gloomy and narrow corridors; once in a great while we passed a single shop open, with one person seated within, but saw no light in any dwelling house. But for these exceptions, one might have believed himself wandering in an utterly deserted town.

The suburbs of Tangier are charming, sea and land views rivaling each other in beauty and variety. Mounted upon steady going mules, we rode eight miles upon the road to Fez, the capital, visiting the villages and orange groves. During our ride hundreds of men and women, returning from the great market to their villages, passed us, all walking at the rate of about four miles an hour. Even the aged walked rapidly. They stared at us without hostility, but without any sign of recognition, and were always willing to give information as to the route. In the city the women and children sometimes mutter and otherwise express their contempt and hatred for Christians. In that climate, the most delightful in the world, the temperature being in winter from fifty to sixty-four, and rarely rising above eighty-two in summer, they need no fire, and live most of the time in the open air. Their houses, made of mud stiffened with straw, though without windows, are comfortable enough. Lovely were the orange groves, interlined with roses in full bloom; exquisite the fruit, the sweetest and juiciest imaginable.

No drunkenness was visible in Tangier. The religion of the people forbids it. They are addicted to smoking *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp, the powerful drug from which hasheesh is obtained, and tobacco. Though the sultan has forbidden the use of both, they are used secretly.

CHAPTER XII.

Condition and Outlook of Morocco.

Difficulty of Obtaining Information—Government—The Sultan—Mohammedanism in Morocco—Decadence and Probable Fate of the Nation.

IN no country have I had more difficulty in ascertaining what I wished to know than in Morocco. An English gentleman who has transacted business with Moorish merchants for more than twenty years told me that upon no question relating to the administration of the government or to peculiar religious, social, or political Moorish questions would they say anything, though free to converse upon other subjects. He also said that nine tenths of what he read in the English papers about Morocco he knew to be false or distorted. About the time that we were there the London papers published a sensational account of the execution of two men by decapitation, in which the executioner is represented as sawing away for a long time with a dull knife, and then asking for another, crying out: "Give me another knife; mine doesn't cut." The circumstances and language were given in detail. A short time afterward the *Morocco Times*, published in Tangier, proved conclusively that what was alleged took place many years ago. What is here stated of the peculiarities and prospects of the country is either known by me or believed on the best information obtainable.

The government of Morocco is an absolute despotism. The emperor, or sultan, claims descent from Mohammed, and he belongs to the class *Ashraf*. He retains his court alternately in the three cities of Morocco, Fez, and Mequinez. The Mohammedan population believe him the lawful caliph, the spiritual chief of Islam. Notwithstanding his absolute character the mountain chiefs in the Atlas range defy him, and live in virtual independence of the government. Joseph Thompson, the explorer, arrived in London in November, 1888, and read an essay before the Royal Geographical

Moors on a Journey.

Society describing the utter inability of the sultan to protect him in the interior. He stated that a large part of the Atlas Mountain regions is as entirely unknown and unexplored as the interior of Africa. It has been only seven years since Dr. Foucauld made the first survey of those mountains, traveling in the guise of a Jew. Sir Joseph Hooker had done considerable for geography and botany, but it was not till this year that Mr. Thompson could obtain a passport from Sultan Muley Hassan, and that was strictly limited. I quote from his paper: "Though almost in touch with Europe, many parts of Morocco still remain as completely unexplored as many districts in the heart of Africa." Mr. Thompson and his companions being at Marakesh, and desiring to witness certain festivities, presented their credentials from the sultan and asked the governor for two soldiers to be placed at their disposal. As a reply they received an arbitrary order to remain indoors for the whole of that day. They went out alone, relying upon the letter of the sultan, but were mobbed and grossly insulted. Not long afterward a French explorer was treated in the same manner.

Within forty hours' mule ride of Tangier—that is, about one hundred and fifty miles—is a place called Sheshouan, where, until a year ago, only one Christian is supposed ever to have been. *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1888, contained an account of the adventures of Mr. Walter Harris in reaching that point, showing that numbers of the tribes and the inhabitants are as independent of the sultan, as lawless, fanatical, and murderous as any people whom Stanley has encountered. The Beni Hassan men are of all the most quarrelsome and thievish, divided into professional branches, as the corn, cattle, horse, or street thief. When the Italian embassy passed through that country on the way to the capital, after the governor had accompanied it a distance of about two miles, he asked leave to return, and when the Italian embassador demanded why, he answered: "Because my own house is not secure."

The government, being absolute so far as it goes, is corrupt. No rich Moor dares to reveal the fact that he has much money. Agricultural systems have not been improved; exportation is

discouraged; the rules of commerce are antiquated, and taxation is an organized system of extortion. In the courts no Christian's word or oath is taken; hence in 1880, at the convention of Madrid, the protection system was introduced. Fourteen nations are represented by diplomatic representatives. Each holds its court in every town for the trial of cases in which its citizens are involved, except that in three instances the same consul acts for more than one nation. In the legations the privilege is practically absolute. Employees of embassadors cannot be tried in any court of Morocco without due notice being given to their superiors. Foreigners engaged in commerce have protection, and are allowed two protected native agents, called *Semsars*, and the contracting powers may select twelve natives to be protected. While this peculiar system settles some difficulties, a great many abuses have grown up under it. The Moors, ever ready to bribe, find foreigners equally ready to be bribed, and endeavor to circumvent both the government of the sultan and the operation of the protection.

The principle upon which taxation is levied in Morocco is to pounce upon any unprotected citizen and make an arbitrary assessment. If he dresses better than others, educates his children, or builds a fine house, he is considered lawful prey.

Little can be learned of the proceedings of the sultan. At the time we were there contradictory reports about his health were afloat. Some said he would soon come down to the sea, others that he was too feeble to mount a horse, others that he was staying away for political reasons; but the last person to ask information from was any influential officer or Arab. Sultans in Morocco are elected, but it is necessary that they should be descendants of the Prophet Mohammed. As there are two lines, the Aliweein, to which the present sultan belongs, and Drissian, and as he may be selected from either line, peculiar developments often result. When the last sultan died there was a difference of opinion whether Muley Hassan, the present sultan, or Muley Abbas, the brother of the late sovereign, was preferable. Muley Hassan had the majority, and his uncle attempted to retreat into obscurity, but Muley Hassan "sent word to his uncle that he desired no family

scandal, and as his speedy death was a state necessity he would perhaps arrange for it in any way which suited him best." Muley Abbas chose to drink himself to death, which took place in about three months. There was another uncle, Muley Ali. He was killed because some partisan cried out in the mosque: "May Allah render Muley Ali ever victorious!" The sultan presented him with a sum of money and a female slave, whom etiquette forced him to marry. Soon after "the beautiful slave prostrated herself before the sultan, and, with loud wailings, announced that the Angel of Death had unexpectedly smitten Ali in the night, so that she found him dead that very morning." Another relative, Muley Dris, was sent to quell a rebellion, but before the scene of battle was reached the tent pole fell and killed him. This left the present sultan in undisputed control.

Tangier, though so near Europe, is far from it in every particular. The Mohammedans are very superstitious, seek to escape the sterner requisitions imposed upon them by the Prophet, to enlarge their liberties in moral directions, and make up for it by intensifying their fanaticism and obstinate adherence to ceremonies. They display none of the qualities which gave their ancestors a glorious place in history. Of science they know nothing. Their own language is deteriorating because of indolence, and inherited institutions are crumbling. With a perfect climate and the most productive soil, they raise no more than necessity requires. To look at their plows carries the observer back several thousand years, and instead of the thrashing machines now used by civilized nations, or even the flail which our ancestors employed a short time ago, the wheat is separated from the chaff by making the animals tread over the grain which is thrown into the air with shovels. In trade the Moors cannot succeed except by borrowing money from the Jews, though they are the descendants of the men who formed an empire rivaling the glory of the best days of England, a power which made all Europe tremble, which led in learning, established universities, maintained great fleets, and made its prowess felt at "Vienna, Venice, and Warsaw."

During my travels in Spain, not the achievements of the

Christians, nor the scenery of the country, was the most impressive, but the ruins of the glory of the Moors. No more gloomy instance of the decadence of a nation can be found in modern history.

Tangier, it is said, is the eye of Africa looking into Europe, and the eye of Europe looking into Africa is Gibraltar; but Gibraltar is the glass in the hand of England, used at somewhat long range, it is true, but the arm of England has always been very long in proportion to its body, and its hand has never yet been too small to grasp what its interests required. Should the present sultan die, and the country fall into a state of discord, it would not be surprising to see England, under cover of protecting the property and lives of the British residents of Morocco, go down upon the scene and produce complications which would result in adding Morocco to her empire. That this would contribute to the civilization of the people there can be little doubt; what other Powers would do about it is a difficult problem. One thing is certain, that Tangier would be worth much more to England than Gibraltar can ever be for the purpose of preventing hostile vessels from passing in or out of the Mediterranean.

Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XIII.

Gibraltar.

Landing—Steamer Flying American Flag—Long Service of the Hon. Horatio J. Sprague—Famous Visitors to Gibraltar—Population—Military Aspect—Curious Spectacles—Markets—Tailless Monkeys.

A ROCK, unique in form and place, sublime, impressive as a center of historic movements, marking the confines of the ancient world, and for more than one hundred and eighty years an impregnable fortress and monument of the greatness of that nation whose vast possessions in every continent, as well as its unquestioned supremacy upon the sea, have made it for centuries the most influential power on the globe; this is Gibraltar. As we approached by sea it was enshrouded in mists, and barely discernible; but the vapors dispersed, and the stupendous mass, rising to a perpendicular height of fourteen hundred and thirty feet, came into view with a suddenness which produced the effect of a moving object, in comparison with which our vessel seemed a speck.

A writer has compared the rock to a "gigantic granite sphinx, with long, broad, loose, flowing, and undulating outlines, like those of a lion asleep, and whose head, somewhat truncated, is turned toward Africa, as if with a dreamy steadfast, deep attention." It is three miles long, of irregular width, six miles in circumference, rising from the ocean and from a level plain scarcely five feet above the sea, at the head of the Straits of Gibraltar. These straits are about forty miles long. Beyond them at the west, is the Atlantic; and at the east the Mediterranean. Landings are extremely difficult, and we descended from the vessel into a rowboat which conveyed us to the shore outside the gates. The gates are shut at sundown and not opened until sunrise, a gun from the fortress giving the signal. As the time of sunset changes, notice of the hour of closing is each day placed upon the outer gates. After this there is no admittance without special permission,

not easily secured. The first thing on landing was to secure a permit to enter, which was valid only for that afternoon. Having stated how long we intended to remain, a general permission to stay and to pass through the gates during the hours of the day was issued without charge. Formerly it was necessary for foreigners to exhibit their passports.

While upon the steamer the harbor, a scene of beauty, was stretched out before us, all the more attractive to the eye than it otherwise would be, because not being well protected and of variable depth the shipping could not be crowded, and so resembled huge swans at rest upon the waves. To us the most attractive object was a steamship flying the American flag, a rare spectacle in the harbors of Europe. It was one of our naval vessels, the *Enterprise*, an old wooden ship, belonging to the fleet kept cruising in the various waters of Europe to protect American interests, and to give the officers the opportunity of learning what is going on in the naval world. This fleet is so managed as to make the positions of the officers a prolonged and luxurious excursion to the finest ports and watering places of the Continent and adjacent islands. The *Enterprise* had just returned from a summer cruise in the vicinity of Norway, Sweden, and St. Petersburg, and after staying a few weeks at Gibraltar, was expected to repair to Villa Franca, near Nice, within a few minutes' ride of Monte Carlo, there to spend the rest of the winter. With such a naval armament as the United States possesses, were it not for the three thousand miles of stormy sea that roll between the Old and New Worlds, we should be beneath the contempt of the humblest maritime nation of Europe.

The elevation of the Rock of Gibraltar is so great that the town built upon its sides looks, at a short distance, much more like a painting than an actual assemblage of houses. They rise in steep terraces, and the direct approach to various streets is by stone steps.

I found my knowledge of Gibraltar far too vague and general to be satisfactory, and determined to expend upon reading and exploration time and toil sufficient to leave a vivid and symmetrical impression of its relations to civilization in Europe and Africa. In addition to the study of various

works, I derived valuable assistance from the Hon. Horatio J. Sprague, American consul at Gibraltar. He had occupied that position for forty-one years; his father filled it before him, and he was born upon the rock. His knowledge is extraordinary, and he introduced us to the public library in whose rooms are the leading papers and periodicals of Europe, and more than forty thousand volumes. Mr. Sprague had translated from Spanish into English, and loaned to me, a noted work on Gibraltar by a Spanish author, Don Francisco Maria Montero. This translation, as yet unpublished, comprises six hundred pages of manuscript, and abounds with details not to be elsewhere obtained. Our consular service, subject to the mutations of political parties, has been so often changed that a traveler cannot be certain on a second visit of finding the representative whose acquaintance he made on the first. But Mr. Sprague, who received his first appointment from James K. Polk, has not been disturbed through all the administrations, including the period of the civil war. At every point visited before reaching Gibraltar, I was advised to call upon Mr. Sprague, and, having personal letters, was received with a hospitality which has never been surpassed in my experience. His wife had been removed by death within a few years; but the venerable consul is fortunate in the possession of sons and daughters who fill the mansion, which his private means enable him to maintain, with the atmosphere of youth and the charms of genuine refinement, the result of their education in France and association with distinguished visitors who, from their childhood, have sat at the table of their parents. Three ex-presidents have been the guests of Mr. Sprague—Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, and Ulysses S. Grant; the railway magnates Vanderbilt and Gould, hundreds of travelers, merchants, students, authors, and artists. Nor is his hospitality confined to persons of note, but, as we learned—not from himself, but by general inquiries in Gibraltar—the humblest sailor, or the poorest wanderer overtaken by misfortune, receives the attention which his circumstances require.

Gibraltar contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom seven thousand are English soldiers; indeed, more than three

quarters of the entire population are connected with the garrison and military and other establishments of Great Britain. Many of the people were born on the rock; those who were not, among the commoner sort, apply to the natives the nickname of "scorpions." This is generally taken in good humor, and one citizen responded to our question concerning his birthplace, that he was a "scorpion."

Red-coated soldiers are seen constantly marching through the town; but when off duty they fill the cafés, pass in and out of liquor saloons, and are walking and standing in the streets and parks, lending a picturesque aspect to the place by the brightness of their uniforms and their erect, proud bearing; for among all the soldiers we have seen in Europe, none keep step so well or seem personally so proud as those of England. Whitewashed barracks are in different parts of the limited portions of Gibraltar suitable for building purposes, so that wherever one wanders he is likely to meet soldiers. The parade ground is at the entrance of the Alameda. There the regimental bands play in the evening, and the music being fine, the people resort to this magnificent garden, which is laid out in the English style and filled with trees and flowers. Elevated above the water, its background the stern face of the rock, it affords a view of the bay, the shipping, the barracks, the town, the opposite coast of Spain, and the boundless expanse of waters to the westward; and is itself an enchanting prospect when seen from the deck of a vessel.

The general trade of Gibraltar has declined, but in recent years it has come into importance as a coaling station. In 1886 four thousand seven hundred and six steamers entered the port, with an average tonnage of about a thousand. In 1887 a half million tons of coal were sold to them. As the coal is all brought over in ships, the harbor presents a lively and peculiar appearance. In every direction steamers are seen moored by the side of immense hulks loaded with coal. In the month preceding our visit four hundred and ninety-four steamers had touched at the port.

While few private gardens exist at Gibraltar, many plants common to the south of Europe, others to the north of Africa, some to Asia, and a few indigenous to the rock grow there,

and vegetation appears on the naked summits, and in the interstices of the rock which was once covered with forests.

Little necessary to support human life is produced in Gibraltar, so that the markets are of vital importance. Fruits and vegetables come from Spain and Africa; beef chiefly from Barbary. We passed through the Moorish market, which is devoted principally to poultry, and on entering were greeted by the Moors with signs of interest; but as soon as they discovered that we wanted none of their fowls they left us with a grunt similar to that uttered by an American Indian. In the general market were displayed all the fruits with which we are familiar at home, and many others; among them fine apples. The salesman, perceiving us, called out in as good English as he could command: "Apples! fine apples." As we passed on he exclaimed: "*American* apples!" This was simply the compliment paid all through Europe to American apples. We have seen in France and Spain apples more beautiful and symmetrical in shape than are often found in America, so finely polished and of such peculiar form that one would suspect that they were wax; but in flavor and juiciness they were far below any of a score of varieties which can be found distributed through New England and the Middle States.

In these markets the most curious spectacle is the crowd: "Moors, Turks, Greeks, Jews, the Spanish smuggler, the Catalan seller, the red coat of the English private, mingled together, bawling, disputing, bargaining, and cheating in their different tongues, ways, and gestures." A large number of Maltese have recently settled in Gibraltar, and are a somewhat disorderly and dangerous element. When in Malta, which is under British control and discipline, they are orderly enough, but away from that point their fiery, daring, and revengeful disposition shows itself. They mingle with the motley crowd in the markets, and add to the noise and confusion of tongues.

In the Alameda, which is the fashionable promenade, the contrast of populations is equally striking. One sees London bonnets and Paris hats side by side with the *mantilla de tiro;* ladies with blue eyes and rosy complexions next to those having melting black orbs and olive skins. The differences in

manner, toilet, and language noted, as we traversed the streets, markets, and public places, furnished us constant amusement.

Among the animals native to the rock are hares and rabbits. Monkeys of extraordinary size still exist in the inaccessible fastnesses. They have no tails, and are harmless, but frequently come down and rob the gardens. They live on the roots of the palmettos and the fruits of the prickly pear. They are of a species to be found in northern Africa, and there has been much speculation whether they originally existed in Gibraltar or were brought in by the Arabs. Those who hold that the rock was once connected with Africa draw an argument for that view from the existence of these Barbary apes on Gibraltar. Montero thinks either supposition possible. Andalusia was the Tarshish of the old times, and these are the descendants of the apes for which Solomon sent, as described in 1 Kings x, 22: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tarshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." A native of Gibraltar told us that no dead body or skeleton of any of these apes has been found. Whether these manlike animals conceal them in caves, or throw them into the ocean, none can tell.

Of public buildings there are in Gibraltar none of importance. A thousand towns in Europe have more to exhibit in the way of architecture, monuments, and other works of art. Had the English cathedral been intended as a burlesque of some form of architecture it would be counted a successful attempt. Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and other dissenting bodies have chapels, and there is a Roman Catholic church, a structure which, without saying much for it, can be represented as the most attractive public building in Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XIV.

Gibraltar.—(Continued.)

Geological Formation—History—Tour of Exploration—View from the Highest Point—Gibraltar Compared with the North Cape—Power of England.

GEOLOGISTS describe the rock as composed of compact limestone, varied by beds of red sandstone, and fissures of bony breccia, resembling what is found in the limestone rocks of Nice, Pisa, and Dalmatia. In this they discover fossils, such as bones of antelope, deer, tigers, rabbits, rats, birds, shells. Fossil shellfish are found "with both valves adhering," from which it is concluded that the animals must have been alive at the time of the upheaval.

A convincing evidence of the catastrophic character of the formation is the existence of a marine beach nearly five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Some maintain that the rock was formed by four shocks. In the first was elevated the highest part, chiefly the northern crests; in the second, the middle or western declivities; and in the third and fourth, the crests at the southern point. All, so far as I can ascertain, agree that no general change has taken place in the historic period. The rock is so steep as to afford the best opportunities for studying its geology, as the strata, almost from sea level to summit, can be distinguished without the trouble of excavation.

As it rises from a flat surface, and there is no hill fifty feet high within several miles of it, Gibraltar presents an imposing, and, from some points of view, an appalling aspect. The Phœnicians either believed that this was the end of the world, or were determined to make others believe it, so that they could maintain a monopoly of the commerce of the region. The Pillars of Hercules are thought to have been Calpe, the Greek name for Gibraltar, and Abyla, a mountain opposite to it in Africa. It is supposed that with all their enterprise and curiosity, the Romans never went beyond the Pillars of Hercules until the time of Augustus. In ancient times no human

beings lived upon the rock, which was the dwelling place of apes, wolves, and other wild animals. It derived its name from Gebal Tarik, who landed there April 7, 711. Fortified and held by the Moors until 1309; captured by Spain; twenty-seven years afterward reconquered by the Moors; held for one hundred and twenty-nine years; wrested from them once more, and finally incorporated with the Spanish crown in 1502, it was retained by Spain for two hundred and two years.

In the first year of the eighteenth century all western Europe became involved in the war of the Spanish succession. The kings of France and Austria claimed the throne left vacant on the death of Charles II without heir. This would include the sovereignty of the Spanish Netherlands, the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, and Italy, and all the vast possessions Spain then held in America. The complications became so numerous through the operations of the King of France, who succeeded in having his second grandson Philip made king, that Great Britain, Germany, and Holland entered into an alliance against France and Spain. It was in the fourth year of that war, on the 24th of July, 1704, that the rock was attacked and captured by an English force, though it was taken in the name of the Austrian Duke. At the end of the conflict Gibraltar was given to Great Britain, which did not value the acquisition, and George I was ready to relinquish what was generally thought to be a "barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge." Spain tried to conquer it soon afterward, but failed. It was again besieged by France in 1779, and in 1780 Spain joined France in a siege lasting four years. An English author, with pardonable pride, speaking of the repulse of the besieging force, says: "It ended in the repulse of the enemy, whose floating batteries, the invention of the ingenious M. D'Arcon, —that could neither be burned, sunk, nor taken—were either burned, sunk, or taken by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns, on the 13th of September, 1783."

Our first tour of exploration consisted of a walk of about twelve miles, including the entire western front along the bay, ascending to the summit of Windmill Hill, passing around Europa Point to the east side of the rock. It was not possible to accomplish a great distance on the east, as the cliffs are

perpendicular, and no fortifications are needed. The ascents, descents, parallel walks, and view from the summit of the lighthouse which stands on Europa Point, give a series of prospects in which the beautiful succeeds the picturesque, rises to the grand, and culminates in the sublime. Europa Point is but five miles north of the most southerly point in the continent of Europe, and is one of two headlands which form the Bay of Gibraltar, the other being Cabrita Point in Spain. The glory of being the most southerly point belongs to Tarifa Point, formerly an island, but now united to the mainland by a causeway.

We ascended the lighthouse, and from its summit beheld the African coast before us; on the right the Straits, stretching away to the Atlantic; on the left the Mediterranean, with the mountains of Spain, Tarifa Point, and other headlands on the right; while above us, for more than a thousand feet, towered the rock. The lighthouse is one of the solid structures which the English build. Over its door is this inscription: "Placed by Adelaide, Queen Dowager of Great Britain and Ireland, 17 October, 1838."

Our guide was a native of the rock, who probably had never walked four miles in one day, and a score of times intimated as much to us, saying that the visitors generally rode, and he "could not understand these Americans who always wanted to walk." Yet he had too much courage to flinch, and the next day was boasting of his exploit—as though the tramp of twelve miles was anything more than wholesome exercise. Our next tour was directly up the side of the rock, before a permit to enter the fortifications had been secured. Lured by the charms of the scenery, we proceeded until halted by a sentinel, who ordered us to show a pass. The result of the interview was that we concluded to retrace our steps. While on this tour certain supposed monuments which had attracted attention were found to be ventilating shafts for a new system of sewerage, made necessary by the unhealthfulness of the town. The tops of these shafts are five hundred feet above the sea level.

As for monuments, there are none of any beauty on the rock. One to General Eliot, another to the Duke of Wellington, are all that I recall.

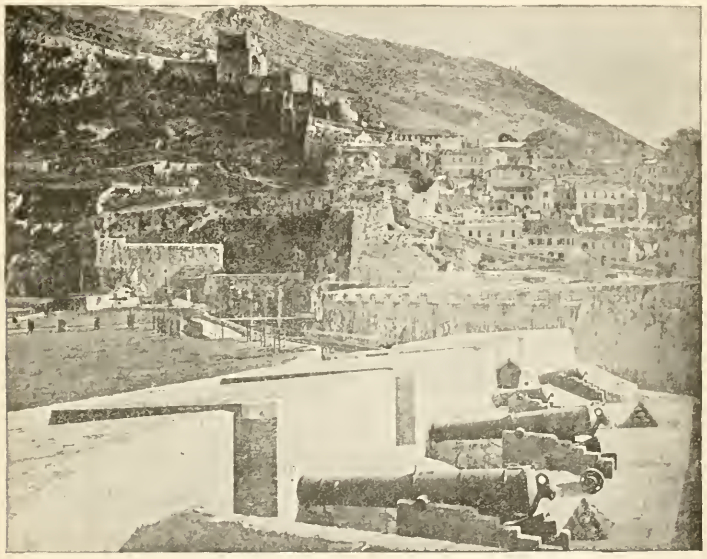
When Mr. Sprague had secured our permit, we began the ascent to examine the fortifications; no slight task, for every point "bristles with defensive works and artillery galleries and batteries hewn in the solid stone." We ascended first to the castle, which dates from 725. It is riddled with shot. The master gunner accompanied us through the galleries, excavated out of the solid rocks, tunneled in tiers, running along the north front, and a mile and a half in length. St. George's Hall is fifty feet by thirty-five; in it Nelson was *fêted*.

From St. George's Hall we went to the "Crow's Nest," a ledge pushing out at the extreme north. The six or seven hundred feet of rock above us appeared to culminate in an overhanging cliff. This is one of the illusions common in such situations, and was dissipated when we were informed that there is a considerable slope inward. As we stood looking down more than seven hundred feet, the gunner said that the present colonel, who had recently arrived, was unable to walk within ten feet of the edge. Below, the town seemed in miniature, and the vessels in the bay like mere paintings upon the water; the tombs and monuments in the cemetery were reduced to glistening white specks, and pedestrians to midgets.

From the highest point the outlook is dazzling, entrancing, bewildering. The elements of the panorama are the Straits of Gibraltar, and beyond the coast of Morocco, including the other Pillar of Hercules, with the fortified town of Ceuta apparently in its lap; the "Seven Mountains" westward; across the bay the town of Algeciras, and the beaches through which several rivers which rise in the mountains of Ojen and Castellar run in a serpentine course to the bay; the fort and the creek filled with vessels; ancient towers along the Spanish shore; villages in the meadows at the foot of the mountains; the coast of the Mediterranean, and the whole of that sea as far as the hills that surround Malaga; interlacing mountain ranges, and far in the distance the lofty snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada, which "shelters in its folds that delightful and picturesque city [Granada] once the splendid court of the Arabs."

Gibraltar is the only rival I have seen of the North Cape.

That has the midnight sun; the boundless, unexplored mystery of the Arctic Ocean; the silence, solemnity, and severity of an uninhabitable promontory which, though enveloped half the year in a flood of light, is during the other engulfed in an abyss of darkness. But it has no history. It is a type of eternity rather than of time. Gibraltar, equally grand as commanding a view of two continents, the scene of pivotal conflicts, and the center of various civilizations, presents to the physical eye a spectacle worthy of comparison with any natural



Defenses of Gibraltar.

scene, while the mind's eye beholds the adventurous Phœnicians, pioneers of commerce and discovery, followed by the Greeks, the Romans, the Spaniards, the Moors, and the English, in irregular but well-defined order, so that the rugged rock is engraven with invisible hieroglyphics, the records of human progress.

Before our departure we made an excursion on horseback to a mountain in Spain, at a distance of twelve miles, known as the "Queen of Spain's Chair." During the last im-

portant siege she ascended that mountain to behold the engagement, and declared she would never depart from it until the Spanish flag waved once more over Gibraltar. The road was along the beach, thence through various villages, and finally across unfenced fields to the foot of the mountain, which was about a thousand feet in height. The excursion became somewhat adventurous as the way lay through a region where a number of Spanish cattle were grazing. Some of the bulls looked savage, but contented themselves and us with merely gazing. From the summit another grand prospect, including the rock itself, a more striking figure than any other was commanded. Thence a long descent took us to the village of San Roque, and finally, after a ride of eight hours, just before the sundown gun was fired, we passed over the "neutral ground" into the town.

This neutral ground deserves mention. It is a strip of land dividing the rock from the mainland. A portion belongs to Spain and the rest to England. The English have undermined the whole of their part, and have also made arrangements so that it could instantly be covered with water. At the border a contrast is noticeable between the Spanish and English sentries. The Spanish sentinel is somewhat rhetorically described (by an Englishman, of course) as the "burnt-up, black-eyed, thin, ill-fed, but picturesque child of the sun, who lazily mounts guard side by side with the fair-haired, blue-eyed, and prosaic son of fog and rain."

When Gibraltar first fell into the hands of the English the power and uses of steam had not been discovered. Vessels were of wood, and as a constant current flows in from the Atlantic about two miles and a half an hour, they could not get through the channel without a fair wind. Gibraltar then commanded the straits. Now it cannot do so. By no guns yet invented can it prevent ships from passing into the Mediterranean, or out into the Atlantic. The question thus arises of how much value is it to England, and on this, a practical matter, as it costs the government one million dollars annually, differences of opinion have arisen. Edmund Burke, who spoke before the days of steam, declared it to be a "post of power, post of superiority, of communication, of commerce;

one which makes us invaluable to our friends, and dreadful to our enemies."

A grave question is whether Gibraltar is impregnable at the present time. The English do not so regard it, and are constantly strengthening the fortifications. At the time that we were there extraordinary improvements were being introduced. Two new guns of one hundred tons were being placed in position, one on the Alameda, another nearer Europa Point. The summit of the rock is also being fortified. At present, should an enemy land, there would be no guns to cover him, but arrangements are being made to supply this defect. Three pits thirty feet deep are being dug, one near O'Hara's Tower, another near the signal station, and a third near the flagstaff. In the lower part of these pits are to be magazines, and above revolving guns, which will have a complete circuit of fire, cover boats at anchorage, and from their elevation, averaging from twelve hundred to thirteen hundred feet, they will command the town of Gibraltar. Nine two-inch guns are to be placed above Queen's Row, at a height of six hundred feet, running the entire length of the rock.

The impressive feature of the whole situation is the evidence of the power of England. It is one of the outposts on the way to her wide Eastern domain. Here her fleets can be sheltered, provisioned, and coaled. Malta and Cyprus, the former one of the strongest fortifications in the world, lie at convenient distances beyond. When reflecting upon the small size and comparatively limited population of Great Britain, I felt myself in the presence of a power vaster, taking all the forms of influence into the account, than any now existing, perhaps than any which has ever existed. Observe the table which I had before me:

	Area, sq. m.	Population, 1881.
United Kingdom	121,135	34,885,000
European Dependencies	423	328,000
North America	3,510,611	4,520,000
West Indies and Central America	20,564	1,244,000
South America	79,664	255,000
Africa	565,000	3,490,000
Asia	1,410,000	257,467,000
Australasia	3,175,870	2,914,000
Total	8,983,267	305,103,000

Note how small a proportion the size and population of Great Britain and Ireland bear to the whole empire which acknowledges Victoria!

But the time came to depart, and at ten o'clock on Wednesday, January 2, we embarked in a small boat, and rode out two miles to the point where our steamer was coaling. As we drew near she began to move, and this gave us the most beautiful starlight ride of five or six miles, until the object of our pursuit came to anchor. We were not disturbed, being four hours in advance of the advertised time of sailing. The huge frowning rock that seemed to rear its head to the stars, the thousand lights in the town and barracks, the sparkling tapers in the half-score of villages, and colored lanterns upon the hundred ships in the bay, the distant mountain peaks, and the phosphorescent gleam upon the waters, while carrying visual delight to a point of ecstasy, taught us its limitations, for we were in a pleasurable pain lest, while looking in one direction, another view would be lost. Meanwhile a military band was playing upon the esplanade, and clear and sweet across the waters came snatches of martial music, rising and falling "like bells at evening pealing." Suddenly a flash like lightning gleamed on the highest summit of the huge black mountain, and the loud boom of the evening gun was heard. We were six miles away, and more than thirty seconds elapsed before the thunder overtook the lightning.

Scene in Oran.

CHAPTER XV.

Algeria.

Voyage from Gibraltar to Oran—Description of Oran—Railway Journey to Algiers—Its Appearance on Approaching by Night—Jardin des Plantes—Old Arab Town—"Marabouts."

ON sailing from Gibraltar for Algeria we were pleased with the name of our steamer—the *Afrique*. But as "the legs of the lame are unequal," so is the conclusion of him who hath but one premise; for the *Afrique* is old enough to have had the choice of names when the line was established; noisy, rickety, literally unstable as water, the voyage of three or four days was linked misery long drawn out.

The *Afrique*, after bumping day and night, silenced its machinery in the alleged harbor of Nemours, the first French town on the coast of Africa, only twenty-five miles from the frontier of Morocco. The bay is sheltered from all winds except the one from which in that latitude bad weather generally comes. It is impossible to get on shore except during fine weather. Had it been a little worse, none of the passengers for that place could have disembarked, and no cargo could have been taken on. We loaded over eight thousand sacks of Algerian wheat of an inferior quality, all of which was brought off amid raging waves in open boats manned by Moors and Negroes. It was a spectacle of unceasing interest to see the long line of men with sacks on their shoulders coming down among the breakers, filling the boats, and then rowing them more than half a mile out to the ship.

Above the town were the fortifications and the ruins of the old Arab settlement. The coast is high, stern, and almost inaccessible. There are mines in the neighborhood, and a company formerly manufactured and exported much pig iron; but during the insurrection of 1871 the Arabs destroyed the machinery.

Late in the night we reached Oran. Remaining on board

till daylight, on disembarking we found a town which, in beauty of situation, fine streets, noble public and charming private buildings, surpasses most French seaports. It lies on the steep slope of a mountain whose summit is crowded with fortifications. Rocky capes tower a thousand feet, and promontories surmounted by lighthouses project picturesquely into the sea. The public buildings are mostly new, and the mosques and cathedral are of marble. We rode through the entire city, and nowhere were without something to charm the eye. The forts on the heights and in the town, some at an elevation of above a thousand feet, strike the beholder at once as impressive features. The city is surrounded by a high wall, with nine gates. Everywhere modern enterprise was evident. Many new buildings of remarkable proportions were in process of construction.

For unmingled pleasure commend us to the railway ride by day from Oran to Algiers. The thirteen hours, instead of fatiguing, exhilarated. Algeria is divided into the Tell (the beautiful region between the mountains and the coast range), the High Plateaus, and the Desert of Sahara. The divisions are caused by the Atlas Mountains, which run fifteen hundred miles from Cape Nun, on the Atlantic, to Cape Bon, in Tunis. The Tell is only from fifty to a hundred miles in width, and in the province of Oran it does not average sixty.

The railway runs through the very heart of this expanse of undulating land, where crops can be cultivated successfully through the year, and the traveler may see oranges in bloom, and at the same time countless groves filled with ripe fruit. The almond with its beautiful blossoms resembles a cherry tree in bloom. Along the shore are low hills, between which we caught glimpses of the sea; while fifty miles inland rise the loftier mountains. The country is without fences, and the roads are smooth and hard as granite. We were never out of sight of native cottages, establishments of landed proprietors, charming villages, and picturesque Arabs laboring in the fields, donkeys laden with vegetables, processions of Arabs on foot intermingling freely with the French. The French are the aristocrats of this whole region, and when employed

for menial work they often become drunkards. In subordinate capacities they are found unreliable.

Algiers, when approached by night, presents the appearance of the milky way. Its shops being gayly lighted, and the principal streets arcaded, a confused mellow light which only yields distant points to the vision when the eye is concentrated, gives the spectator a sensation with which only the stolid would fail to be pleased. On coming nearer, it was difficult to distinguish the sky from the earth; for the high hills upon the side of which Algiers is built sparkled with lights radiating from the Moorish and other villas which occupy them.

A long walk to the Jardin des Plantes made us familiar with the general aspects of the city, revealing a landscape containing all the elements of natural beauty; the sea in agitation beyond, calm as a lake on a summer evening within the bay; afar ermine mountains ; nearer vine and forest covered hills, and every variety of tree and flower artistically arranged in spacious avenues adorned with fountains. At no great distance appeared the city, and upon the slopes the villas and gardens of the wealthy French, English, and Scotch, who winter there, and of prosperous merchants of Algiers who have suburban residences. In the Jardin grow magnolias, india rubber, fig, orange, lemon, bamboo, palm, dwarf palm, banana, cork, olive, and eucalyptus trees, together with the *acacias casuarinis*, imported from Australia.

The old Arab town gives a more favorable impression than that made by Tangier. It is on a steep hillside, the houses are white, the streets only five or six feet wide, and so crooked that no carriages can pass through them. They are connected by alleys, some of them less than two feet wide. The roofs lean toward each other, sometimes leaving not more than twelve inches for the sunlight to enter. Yet there is a constant draught of air, the slope keeps them clean, and they are sweeter than many wide streets in European cities.

It is impossible to obtain access to the interior of a Moor's house of the better class. Residents told us that the wealthier Moors, avoiding studiously everything like external display, carry internal elegance and picturesqueness to the highest pos-

sible point. No Moorish woman of high rank is ever seen alone in the street. The description given to us of the interior of the best Moorish houses is fascinating. The outer door opens into the vestibule, on each side of which is a stone bench divided into stalls by marble columns. Above is the arch. The master here receives his male friends. Then comes the open court, paved with marble or tiles, having an arcade all around. Here the important domestic festivities, such as marriage and circumcision, are held. Around it are kitchens, storehouses, baths. The private rooms are above. The houses rise one above another, and each has a flat terrace.

In some respects the palace of the archbishop is as interesting a building as Algiers contains. It and the Cathedral of St. Philip, built on the site of the Mosque of Hassan, exhibit to excellent advantage the present condition of Roman Catholicism in Algiers. The archiepiscopal palace is of Moorish origin, modified to suit modern purposes.

A remarkable tomb is shown containing the body of an Arab, named Geronimo, who accepted Christianity at the age of twenty-five years, having been baptized as an infant. Being captured four years after his formal acceptance of Christianity, and refusing to recant, while yet alive, his feet and hands having been bound with cords, he was covered with fresh concrete, after which the block thus formed was properly shaped and built into an angle of the wall. The place was carefully recorded, and in 1853, three hundred years afterward, it was necessary to destroy the fort, and in the very spot the skeleton was found inclosed in the block. The bones were interred in the cathedral. Liquid plaster of Paris was then run into the cavity and a model obtained showing his very features and the marks of the cords that bound him.

The so-called new mosque is probably two hundred years of age, and a legend says that the Italian architect who built it was put to death by the Arabs because he had constructed it in the form of a Greek cross. But the Grand Mosque is far more impressive, and is the most ancient in the country, dating from the eleventh century. To this day a part of it is used as a court of justice, and we saw the cadi engaged in the transaction of business.

Moorish Woman in Street Costume.

On and near the tomb of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-eth-Thalebi perpetual lamps burn, and the richest silk drapery is hung. All about are banners, eggs of ostriches, and other gifts. Next to the Grand Mosque it is the most ancient religious building in Algeria. We visited the tombs of several "marabouts." These are saints, and such visits, if made in faith, are supposed to heal diseases, ward off ill luck, and do many other things which the Catholics claim are accomplished by their pilgrimages, and professional Protestant "faith healers" by their operations.

Some of the living "marabouts" we saw. Most of them are insane; and the Mohammedans, like many of the inhabitants of Russia, believe that a person who has lost his senses is visited by God, with whom he holds converse. This gives wide scope for impostors, many of whom feign madness. An old fellow of this sort we found engaged in fulminating bitter imprecations against some one. A friend, who translated the Arabic for us, said that probably he was paid to do it. We heard much of the fanatic religious ceremonies of the *Aissaoui*, which consist of the beating of drums and other instruments, after which one of the order, claiming inspiration, rushes with a wild howl into a ring and begins to dance, joined by others who continue until they fall exhausted or are stopped by the head of the order. After this they sear themselves with a red-hot iron, eat live scorpions and serpents, chew broken glass, and appear insensible to pain. The head of the order, with a keen eye to business, offered to get up a performance for us for forty-five francs. Having no difficulty in understanding how all that they really do could be done without supernatural aid, we declined the tolerably cheap offer.

Those ancient sacrificial rites performed on the seashore, in which Negroes, degenerate Jews, and Mohammedans participated in slaughtering fowls and lambs, burning incense, and smearing themselves with blood in order to cure diseases and obtain prosperity, have disappeared under the influence of European civilization. We saw some who still perform in secret places, and thus passed from mosque, synagogue, and church to the darkest heathenism and superstition.

CHAPTER XVI.

Algiers and the Atlas Mountains.

The Black Virgin—Strange Ceremony—Interview with a Moor—Algerine Pirates—Arab Cemetery—Bearded Priests—Power of the Jews—Sir Peter Coates—Tour to the Atlas Mountains—French Engineering—Apes—Wild Animals.

ASCENDING the height, a peak of Mount Bon-Zarea, upon which stands the Catholic Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, we enjoyed a splendid view of the sea and city. The Virgin Mary has been subjected to remarkable artistic treatment. Here we found her one of the blackest of Negroes. In most other cities she is as white as the fairest lily. The legend runs that the Virgin appeared to some native of Africa in the form of a tall black woman. This inscription surrounds the altar: "*Notre Dame d'Afrique, priez pour nous et pour les Mussulmans*"—(Our Lady of Africa, pray for us and for the Moslems).

The place is famous for a ceremony which is said to have no parallel. It is performed every Sunday afternoon, after vespers: the clergy chant the usual prayers for the dead, then go in procession to a point which overhangs the sea, and over that greatest of sepulchers perform the ceremonies which the Roman Catholic Church appoints for ordinary funerals. A fine monument has been erected, on which is an inscription of which the following is a translation:

S. EM. C. CARDINAL CHARLES MARTIAL ALLEMAND-LAVIGERIE,
Archbishop of Algiers and of Carthage, Primate of Africa,
has been kind enough to accord in perpetuity
one hundred days of indulgence to all those who will recite here one
pater and one *ave*
for the sailors who have perished on the sea, or those who find themselves in peril of death.
The Pope, LEO XIIIth, has accorded full indulgence to those who will recite these prayers on Sunday.

From this point we took a walk of nine miles, ascending to the loftiest summit in the vicinity of Algiers. The route was by an old, disused Arab road.

After we had been walking three quarters of an hour, absorbed in the enchanting prospects, a formidable voice was heard demanding in the French language where we were going. It came from the mouth of a Moor of distinguished appearance, apparently sixty-five years of age, who stood in front of a fine old Moorish mansion. Our guide informed him that we were ascending to the observatory. He responded: "I have bought the property and broken up the road. You must go back."

Perceiving from the excellence of his French that he was an educated man, we began to use blandishments, informed him that we were Americans, would not have presumed to trespass upon the property had we not supposed that the road was open, whereupon his bronze features relaxed into a smile that lighted up his countenance like warm sunshine on a winter day. He allowed us to pass, taking pains, however, to send us by a path which led us as far as possible from the house.

We ascended to the point of observation whence in old times the piratical Algerines scrutinized the sea for merchant vessels traversing the Mediterranean. Nor were those times so very long since. Less than a hundred years ago Algiers was the terror of the civilized world. European powers obeyed the orders of the Dey, who exacted annual tributes from all consuls, and, whenever he needed money, declared war on some commercial nation. Spain, Holland, Venice, Denmark, Portugal, and Naples were obliged to purchase peace, and the United States, in 1795, had to do the same, at a cost of seven hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, and the further agreement to pay a tribute annually of twenty-two thousand dollars.

Immediately after the revolution Algiers declared war on the United States. In a few years it captured thirteen prizes and made slaves of more than a hundred American citizens. It was after this that the price just mentioned was paid, partly as a ransom for these captives, and partly in presents. In 1812 it again declared war against the United States, and began to capture vessels, when the President begged the Dey

to negotiate another ransom. He refused, affirming that "he considered American slaves as beyond price." In May, 1815, the United States sent a squadron to Algiers to demand a modification of all treaties. Captains Decatur and Bainbridge happened to arrive when the Algerian vessels were away, and secured what was demanded.

Two years later Great Britain compelled the Dey to abolish Christian slavery forever, to liberate all slaves then in his dominion, and to restore all money received by him for the redemption of slaves, the result of which was the liberation of three thousand and three European Christians. But the old spirit was there, and not till the French conquered Algeria was this organized piracy brought to an end.

Here were we in sight of the port whence they sailed, and of the estates built by the produce of their piracy. From this elevated view point they could see more than sixty miles, and with their trained eyes probably eighty. Their faster cruisers were always in readiness, and woe to the unsuspecting merchant vessel becalmed upon the Mediterranean off Algiers, where expert rowers, in the darkness of the night, could sally forth, plunder, kill, or enslave.

A thousand feet above the sea stands the observatory, in a translucent atmosphere, and at a height most favorably situated to scour the heavens.

We climbed still higher to Bon-Zarea. This is a small European settlement, but the native village, about two thirds of a mile to the left, was the object of interest to us. There, in inclosures of prickly pears of size, are several "*koubbas*" (tombs of saints), the most noted of which is that of Sidi Naaman, of alleged miraculous powers. This place is distinguished for dwarf palms of such extraordinary height as to make a difficult problem for botanists. The apex of the elevation is occupied by an Arab cemetery. The stones, masonry, and monuments, almost hidden beneath old trees, vines, and shrubs, present a picture of crystallized antiquity.

Thence in a walk of six miles we returned by a longer but level winding road to the suburb of Bab-el-Oued. The French Alpine Club had shortened our journey by constructing a steep but not difficult footpath down the mountain side.

Struck with the beards worn by the priests in the Roman Catholic churches, streets, and funeral processions, we found that, as among Arabs the beard is the sign of manhood (the Arab swearing by the beard), the Roman Catholic Church compels its priests in Africa to wear them. If they are transferred from France to Algeria, they cannot shave; if they return permanently to France, they must do so. Noticing years ago in the paintings of bishops and priests in the galleries of Europe that they were often represented with beards, I asked a priest how the requirement, that priests should wear shaven faces, originated. He frankly replied that he could not state; that some claimed it was an order issued by a pope who could not raise a beard. Be that as it may, the rule is relaxed by dispensation in special cases, and entirely where the Church can gain influence by it.

One of the fortifications now commanding the town was built by the Moors on the spot where Charles V had his camp during his unsuccessful assault upon Algiers. Here the French general received the capitulation of the Dey. Many are the traditions exhibiting the bloodthirsty spirit of those despotic rulers. Once the Dey returning looked at the wall where executions took place, and saying, "That wall is hungry," ordered that every prisoner except such as he chose to favor should be executed for his amusement the next morning.

The Jews are powerful in Algeria, both in Oran and Algiers, owning the best building sites and buildings, keeping the largest shops and stores, and making the bulk of the population tributary to them. In Oran the Moors hate them so that, if the French troops were withdrawn, they would probably make short work with them. Many are men of the greatest financial and general ability, and some of high character.

I have already spoken of the villas purchased from the Moors or erected in the Moorish style by foreigners who escape the rigors of severe climes by spending the winters in Algiers. Among these one of the most beautiful is that occupied by Sir Peter Coates, a name carried all over the world on spools of thread.

To Sir Peter I had a letter of introduction from his old friend, Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle. On presenting it I was received as though a relative of the family, and every courtesy exhibited. It was not the privilege of seeing the interior of so fine a residence, nor of gazing upon a prospect of surpassing loveliness, nor of witnessing the perfection of detail and the happy combination of beauty and utility in all the arrangements, nor the luxuriant growth of vegetation of nature left to itself, or where its profusion is trained and pruned by art, that we most highly esteemed—one need not leave the United States to enjoy these things—but such honest, downright, bounteous, Scotch, Christian hospitality. Sir Peter, though just past his eightieth year, was full of vivacity. His munificence in the support of education, philanthropy, and in promoting public welfare in other ways, led to his being knighted by the queen. Conversation of the host and the younger members of the family and visitors left upon the travelers, who sat at his table during the long winter (summer) evening, a permanent sense of delight. His death was announced while this volume was being prepared.

The long chain of the Atlas Mountains, much of which is an almost unknown territory to civilized nations, in Algeria approaches the coast, is within the range of French administration, and accessible to pedestrians or travelers on horseback or by diligence. Our course for thirty miles was through a fertile, charming part of the Tell country to Blidah. As we approached that place—a military station in the time of the Romans, destroyed by an earthquake in 1825, but soon rebuilt —we came to a succession of gardens, traversed shady roads, and passed a sacred grove of the Arabs, entering the town between orange groves where the trees were borne almost to earth by the abundance of fruit.

Blidah is beautifully situated at the foot of the first slopes of the Atlas Mountains. Their forms, here dark and there snow-clad, send long shadows across the town, while the verdant plain stretches away to the hills along the coast. Procuring horses, we began the journey into the mountains. The cold, stimulating breeze from the snowy peaks, shaded valleys, and steep ravines, reminded us more of an American winter day

Kabyle Family on a Journey.

than anything previously experienced in Africa. Upon the hillsides tombs of "marabouts," often inclosed in consecrated houses of prayer, white as snow; the flanks of the Atlas splendidly covered with cedars; barren rocky ridges, too precipitous for earth or trees; distant isolated peaks, fortified hills, and pastoral landscapes diversified with roads, irrigating streams, and small rivers, filled the eye with light and beauty.

We were in the vicinity of ancient Numidia, and saw above the horizon a building whose construction is attributed to a Numidian queen. Numidia, generally speaking, is held to correspond to a part of the neighboring French province of Constantine. The ancient inhabitants were the Berbers, divided into Kabyles and the Chawia; and Arabs, divided into Moors and Bedouins. The Kabyles and the Arabs, though both Mohammedan, have always been intensely hostile, and often in fierce conflict. The Arabs prevailed and drove the Kabyles into the mountain fastnesses and higher table-lands, where they maintained their independence until recently. In many customs they differ from the Arabs. Their habits are regular, and they are excellent farmers, nor do they cover the faces of their women, who have a better reputation than Moorish women of the same classes, notwithstanding that supposed protection.

On entering the gorge of the Chiffa, a stupendous chasm in the mountains extending ten miles, we were met by the little river Chiffa, which came dancing down the hillsides out into the plain, like a schoolgirl escaped after a long penance at the desk. To the right towered Djebel Mouzaia, between five and six thousand feet high. The French road, built by military engineers, may be styled a perfect achievement of road engineering. It is blasted out of the solid rock for almost the entire distance, often carried along the face of the cliff, protected by thick stone walls, and in some parts built in the bed of the stream. The work was done by soldiers in the early days of the capture of Algeria by the French, while the Kabyles were on the higher summits rolling stones upon them. The French army beat back the hardy mountaineers, and made a road through this tremendous gorge finer than any to be found in Central Park.

The farther we penetrated, the more striking became the scenery. It has been complained by some that snow mountains and glaciers, such as are seen in Switzerland, are absent from the Atlas range. There was no lack of snowy summits in January. At first the sides of the gorge were covered with trees, except where there were precipices several hundred feet in height, over which small streams ran in a kind of spray, swollen by the recent rains and the melting snows; but, as we ascended, glimpses of heights above the line of vegetation gave us the true mountain horizon.

At one point there is a steep path leading up the mountain side to a garden. Here a futile attempt was made to cultivate coffee and other exotics. We climbed the path until, owing to its precipitousness and dampness, it became dangerous, one of the party being struck by a falling stone, which needed only a little greater momentum or a sharper edge to have cut short the journey and sent the traveler home a cripple for life.

These mountains abound with apes, which often amuse themselves by pelting the passer with stones. Notwithstanding the engineering operations which have been going on for a long time, they still appear, leaping from branch to branch of the wild olive trees and the junipers, breaking off the branches of the fruit trees and screaming at their play, or in their humanlike struggles for the largest apples or pears. They have a mania, too, for tearing off beautiful ferns and flowers. The morning that we looked for them they were somewhat shy owing to the cold weather, so that we saw only one or two, and they were a considerable distance away.

The inhabitants of the Kabylean Mountains, in their opinions of monkeys, reverse the Darwinian theory. When their depredations are serious the natives will drive them away, but hesitate to kill them, believing them descended from men who, having incurred the anger of God, were deprived of speech.

To catch monkeys the natives prepare a jar containing nuts, almonds, and such things as they like, which they close, leaving a hole only large enough to admit a monkey's open hand. He seizes some of the contents and tries to draw his hand out.

It never occurs to him to open his fist, and there he stays unable to escape with the heavy jar.

A walk of several miles, inspecting the railroad then building—for the French, not content with the construction of the highway above described, were achieving a feat of engineering still more remarkable—revealed a scene as impressive as the natural phenomena. Here masses of mountains were being blasted, excavations made at isolated points preliminary to further operations, and tunnels two hundred and fifty to five hundred feet above the line of others were being bored, showing that the road must be carried between the two. Far above these the surveyors' signals and flags could be seen, the whole seeming "confusion worse confounded;" but to the engineer's eye it was harmonious.

These mountains, and indeed all the less settled parts of Algeria, formerly abounded with wild animals. Between 1873 and 1884 one hundred and eighty-two lions and lionesses and seventeen whelps were killed; one thousand and ninety-five panthers, and one hundred and nineteen young panthers; one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two hyenas; twenty-seven thousand one hundred and eighty-five jackals. Bounties were paid upon these—for every lion, eight dollars; a panther, the same; for a hyena, three dollars; and a jackal, a half dollar. The number of wild animals has greatly diminished, lions being now very scarce.

Here I saw engineers with surveying instruments; the contractor, with his gangs of men; wood workers; blasters, preparing explosives and fuses; "hewers of wood and drawers of water," stonecutters, and common laborers, government officers, and soldiers, huts for the accommodation of the workmen at night, restaurants, and feeding troughs for men and animals. Here were the Kabyles at work, a few Moors, with Negroes from the Soudan, Italians, Germans, Maltese, some Spaniards, many Frenchmen; but no Americans or Englishmen. A constant procession was passing over the highway, of six, eight, ten mule teams of goods-wagons that, except for some slight differences in construction, might have led us to fancy ourselves west of the Mississippi in the days before the Pacific Railroad; hundreds of muleteers with loads for the rail-

road station, twelve or fifteen miles distant; Kabyle men and women—it was a scene both oriental and occidental—Asiatic, African, and European.

Not as many thousand miles to the south and east in the Dark Continent as we had traveled to reach the splendid views which filled our eyes, we hear of dazzling snow peaks suspended in the heavens; black gulfs of volcanic craters a mile wide; countless cascades of mountain torrents; violet-gray sierras; "the shimmering azure of the hill-encircled lakes;" salt plains whiter than snow and sparkling with myriad crystals; "marshes which are the habitat of pink flamingoes, white egrets, gray pelicans, and 'the Hagedash ibis, which is a walking rainbow;' the luxuriant greenness of the tropical forests, with their velvet-foliaged albizzias, their stately sterculias, . . . a kaleidoscopic mingling of the sublime, the awful, the vast, the luxuriant, and the tenderly beautiful."

While nothing equal to this was seen by us in northern and western Africa, views of the luxuriant, the tenderly beautiful, and glimpses of the grand were afforded.

CHAPTER XVII.

Marseilles and the French Riviera.

Harbor—Cathedral—Church of Notre Dame de la Garde—Cannes—Nice—Monaco and Monte Carlo—Tragic Incidents—Mentone—Mr. Spurgeon.

THE city of Algiers is five hundred miles nearly due south from Marseilles, which is the most important seaport of France, a large part of its business being done with the French possessions in Africa. We made the passage in the *Ville de Naples*, in a violent storm which reduced the cabin to a hospital and the dining saloon to a solitude; yet Marseilles was reached in thirty-two hours.

In approaching, by sea, a large city in a moonless, misty night, there is something weird. We glided apparently among gigantic specters of ships, hearing now and then a splash or a voice, and the boats that came out to us from the shore appeared more like huge fish than machines of human contrivance.

The conspicuous feature of Marseilles is the harbor, which has been enlarged to four times its former size within the last forty years, and is yet too small. Next in interest are the streets, many of which are fine and wide. The quarter scourged by the cholera a few years ago showed no traces of what makes even the name a terror. Density of population, lowness of situation, and heat of climate account for the ravages of the pestilence. A reminder of one of the most terrible plagues of all history is seen in the Cours Belzance, in which stands a statue of the bishop after whom the place is named, who faithfully discharged his duty, visiting the sick and burying the dead during the pestilence in 1720, which carried off forty thousand persons.

Marseilles is proud of its new cathedral, which, however, is not equal to some of the ancient ecclesiastical structures of Europe. On Sunday the streets were filled, and all kinds of outdoor amusements, and business of every sort that appeals

to the people on a holiday, were openly and generally prosecuted. Processions with bands of music paraded, and the whole city appeared to be abroad.

The Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, on a lofty eminence near the sea, transcends the cathedral in interest. The tower is very high, and its summit commands a spectacle which remains one of the landmarks in memory. Almost perpendicularly beneath is the old harbor; beyond is the city filling the valley; above rise the hills, their dark sides dotted with the white villas of merchants and other residents of Marseilles. Following the horizon, the Mediterranean is seen in the distance, while nearer is a group of fortified islands, upon one of which is the Chateau d' If. This recalls the startling scene in the stormy period of the first French Revolution, when Mirabeau was incarcerated in that inaccessible fortress. But a much stronger impression was made upon my mind by the reference to it in the *Count of Monte Cristo*, a book which kept me awake all night when a child, and was almost equally fascinating at a later period when common sense might have been expected to revolt from the improbable. Happening to hear a band play the Marseillaise, which so recently we had heard sung by the fifty thousand Frenchmen who celebrated the anniversary of the execution of Baudin, I was reminded that it was for the galley slaves who were sent to Paris in 1792 that that stirring piece was composed.

On leaving Marseilles our course was southward, and the first point at which we left the train was Nice, distant seven hours by rail. Toulon, which suffered from the cholera scourge even more severely than Marseilles, is a war rendezvous of France for the Mediterranean; it has two harbors, protected by eleven forts, which, being upon adjacent heights, produce a fine effect.

St. Raphael is romantically situated, and its name is familiar to readers of French history, for it was from that port Napoleon embarked, April 28, 1814, for Elba, after his compulsory abdication.

Cannes has a most picturesque situation. This is not a place for a day, but "for the season." It owes its popularity greatly to Lord Brougham. He visited it for several years,

sounded its praises, and died there. As we passed I strained my eyes to get a glimpse of Fort Monterey. This has been famous for two hundred years. "The Man with the Iron Mask" was confined therein from 1686 to 1698, and it was to Cannes that Marshal Bazaine was sent after he surrendered Metz, and remained until he escaped August 9, 1874.

Nice is one of the comparatively few celebrated places where the enthusiastic praises of its habitues are sustained by the facts. We stayed long enough to admire its scenic charms, to breathe its pure air, and see something of its social life. It is a town of hotels and pensions, of immense gardens and suburban villas. The first thing that caught my eye was an avenue of eucalypti, with which we had become familiar in Spain and Algiers. The public garden, and the Promenade des Anglais, with hotels and villas crowded with visitors, enlivened with military music and frequent parades, are not surpassed. But the greatest charm is Castle Hill. Its sides are ornamented with palms, oranges, cypresses, aloes, and many other varieties of trees, through which a fine carriage road winds, crossed at intervals by a footpath, which admits of ascending to the summit in twenty minutes. An artificial waterfall is at the top. A series of paintings by the finest artists, exhibited in the form of a panorama, could hardly portray the beauty of the outlook; what, then, can be expected of a single paragraph? The most distant view is the Alps; turning sharply around to the south is the Mediterranean; to the west are the long lines of the coast, with various promontories, and the mouth of the little river Varm, which was the boundary between France and Sardinia down to 1860. Nearer, Nice and the beautiful towns and villages, and wooded heights which surround them, appear; but on the south the hill on which we stand descends abruptly toward the sea. It has a peculiar name, which serves as a warning, *Rauba Capen* (the hat robber), since gusts arise there on short notice. Nice has for Frenchmen of a radical type an attraction in the grave of Gambetta. The ruins of the castle which gives the hill its name are of interest to visitors.

The season was fairly opened when we were there. The brilliant equipages of French and English annual visitors, the multitude of transient guests, and the lively motions and active, eager look of the shopkeepers and other caterers to the foreign influx, with the balmy atmosphere, which gave a breath of summer or late spring to those who had fled from vigorous northern winters, imparted that delightful stimulus which distinguishes a living from a dead place.

The little principality of Monaco, beautiful, fashionable, disreputable, the smallest, and by some claimed to be the oldest monarchy in Europe, is scarcely ten miles from Nice. Its entire territory includes but three or four square miles, and its permanent population is not so great as that of a large village. The government belongs to the princes of the house of Grimaldi, though it is practically in the hands of France, which purchased it from Sardinia.

Monte Carlo is much better known than Monaco. No region is more picturesque than the entire territory. Sea, land, and sky are at their best, and modern lavish expenditures by man, blending with remains of the antique, improve the picture. In the seasons all classes of society except the very poor visit Monte Carlo, and it has two seasons—winter for climate and summer for sea bathing. In ancient times Monaco was occupied by Saracen freebooters, who by piracy accumulated great wealth. At present its revenues are derived from another form of villainy, in which seductive persuasions take the place of violence. But the end sought is the same. Gambling at Monte Carlo supports the government. The privilege of keeping a public gambling house is rented to a company, which pays sixty thousand pounds per annum for the privilege.

The Casino is a splendid edifice, surrounded by grounds equal to those of any palace. Everything in and about the building is luxurious. The finest painters have lent their skill to the decoration of the concert hall. Statues of Dancing and Music, landscapes, figures of Homer and Poetry, are there, some of them superior to most modern works of art in the celebrated galleries. Concerts are given twice daily from the beginning of the winter season. Sixty thousand dollars are

annually paid for the band, the leader of which receives ten thousand. Admission to the building and to the concerts is free to all who apply for a card of admission. This lavish outlay is sustained by the profits on gambling. To represent truly the spirit of the place there should be added a statue of Satan as an Angel of Light. The largest room in the building is the gambling hall. Here is no secrecy, for the business is legal. It is the boast of the institution that everything is done with a strict regard to honesty. The games played do not admit of skill; it is a question of chance.

Young girls, strangely animated, may be seen seated by the side of aged women whose faces wear the pallor of death, and whose eyes, intent upon the money they put down and the turn of the wheel, wear a spectral look. "Professionals" conceal their emotions whether they lose or gain; not so amateurs who have lost more than they can afford. The vast profits of the proprietors are made by a gain, on an average, of three per cent per day on the money staked. As that has been known to pass a million of dollars, the total is enormous.

While we were there a young couple came to Monte Carlo on their wedding tour. They were fascinated, began to play, lost all they had, and poisoned themselves at the hotel.

A strange enchantment often makes havoc of principle, reputation, and resolution. A Scotch Presbyterian minister, accompanied by his wife, entered. After looking a while he began to debate putting down money. His wife tried to dissuade him. Finally he said he would put down a piece, but would not take away the result. He did and won, then left the money on the number and won again, putting in his possession by the law of increase, shown by the numbers, probably more than he had possessed at one time in his life. He took it and went away.

An authentic story was told us of an American minister who was intrusted with the care of a young man of wealth. When they reached Monte Carlo the minister advised the young man not to visit the gambling house, and, to induce him not to do so, said that he would not go if the young man would not. To this they agreed. Two hours afterward the young man's reso-

lution failed him, and entering, the first person he met was the minister! To this day he justly denounces him as a hypocrite. A Roman Catholic bishop, ordered to that region by his physician on account of obstinate ill health, said to me in Monte Carlo that the description of it, as "Hell in the midst of Paradise," was not overdrawn. Special trains suiting the hours are run from neighboring resorts. Though thousands go to Monte Carlo, not primarily for gambling, but for health, no place in the world is so dangerous to the morals of young persons, none better adapted to undermine conscience. Covetousness, fashion, the peculiar fascination of chance, and personal vanity, which often desires to show that it dare do these things, unite in one often overpowering temptation.

A few miles distant is Mentone. It formerly belonged to Monaco, then to Sardinia, by which it was annexed to France in 1860. In contrast with Monte Carlo it is another world, the most quiet and restful of retreats. We took a long moonlight walk along the seacoast, passing villas and precipices, until the line of lights ceased, and then entered a dark recess, in traversing which we crossed the Italian frontier. The moonlight caused the surface of the Mediterranean to resemble a polished mirror, and the effect of the same rays upon the hillsides was weird. This was Mr. Spurgeon's favorite resort. Driven from the fogs and chills of London by gout, he spent three or four months in Mentone every winter. He was there at the time of our visit, but had met with a severe accident, which confined him to his room for some weeks. His popularity was great, nor did he perform an act or speak a word in his many visits inconsistent with the high standard of morality which he preached, or his reputation for unaffected cheerfulness in his intercourse with all classes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Genoa and Milan.

Statue of Columbus—Description of City—Cathedral of San Lorenzo—History—The *Conservatorii*—*Via di Circonvallazione*—Campo Santo—Situation of Milan—Cathedral—The Roof—View from the Tower—Church of San Ambrogio—Gallery of Victor Emmanuel—Cemetery—Parade Ground—Triumphal Arch.

The Italian Riviera is divided into two parts, the more beautiful being that through which we rode. Almost the first striking object, after arriving at the station in Genoa, is the statue of Christopher Columbus erected in 1862. Among the last things we saw in Spain were his manuscripts and library in Seville, and here, upon a pedestal surrounded by the prows of ships, with the figure of America kneeling at the base, we saw his statue. The allegorical figures represented in a sitting posture are not unworthy their station. They portray Religion, Geography, Strength, and Wisdom, and between them are reliefs of scenes from his history.

Concerning the native place of Columbus the more ancient tradition is that he was born just outside of Saint Andrea; but a rival claimant is a house in Cogoleto, fifteen and a half miles from Genoa. But whatever the exact location, it was undoubtedly in or near Genoa; and there is no dispute about the fact that, when he applied to that city for assistance in his projects of discovery, he was considered a visionary man, and his application rejected.

From the water's edge the hills rise five hundred feet and form a wide semicircle, and when the city limits have been passed they continued to rise to sixteen hundred feet. Standing at the water's brink and looking at them, they seemed a vast amphitheater, and the ten forts upon the loftiest height enhance the effect. The magnificence of the palaces, as semi-private structures, is not equaled in any other city in Italy, or in the world. The best date from the sixteenth century, and

the contents, including many of the finest works of art, are in harmony with their grandeur. Weeks would have been required for a thorough visitation of the palaces. . Selecting the Palazzo Rosso, we gave as much time to it as was at our disposal, with the result of being oppressed with the magnificence, the size and number of the rooms, and the display aspect of the whole.

The Cathedral of San Lorenzo was a decided contrast to anything which we had seen in France, Spain, or other parts of Europe. In richness of decoration it approaches gaudiness. Among other curious things is a Gothic inscription declaring that Janus, great grandson of Noah, founded Genoa, and that another Janus from Troy settled there. We went into the chapel of St. John the Baptist, the richest part of the church. Until recently women were permitted to go in only once a year, because John's death was brought about by a woman. They claim to show the body (without the head) of John the Baptist. I was interested in this, as there are eighteen heads of John exhibited in different parts of the world. Also, they have the *Sacro Catino*. This was supposed to be an emerald, but it was taken to Paris, and examination, together with the fact that it was broken, showed that it was merely glass. For a long time it was venerated by the people of Genoa, but their faith has been severely shaken. At different times it has been asserted to be a gift of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; at others, "the dish which held the paschal lamb at the Passover; while others have maintained that it is the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood from his Redeemer's side." The date of the foundation of Genoa is obscured in the mists of its antiquity. But a bronze tablet found by a peasant in 1505, and brought into the city to be sold for old metal, confirms its ancientness and importance. It contains an award made A. U. C. 633 by Quintus Marcus Minutius and Q. F. Rufus, Roman authorities, in settling a dispute between the people of Genoa and the Viturii who had differed about their boundaries and had appealed to the Roman Senate from local decisions. The landmarks are set out definitely, and all restrictions and rights plainly specified.

After various vicissitudes the city has regained its ancient

maritime ascendency, and is now the chief seaport of Italy. The people are industrious, energetic, domestic, and their morals good—for an Italian seaport. A peculiar class of institutions, called *conservatorii* (of which there are fifteen or twenty), is worthy of special description. They are designed for women; some are for orphans; others for the children of parents unable to support them. Some are schools; others Magdalene asylums, to reform abandoned women; and others houses of refuge, where unmarried women who have no homes can reside on the payment of a small sum, or, if destitute, gratuitously.

The finest of all the drives of Genoa is the *Via di Circonvallazione a Monte*, a route laid out a few years ago on the hill. It begins at a point three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea level, and after traversing the entire city brings the traveler back to the Capucine church, the most sumptuous in the place.

The Genoese are proud of the Campo Santo on the side of the mount, twenty minutes' drive beyond the city walls. Here the poor are buried in the ground, but the bodies of the wealthy are placed in receptacles arranged in galleries. I have never seen so gorgeous a burial place. The monuments are elaborate, including not only the dead, but the living members of the family. Here is the statue of the husband, in an attitude of profound grief, weeping over the body of his wife, both represented life-size. Then the widow and her surviving children, all life-size, gazing horror-struck upon the dead body of the father and husband. There are exquisite monuments of little children and of young persons, besides the usual number of figurative representations of Poetry, Grief, and Resignation. Some of these tombs, with their monuments, are represented to have cost a hundred thousand dollars, which would mean a much larger sum in a country where marble is not indigenous and artists not numerous.

The simplicity of genuine grief is entirely obscured. A pageant as ostentatious as any produced on festal days invades the silence and solemnity of the city of the dead and transforms it into a masquerade.

Ostentation has ruled in Italy from ancient time, and.

turning from these costly embodiments of it to the humbler burial place of the poor, the same spirit which produced such attempts at rivalry assumes still more grotesque forms. Here were wooden effigies, numerous trinkets, and photographs of the dead—some taken at an early period in the life of the deceased, others after his death. The contrasts were as wide as can be seen in the dress, equipage, and residences of the wealthy and of the poor. Among the poor, as among the rich, the violations of good taste appear to result from an effort to contrive something new.

The tomb which would most attract the attention of foreigners and probably of patriotic Italians, is that of Mazzini, the chief leader of the revolutionary party, who was born in Genoa in 1808. It is in a conspicuous part of the cemetery. The Genoese also feel an interest in Garibaldi, who, though born in Nice, was the son of a native of Genoa.

Ancient and modern historians unite in saying that the whole energy of the Genoese has been concentrated on making money. Its influence, though indirect, may not, however, have been less than that of other cities upon the development of art and scholarship; for no country whose cities are devoted exclusively to those things could long afford the means to promote them. Agriculture and commerce are at the foundation of wealth, scholarship, and art.

Genoa to-day is what it has always been—a superbly beautiful city, not the less so because its energies have been chiefly devoted to maritime commerce.

The beautiful but treacherous Mediterranean was soon left behind when we departed from Genoa, but for many miles backward glances were rewarded by vistas of landscape, through which the sea sparkled for an instant and was then obscured by cliffs or hills. As we drew near the plain of Lombardy, of which the district of Milan is the central portion, the cold winds swept down from the Alps, and snow, in a few moments turning into rain, beat upon the cars. In situation Milan is fortunate, its wants being supplied by the pastures upon the mountains, the vines, fruit trees, the silk culture of the lower declivities, and the corn, wheat, and grass-yielding meadows of the plains. The meadows produce almost as

Cathedral of Milan.

many crops as there are months in the year, and form the most thoroughly irrigated district of Europe, where the ancient paths are still the right of the common people. As in Spain, the peasant can drive his sheep southward, the law allowing him two hundred feet by the side of the road, so here the right to conduct water across the property of others is recognized.

To find a city whose population is the same now that it was eight centuries ago is unusual. Then it is said to have contained three hundred thousand inhabitants; eight years ago, exclusive of the suburbs, it was estimated to comprise two hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and forty-three. Milan differs from most other Italian cities in the absence of ruins, having been totally destroyed in 1162; five years afterward it was rebuilt.

Though in the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Leonardo da Vinci lived there, surrounded by eminent pupils, it vied with the other parts of Italy in art, that which attracts most tourists now is the cathedral. The site relatively to the immediate surroundings is not well chosen, and the façade so unworthy the general plan that it is to be removed. We walked around the building on the outside, nearly a third of a mile, and were impressed with its vastness, dignity, and beauty. There are only two larger churches in Europe—St. Peter's at Rome, and the cathedral at Seville. Begun in 1386, it is not yet completed, and it is said that some of the incongruities which have been criticised resulted from the dissensions and jealousies of the Italian and Northern architects. After the works had been at a standstill for nearly a hundred years, Napoleon ordered them resumed when he made Milan the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and constructed the tower over the dome.

The impression was deepened as we stood in the "dim religious light" within the nave, which is one hundred and fifty-five feet high, and placed ourselves in different positions among the fifty-two pillars twelve feet in diameter, which, instead of having capitals, are adorned with canopied niches containing statues; or traversed the great expanse of pavement of mosaics of variegated marbles, and heard the great

organ reverberating through the vault above, it appeared as though the wealth, art, music, and formal religion of ages were embodied in one colossal personality.

More detailed examination of the treasures of art did not diminish the effect. Here are the tombs of archbishops, bishops, and canons interspersed with Gothic monuments and bronze statues. Upon the walls are fine paintings of Scripture scenes. The stained glass of the three choir windows contain three hundred and fifty vivid representations of events from the Scriptures, many being copies of celebrated ancient paintings. An altar piece representing Ambrose releasing the Emperor Theodosius from ecclesiastical penalties reminded us of a significant event in early Christian history. A most abhorrent object is a statue of St. Bartholomew, represented as flayed, carrying his skin upon his shoulder. The skin looks more like hippopotamus hide than the cuticle of a human being. The artist considered it superior to anything accomplished by Praxiteles, and says so in an inscription upon the statue.

Before one crucifix I paused in "reverent contemplation." It was that which San Carlo Borromeo bore during the plague in 1756, when he went about, barefooted, visiting the sick and comforting the dying. It was not the crucifix that I revered, but the devotion and philanthropy of him who bore it, and of the multitudes of his own and other faiths who, in such times of trial, elevate the human toward the Divine. The tomb of this saint lies below the dome in a subterranean chapel. We paid five francs to see his relics. The crown, jewels, and regalia which he wore were bright by contrast with his fleshless bones.

The view of, and from, the roof and tower transcended all that we had thus far seen in splendor of effect; for another such roof the wide world cannot exhibit. Among its adornments are ninety-eight Gothic turrets, any one of which would make a church in an American city a marked object. Among these are distributed more than two thousand marble statues, many of eminent men, and as works of art worthy of any gallery. Here is the figure of Napoleon, in heroic and ancient costume. On a perfectly safe path we walked the

Interior of Cathedral.

entire length of the roof, and contemplated such of the statues as interested us. We had already ascended one hundred and ninety-four steps within the edifice, and then began the three hundred steps outside.

When the summit was reached the prospect was dazzling. We looked upon the roof, upon the buildings surrounding the cathedral, dwarfed by its massiveness into huts; upon the pygmies walking in the squares. The roar of the city was like that upon the ocean shore. A little beyond lay the noble city of Milan, upon a plateau nearly four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and gradually sloping for miles. The entire plain, being covered with snow, sparkled and flashed in the sunlight with blinding effect. But it was on looking toward the Alps, from sixty to one hundred miles distant, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. A little south of west, Mont Cenis, through which the great tunnel was cut, appears; then Mont Blanc,

> " . . . the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow,"

stood up as though but a few hours' walk from us. I had looked down, years before, from very near its summit upon this plain; now I looked up at it. Next was the Great St. Bernard, on which in October, 1863, I slept in the midst of a howling snowstorm; but the next morning, the storm having ceased, beheld the vast expanse of northern Italy.

This was not all, for Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, with the taunting beauty and beckoning hand which have led so many to death, reared themselves against the early morning sky, and when our eyes could no longer bear the brilliancy of the stupendous masses of snow, we turned to the far east and saw, in the background behind the city of Pavia, through which we had passed a few days before, the dark Apennines. Much nearer were the mountains about Lake Como, and these, on account of their proximity, seemed higher than the others.

I did not wonder that an epidemic of suicides from that lofty height had compelled the making of a regulation that no visitor could be allowed to ascend alone. The watchman informed us that forty persons had killed themselves by leaping into the square. There is an insanity of height, and many who never meant to kill themselves have leaped from lofty summits. Morbid vanity appeals to cranks, imitation multiplies the number, and many who are neither cranks, insane, nor morbidly vain are conscious, when in such positions, of an almost irresistible impulse to leap.

But Milan has much besides the Duomo to please and instruct the visitor. The church of San Ambrogio was founded in the fourth century by Ambrose on the ruins of an old heathen temple dedicated to Bacchus.

In this building the Lombard kings and German emperors were crowned with the iron crown, and the old pillar on which they took the oath still stands. Here is buried Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, and, it is claimed, Ambrose himself. Besides there are many fine churches, and palaces without number filled with paintings and statues.

The gallery of Victor Emmanuel, an octagon, with a cupola of great height, is adorned with frescoes representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It also contains twenty-four statues of famous Italians, among them names with which the educated world is familiar: Cavour, Marco Polo, Raphael, Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Savonarola. The monument of Leonardo da Vinci, and the statue of Cavour in another part of the city, and especially a bronze statue of Napoleon the First, as Roman Emperor, by Canova, are works of the highest order. Cavour's statue, in the plaza named after him, is made impressive by an elevated pedestal of the finest granite.

The Milanese think their cemetery superior to that of Genoa. I cannot tell how it would have pleased me had I not been disgusted with the display style of grief in the former city. Nor was our opportunity so favorable, as the snow was melting, compelling a very hurried passage over some of its more splendid avenues. Cremation is gaining ground there, and the *Tempio di Cremazione* has been admitted to the cemetery.

Monument of Leonardo da Vinci.

On our way to that part of the city we saw the great parade ground, nearly half a mile square, and the arena, built under Napoleon the First, large enough to accommodate thirty thousand spectators. Also, the Triumphal Arch, of white marble, begun by Napoleon the First as a termination of the Simplon route, the first carriage road from Switzerland to Italy over the Alps, and made by his order.

It is said that no town in Italy, since the union of the entire country in one kingdom, has undergone such improvement as Milan. A new Protestant church, erected by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society of the United States, then rapidly approaching completion, was shown us by Signor Ravi, the acting minister;—a solid, well-situated, churchly structure, seating three hundred, with rooms for meetings and residence for janitor and pastor.

CHAPTER XIX.

Venice—The Enchanted City.

History—Situation—Piazza and Church of San Marco—Tomb of St. Mark—Palace of the Doges—Roman Catholic Mission Church—Grand Canal—Campanile—View from the Top of the Tower.

VENICE had already begun a career whose glory throws a halo over it to this day, when in the year 828 a Venetian fleet brought the body of St. Mark to that place, and the republic adopted him as its peculiar saint, naming its highest official "the Procurator of St. Mark." It was in the zenith of its glory when, by the conquest of Constantinople, it divided the Byzantine empire, captured the entire coast of the Adriatic, and the Levant from Durazzo to Trebizond, and nearly all the islands of the Greek Archipelago, the whole of Dalmatia, much of the mainland of Greece, and held the entire coast from the Po to the island of Corfu, besides having conquered, one after another, in a hundred and fifty years, Treviso, Vicenza, Padua, Verona, Udine, Brescia, Bergamo, Crema, and Rovigo; when it monopolized the commerce of India, whose productions were brought through the north of Persia, the Euphrates, and the Tigris to Bagdad, thence by camels across the desert to Palmyra, and thence by sea. The annual espousing of the city as "Queen of the Adriatic" was then more than an ideal ceremony, performed by the Doge on Ascension Day, accompanied by all the nobility and foreign representatives in gondolas, dropping a ring into the sea from the state barge. In 1797 this ostentatious but poetic and pathetic usage was omitted for the first time in nearly a thousand years. But the commercial supremacy of Venice is gone; and, though its business is still considerable, it is "as a glorious relic of past greatness that the railway-shaken tourist turns with infinite relief from the prosperous cities of Europe to its thousand enjoyments."

The best description of the situation of Venice is St. Peter's

Regatta on Grand Canal.

reference to the world at the time of the flood, "the earth standing out of the water, and in the water." So

> ". . . from out the waves her structures rise
> As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

We arrived at night, and glided to the hotel in a black, rakish-looking gondola, silently as an assassin might wish to pass away from the scene of his crime. The Hotel Victoria is cheerless and ill kept, equally damaging to the reputation of those who keep and those who recommend it; though the temperature was very low, there was but one fire accessible to the guests; the reading room was unlighted, the table poor, the servants stupid, the proprietor surly, the guests, of whom there were but five, disgusted. We departed as soon as the sun was up the next morning.

Some of the finest cities in the world are situated upon islands, but this rests upon one hundred and seventeen, of which three only are large. One hundred and fifty canals are thus formed, which are spanned by nearly four hundred bridges. Not a horse, or a vehicle larger than a handcart, did we see in exploring the whole city. The hum of moving feet and wheels, which in other places often rises to a roar, is here unheard.

The lagoons are protected from the open sea, but are about equally divided into two classes, the names of which are suggestive: the *laguna viva;* in it the tide rises and falls every day; and the *laguna morta*, which is not affected by the tide. Venice, of course, is in the former class. Stagnant pools are everywhere *laguna morta.*

The gondolas are quaint, have a low canopy and a seat made of leather, accommodating three or four persons, and, according to an old law are painted black. Besides these is a barca which accommodates twice as many; it has a long, heavy, iron prow. There are omnibus boats, which no one would be likely to take unless oppressed by poverty. The speed of all is less than that of an ordinary walk. On the Grand Canal small steamboats ply during the day. The rates of fare are not high. While making the tour of the Grand Canal I saw why Stockholm is called the Venice of the North.

The situations of the two cities are similar, though the waters of Stockholm are clearer and more sparkling.

A common error is the notion that it is possible to explore Venice by boats only. Most of the houses rise from the canals, or are very near them, but almost every place can be reached on foot, and it is impossible to see the most characteristic parts, and to become acquainted with the habits of the common people in any other way. I noticed that there was a sunset aspect to everything but the inhabitants, who were vivacious and active. It was a noble, but wrinkled, rather than youthful, face that smiled. We found much complaint of a temporary depression of business.

The chief rendezvous for the people when at leisure is the Piazza of San Marco. I have nowhere seen a more majestic square; for on three sides rise great structures which seem like one. Of white marble, they are black with age and exposure. In the glorious times the highest officials, next below the doge in rank, dwelt there; now they are used for various general purposes, and the ground floors are occupied by cafés and shops.

Here the military bands play on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the summer evenings; in the winter, from two to four. The square, when we were there, was crowded as though a score of churches had poured their congregations into it, and the beauty and wealth of Venice mingled with the proletariat. One of the curiosities of Venice is a flock of pigeons, perfectly tame, which are fed by officials. These are the descendants of the carrier pigeons which gave intelligence to Admiral Dandolo when he was besieging the island of Candia. After the conquest he sent the birds to Venice, carrying the news of his success. The people revere them, and would tear in pieces anyone who should wantonly treat them with disrespect.

The Church of San Marco is more oriental in appearance than most existing edifices in the East; but it is really composite. A church in the shape of a Greek cross, having three Byzantine domes and several Gothic features, is somewhat confusing. Four horses in gilded bronze, once upon the Triumphal Arch of Nero, then upon that of Trajan, afterward

Bridge of Sighs.

taken to Constantinople, and finally by Napoleon to Paris, where for a few years they adorned the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel, and then transferred to Venice, are worthy of study, not only for their exquisite execution, but their strange vicissitudes. We lingered long in this cathedral and paid a visit to the tomb of St. Mark, upon the authenticity of which there is very general agreement, to the extent of conceding that for centuries before the Venetians brought it here, it had been revered as such.

The Palace of the Doges, in which we spent half a day, is the only rival of the Cathedral of St. Mark in historic and artistic attractions. Five times the palace was destroyed, and each time reconstructed more magnificently than ever, and it was then being repaired on an extensive scale. We stood where the republic caused its death sentences to be announced. Thence we passed to the point where the decrees of the republic were published; looked at the prison of the poet, Count Silvio Pellico; went to the steps where the Doges were crowned; studied the multitude of busts of Venetian artists and scholars, perceiving a remarkable dissimilarity which raised a presumption of fidelity; the fact that there are many bald heads among them show that no remarkable change has taken place in the tendency of sedentary habits to produce baldness.

The gloomy dungeons and torture chamber, with the place of execution for political criminals, furnished sufficient of the morbid. We passed over the famous Bridge of Sighs of which Byron speaks:

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
> A palace and a prison on each hand;"

and Howells refers to the same as "that pathetic swindle—the Bridge of Sighs."

After leaving the Hotel Victoria we secured rooms at the Hotel Europa, which was formerly the Palazzo Giustiniani. I have had my hair brushed by machinery in the palace of Cardinal Wolsey in London, and have lodged in this magnificent specimen of the style of the fifteenth century at ordinary hotel rates—*sic transit gloria mundi.*

The church after San Marco in order of importance is that in which the Doges are buried. It has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice.

On Sunday we entered a Roman Catholic mission church, which bore the sign over the door "Welcome." As we passed in we were notified that indulgences could be obtained on reasonable terms. The building was crowded, and the demeanor of the worshipers devout. As we passed out an acrobat came from an alley, gave a few specimens of his power, and called the people to witness further exhibitions in an adjacent building. Punch and Judy was being performed not far from the spot. In a wine shop a fierce fight was in progress. Three men were ejecting two who were fighting, and these fought all about the square for some minutes, and though it looked as though one was intent to kill the other, no serious damage was done, and no police appeared to quell the disturbance.

The ride on the Grand Canal exhibits a succession of palaces and other public buildings, mosaic manufactures, academies, magazines of antiquities, courts, municipal offices, warehouses, churches, monasteries, and edifices made celebrated by eminent persons who were born or died there. The house in which Catharine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, was born, is now a pawn office. One of the prominent buildings on the canal is the Palace Vendramin Calergi. It was in this house that Richard Wagner died ten years ago.

We ascended the Campanile, three hundred and twenty-two feet in height, covered with marble, and surmounted by an angel sixteen feet high. The ascent is more easy than that of any other tower, being by winding inclined planes of thirty-eight bends. The spectacle, including all the islands, canals, lagoons, part of the Adriatic, the distant Alps, and the Istrian Mountains that rise above the Adriatic, is wonderful. The thousandth anniversary of the foundation of this tower had just been celebrated.

Descending, we took the gondola for the railway station, and bade adieu to the widowed "Queen of the Adriatic."

CHAPTER XX.

Florence—Shrine of Art, Science, Literature.

Famous Artists and Scientists—Situation of Florence—Cathedral—Church of Santa Croce—Monastery of St. Mark—Fiesole—Ruins and Views—Galileo's Tower—The "Golden Book."

FLORENCE is the birthplace of Dante, by whom, with his expounder, Boccaccio, the Italian language was formed, enriched, and systematized:—Dante, declared by Mr. Gladstone to be the greatest moral educator of the modern world. Florence was the center of the Renaissance; here Lorenzo il Magnifico was equally famous as statesman, poet, and patron of art and science; here was begotten that worship of the antique, which placed on the pedestal from which indifferent and depraved taste had cast it down, the genius of ancient Greece and Rome in poetry, eloquence, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Among its glories are that here Giotto in painting, and Donatello in sculpture, prepared the way for Raphael and Michael Angelo; made more illustrious by the period when Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael were contemporaneous in Florence, and their pupils and imitators, of the most distinguished abilities, from all parts of the world, filled the city. And if these masters had not lived, there were other sculptors, painters, and architects who would have elevated Florence above the other cities of Italy.

Turning from arts to science, the traveler may visit the Tribuna, commemorative of Galileo, and behold the frescoes which represent him as studying the pendent lamp, whose swaying suggested to him the philosophy of the pendulum, expounding the telescope before the Doge and Council of Ten at Venice, and demonstrating to his pupils the movements of the stars. He may then enter one of the galleries and view the statues of the great men who were born in Florence, or studied and flourished there, and he will acknowledge that this has been preeminently the center and source of intellectual life and light.

Never had clustered gems so fine a setting—in the heart of Tuscany, between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, in a valley watered by the Arno, surrounded by gentle

Duomo of Florence.

slopes, noble hills, and at no great distance more imposing heights, which protect it from extremes of heat and cold. Had its glory been foreseen the site could not have been more

artistically chosen. Its palaces, piazzas, squares, monuments, parks, and private residences, with their lavish but not gaudy decoration, everywhere "betray the work of generation after generation of ingenious men." That strange people, the Etruscans, who came from an unknown quarter, and exerted so strong an influence upon the civilization of Europe, settled here, whence the name of the whole region—Tuscany. They spread the knowledge of writing and the mechanical arts, and one of the most interesting collections in Florence is the Etruscan Museum.

The Florentines intended that the cathedral should surpass all preceding structures. It was designed by Arnolfo del Cambia. When he died work ceased until Giotto was requested to complete it; he did not live to do so, and it was intrusted to Brunelleschi. One hundred and twenty-two years after it was begun, a public competition of models for the dome was announced, the result of which was the construction of a dome exceeding all others in diameter, and which was selected by Michael Angelo as the model for that of St. Peter's in Rome. Its style is Gothic, modified by the Italian school. One's impression on entering is that the building is nearly empty, but its size transforms surprise into a sense of grandeur. The noble pavement and the exquisite stained glass windows render the effect still more satisfactory. The building is a vast gallery of painting and sculpture. Here are the monument of Brunelleschi and his portrait in marble, the bust of Giotto, monuments and portraits of St. Matthew, St. James, St. Philip, and St. James the Great, statues of St. John, St. Peter, and St. Luke. A scientific curiosity is a round marble slab, put in position in the year 1450 by a mathematician of Florence, for observations of the sun through an orifice in the dome.

We climbed the bell tower, with its decorations of colored marble, magnificent windows, statues, frescoes, and series of bas-reliefs, representing the development of mankind from the creation to the culmination of Christian civilization: the creation of Eve; Adam and Eve at work in the garden; dwellers in tents; and, finally, astronomers, riders, weavers, navigators, agriculturists, are portrayed. Arts are represented by

figures of Phidias, Apelles, Orpheus, Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Euclid, Donatus, and an unknown musician. The view from the summit made us forget the climb of four hundred and fourteen steps.

Interesting as is the cathedral, the Church of Santa Croce surpasses it. It has been called the Pantheon of modern Italy.

> "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
> Ashes which make it holier; dust which is
> Even in itself an immortality,
> Though there was nothing save the past and this,
> The particle of those sublimities
> Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose
> Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
> The starry Galileo, with his woes;
> Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

Tombs of statesmen, scholars, poets, architects, and composers, and the innumerable multitude of masterpieces of different artists, make the church a place for delightful and protracted visits. In the refectory is a beautiful painting of the Last Supper, and another of the Crucifixion. The Tribunal of the Inquisition held its sittings in this room. A crucifix by Donatello, executed in competition with Brunelleschi, is striking in its history and in itself. In front of the building is the monument of Dante, nineteen feet high, standing on a pedestal twenty-three feet, which was unveiled on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, May 14, 1865.

At the Monastery of St. Mark, no longer used as such, but fitted up as a museum, we entered the cells occupied by Savonarola. His portrait by Fra Bartolommeo, also an inmate of the monastery, his bronze bust, his crucifix and autographs, and a copy of an old picture representing his execution, were shown. Afterward we went to the spot where he was burned, now covered by a fountain, erected at the north corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, sixty-six years after the tragedy, in the great hall of which there is a reminder of the temporary influence which Savonarola exerted. This hall, constructed three years before his death for the council which had been increased in numbers by his partisans, is large enough to have

accommodated the sessions of the Italian Parliament twenty-five years ago.

After several days spent in the galleries and palaces of Florence I found my eyes "dim with excess of light," and my mind in a confused state—basins of porphyry, portraits of Samson, banners of Italian cities, mosaics, and ceilings painted in imitation of mosaics, Judith and Holofernes, Madonnas and saints without number, the Magi, Venus, Bacchus, St. Paul, Cæsar, tombs, cherubs, Laocoöns, satyrs with gaps in their teeth, cupids on a dolphin, Amazons fighting, small gray birds with red crests, heads of the Medusa, death of Virgin Mary, angels with mandolin, massacre of innocents, Luther's wife, kings on horseback, gamblers struck by lightning, columns of oriental alabaster, vases of rock crystal, portraits of popes and cardinals and of Pluto, men with apes upon their shoulders, boar hunts, ancient bronze helmets, spurs, lamps, old manuscripts, vaulted aisles and statues of the archangel Michael, all thrown together, with the names of Van Dyck, Rubens, Correggio, Raphael, Da Vinci, and Titian indiscriminately applied. I was positively intoxicated with art. But after a few days my vision clarified, and there came out a score of paintings and statues as distinctly impressed upon the mind's eye as vivid perception of the physical organs. All the rest is lost in the milky way of finite memory.

An excursion to the town of Fiesole, "old when Rome was in its infancy," was delightful. On the way we saw magnificent villas, one of which was the residence of the Earl of Crawford. This is made by Boccaccio the residence of the narrators in his *Decameron*, a book which has an interest for students of English (polluted, however, by all the vices of its age and people), for it was the model of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. We passed a favorite villa of Lorenzo il Magnifico, ascended the hill by an excellent road, and found many Etruscan ruins; also the wall, the entrance of a theater, of which sixteen tiers of stone seats in a semicircle thirty-seven yards in diameter remain. We divided our company of three into speaker and audience and tried the acoustic and spectacular properties, which were so fine that ten thousand persons must have been able to see and hear. The old monastery and the

cathedral are worth the climb, but the glory of the place is its ruins and the lovely prospect.

We caught a glimpse in the distance of Galileo's Tower. Here he entertained Milton when on a visit to Florence after he became blind, and when many of his former friends neglected him.

Florence has some strange and other amusing peculiarities. We were shown two of Galileo's *fingers*—one with a ring on it pointing upward, under a glass case; the other, which was stolen from his tomb, is preserved in a bottle in one of the libraries. In one of the churches is a chapel begun in 1604, when Ferdinand the First was on the throne. It is brilliantly frescoed, and has intricate mosaics. Some think it the finest edifice in Florence. It was designed to hold the Holy Sepulcher which Ferdinand intended to steal, but his agents were caught when detaching it from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, where it now is.

Here may be seen a painting, by St. Luke, of the Virgin and Child. Luke, the physician, must have been an industrious amateur painter. I saw one of his paintings in Moscow said to have miraculous powers. Over the bronze statue at the entrance of the Church of Santa Croce are the letters I H S (*Jesus Hominum Salvator*—Jesus Saviour of Men). These initials were originally placed in front of the church by St. Bernardino. He had expostulated with one of his flock for manufacturing playing cards. The man told him he did not know how to make a living in any other way. The saint "told him to put these letters on his blank cards and sell them." It was successful, and the man soon grew rich. Now they are to be seen in every Roman Catholic church in the world.

The way in which the funds were raised to construct the beautiful road over which we traveled to Fiesole is entertaining. The inhabitants of Fiesole possess what is called the "Golden Book." Those whose names are enrolled in it become nobles, and the money was raised by issuing patents of nobility. Three hundred dollars would buy a title, coat of arms, and seal. "Several Englishmen have invested, and numerous Americans." Mr. Spurgeon satirizes the efforts of families without any genealogy to find one, by saying that he has looked up his an-

cestry and found that "he is descended from a gardener who robbed his master and lost his situation, and the less said about it the better."

Florence affords such unsurpassed facilities to students of art that there are colonies from all civilized nations. Its hotels, pensions, and cafés are numerous and fine. Many of the Tuscans rent their villas to men of wealth from foreign nations. One of these residents informed me that a man knows absolutely nothing about Florence unless he has lived there *five* years. Subsequently I learned that he had been there five years and one week.

CHAPTER XXI.

Rome—The Encyclopedic City.

Glance at Rome's History—Seven Hills—Tiber—Pantheon—Column of Marcus Aurelius—Grand Circus—Forum—Arch of Constantine—Appian Way—Mamertine Prison—Catacombs—Augustinian Monastery—Capucine Cemetery—St. Peter's—Palace of the Vatican—Sistine Chapel—St. Paul Without the Walls—New Rome.

IT is impossible to anticipate at what time or place will be felt the mystic thrill, the soul of the traveler's emotion. Sometimes it is when he catches a glimpse of land after a long voyage; again when the towers or spires of a famous city rise upon the horizon; or it may be when the feet for the first time tread historic or consecrated ground; or when the hand clasps that of the friend who has beckoned us across the sea. My thrill was not on first seeing Rome, which was at midnight, but when more than three hundred miles north of it, *en route* to another city, in a railway station I saw one of the ordinary placards hung upon coaches, "Train for Rome." Then the thought flashed, "You are within a few hours' ride of 'The Mistress of the World,' 'The Imperial City,' 'The Eternal City,' 'The Capital of Ancient Civilization.' 'The Capital of the World,' 'The City of Cities,' 'The City of the Soul.'"

Weeks afterward, on arriving, I rode in a rumbling coach from the station to the hotel with no more sense of the extraordinary than would have been felt in any one of a thousand stone-paved cities. When I went forth the next morning the history of the old Roman world rose before me, and for days I was in a kind of mnemonic trance, which made the long gone past seem present; for the historic memory may be as vivid as that of experience. I saw the legendary kings appear, becoming more distinctly outlined as myth gave place to history, and Tarquin the Elder, and the noble Servius Tullius stamped their individuality upon the city. Then I witnessed the ignominious expulsion of Tarquin the Superb, whose

Gate of St. Paul.

tyranny became insupportable. I was present at the birth of the republic, saw it give way to a dictatorship, to the tribunes and the decemvirs, and finally resume its sway under consuls, who made it the most wonderful power the world ever knew. I stood by when Julius Cæsar was assassinated, heard him gasp, "*Et tu, Brute,*" and listened to Mark Antony's funeral oration. I saw Augustus the Magnificent, Tiberius the Saturnine, Caligula the Vindictive; witnessed the burning of Rome, and heard Nero's fiddle. I saw Titus the Obstinate, Domitian the Persecutor, Trajan the Grand, Hadrian the Ostentatious, Marcus Aurelius the Magnanimous, Constantine the Great, Julian the Apostate, Theodosius the Christian. Finally I looked on while the Western Empire crashed into fragments. As these events passed in panoramic vision, each ruin took its place as naturally as milestones on a turnpike, and aroused the emotions of a lifetime, which could be caused to vibrate by the countless chords which Rome has touched through literature, law, and religion.

The Seven Hills were easily identified, although in one or two instances accumulated débris had almost obliterated the intervening valley; and schoolboy translations that were perplexing were clarified as the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Cælian, Esquiline, Viminal, and Quirinal hills asserted themselves. The location of the Tarpeian Rock, over which the condemned were thrown by the ancient Romans, cannot be established. "Father Tiber" was as muddy as in ancient days, but much smaller, for then seagoing vessels came to Rome; but with the destruction of the forests its water supplies were cut off, and now it is navigable but a short distance from the sea. The tomb of the Scipios recalled the ever-romantic story of that greatest of Roman families, their exploits, and the magnificence of their triumphs. I looked upon it, and heard the slave whisper in the ear of the mightiest, on the day of his triumph: "Scipio, thou art but a man."

Before the Pantheon I paused on three occasions, mourning the statues and decorations long since destroyed. But its magnificent columns of granite, the niches in which stood the statues of Augustus and his son-in-law, the hall lighted from above, speak of the grandeur of ancient Roman conception as

no description can. The tombs of Raphael and Victor Emmanuel relax, rather than deepen the solemnity.

The noble column of Marcus Aurelius recalled a reign among the most ideal in profane history. As I gazed upon it, indignation arose against the pope who crowned it with a statue of St. Paul, who needs no stolen honors. The Triumphal Arch of Titus, with its bas-reliefs describing battle scenes, not omitting the more humane features, brought up the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem, whose overthrow it celebrates, and the strange prophetic words of Jesus Christ concerning it. Trajan's Column, built wholly of marble—not of bronze, as a recent writer erroneously states—is very beautiful; its most pleasing feature being a spiral band, three feet wide and six hundred and sixty feet long, running round the column, containing bas-reliefs of war scenes from the life of Trajan, exhibiting machines, animals, and twenty-five hundred human figures. A statue of St. Peter now surmounts it, another instance of barbarous taste.

A stroll through the Grand Circus, at one time capable of containing a quarter of a million of spectators, suggested the vastness of the population, and the splendor of its entertainments. It was found too small, and its capacity was increased to three hundred and eighty-five thousand. The Colosseum expanded before me, as, plan in hand, with the aid of the remaining walls, I tried to reconstruct the edifice. A third of a mile in circumference, and four stories high, it would seat eighty-seven thousand. But that prodigious structure was reared to furnish the people of Rome with entertainments of the same nature as the Spanish bullfights. Thus original barbaric instincts thrust themselves through the granite and gold of ancient civilization.

To me, the Forum with its surroundings seemed the grandest object in the ancient ruins of Rome. There the great political and oratorical contests took place, and the name of a Roman citizen received its noblest illustration. In the popular assemblies public sentiment was molded, expressed, crystallized. There, too, the funerals of the nobility were celebrated, and in later days it was filled with columns, triumphal arches, statues, and covered with inscriptions recording its

Roman Forum.

history. To it Cæsar transferred the orators' tribune which he erected, with a platform sixty-five feet long and sixteen feet wide, giving the speaker abundance of room to command the audience by walking from point to point during his address. From it Mark Antony delivered the immortal funeral oration. Standing here I could trace the sites where most of the greatest events in the history of the city of Rome took place, many of them identified beyond question, and others known to be within the circle of vision.

The Triumphal Arch of Constantine, independent of its excellent preservation as a ruin, is superior to all other structures of the kind, for it is to the Christian peculiarly suggestive, because erected when he declared himself in favor of Christianity, just after his victory over Maxentius; and both for this reason and because it is comparatively recent, naturally introduces us to the ecclesiastical structures, institutions, legends, and hierarchy which, for so many centuries, have given *Christian* Rome an influence more far-reaching than that which it had in the olden times.

I went to the Appian Way, because along it St. Paul journeyed on his way to Rome. It is now dusty, rough, and crowded; but he who "was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and "was ready to preach the Gospel to them that were at Rome also," made it more famous than he who built it or the pagan hosts which marched over it.

In the Mamertine Prison, a structure which takes us back to the infancy of Rome, St. Peter is, on doubtful authority, declared to have been imprisoned. I descended into the dungeon and saw the spring which Roman Catholic tradition says miraculously burst forth to afford him water to baptize his jailers. He must have been physically "*petros*, a stone;" for they show where, in falling, his features were imprinted upon the rock.

From the dazzling sunlight, I entered abruptly into the catacombs, and wandered among them until wearied with the grotesque imitations of pagan models. While a few of the inscriptions are devout, coarse pictures of the resurrection of Lazarus, and of Jonah swallowed by the fish, and other Old Testament narratives, exhibit a childish tendency, and justify

the critics in affirming that they show and participate in "the precipitate and almost total degradation of art." It is not the place, however, to see the best, as they have been removed to different churches and museums. Thousands of bones, supposed to have miraculous healing properties, have been peddled over Europe. As all sorts of people were buried in the catacombs, it has been truthfully said that it is probable that the bones of the greatest sinners have been exhumed and revered as saints. Twenty-eight wagon loads of bones of saints taken from the catacombs are deposited under the altar in the Pantheon.

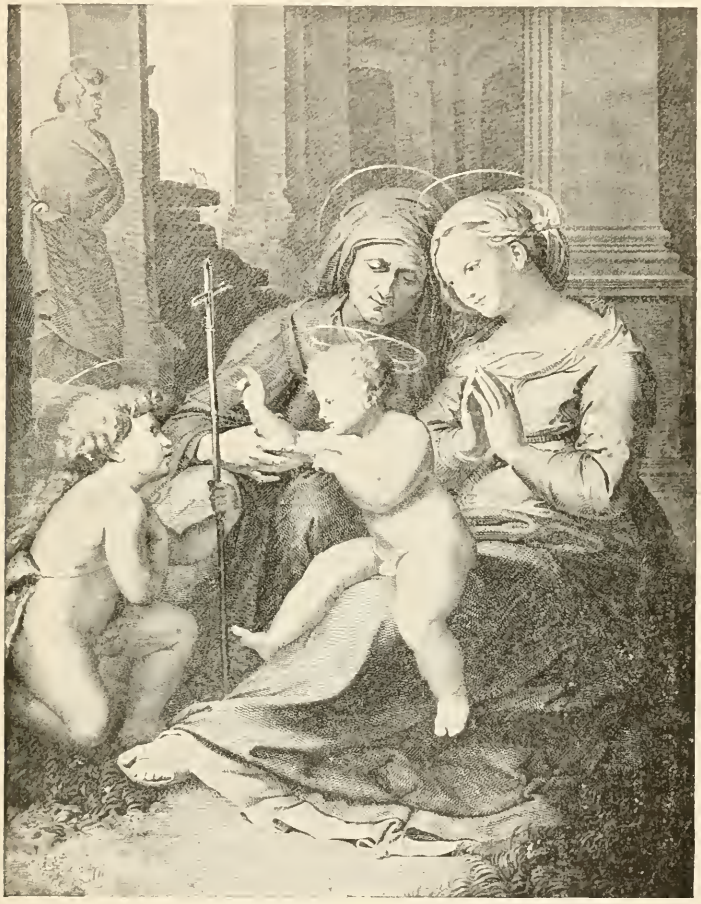
As with the single turn of the key, the Augustinian Monastery, in which Luther resided on his critical visit to Rome, opened a picture gallery in the memory in which are preserved the battle scenes of his mighty struggles for religious freedom. Indeed, with every step one takes in Rome he treads upon invisible wires that reach through the ages and around the world.

The Capucine Cemetery is one of the worst specimens of morbid taste. The vaults are filled with human bones made into ornaments of different kinds. There skeletons lie under canopies of bones upon bone couches. It was suggestive of the recent momentous changes when, in answer to a question whether the monks are still buried there, the custodian (himself a monk) said, "It is forbidden by law." The College of the Propaganda, swarming with students from all countries, whom we saw come forth at the close of their recitations, a polyglot band, from whose talk we caught snatches of every language, as they walked along the streets, demonstrates that those Protestants who think of Romanism as weakening are dreamers.

St. Peter's is vast and commanding, but contains a melange of different types of beauty which mar each other; the dome is perfect; the contents so multifarious as to bewilder. The high altar over the tomb of St. Peter, the confessional boxes for the different languages, the sitting statue of St. Peter with one of the feet much worn by the kisses of devotees, attract attention; but St. John Lateran, where the popes are crowned, is historically more interesting. St. Luke again appears as an artist, and the picture attributed to him, of

Murillo's Sacred Family.

the Virgin and Child, was carried by Gregory the Great in procession to check the plague in 590. The Church claims to have the cedar table on which the Last Supper was eaten.



Raphael's Sacred Family.

The vast palace of the Vatican, in which millions upon millions believe that the vicegerent of God resides, our party entered, not unmindful of the grandeur and comprehensiveness of the assumption, the devotion of those who accept it, and

the power of the ancient organization of which the pope is the head. Italy is to-day independent and free, the pope a voluntary prisoner, his dominions politically restricted to these twenty courts and eleven thousand halls, saloons, and apartments!

The Sistine Chapel and Raphael's Stanze and Loggie are rivals for the palm of modern art. Raphael's Madonna, the invaluable treasure of the picture gallery in Dresden, seems to me to excel in dignity and beauty the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, the Stanze, the Transfiguration, or any other work of Raphael or of Michael Angelo.

St. Paul Without the Walls, formerly held to be the finest church in Rome, but damaged by a fire in 1823, is still a strong competitor with any other ecclesiastical edifice. The critics affirm that it is now showy, and in many respects unpleasing; but the people praise it. It is an astonishingly conspicuous edifice, but from the Roman point of view churchly. In it on the feast day of St. Paul I heard the finest singing that Rome can produce. A man known as the "Angel of Rome," with a remarkably clear feminine voice, was the principal soprano, and the powerful chorus reverberated through the structure in answering waves of melody. St. Paul is said to be buried here, though it is claimed by some that his body with that of St. Peter, is in St. John Lateran.

New Rome is a bustling, building, thriving city. The "dead lion" and, not the "living dog," but a young lion are side by side, and the best descriptive title and the shortest that can be given to the two is, Rome—The Encyclopedic City.

CHAPTER XXII.

Naples—The Wanton Beauty.

Noted Residents of and Visitors to Naples—Beauty of Situation—Cathedral—Miracle of Liquefaction—National Museum—Aquarium—Neapolitan Peculiarities and Morals—*Corso Garibaldi* and *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*—Improvements.

THOUGH Naples is older than Rome, and therefore contemporary with its history, and of Greek origin, it has few Greek or Roman ruins. Nor is its position in art, literature, or science equal to that of any of the important Italian cities. It has "never been able to dispense with the assistance of foreign artists," and the tourist who has been in Venice, Florence, and Rome finds in art comparatively little to interest him in Naples. Relatively to the size of the city, the most populous in the kingdom, there are few fine buildings, the streets generally being narrow and dirty, and the houses high and narrow. Yet, Rome excepted, Naples is the best known and most frequently mentioned city in Italy. Its beauty, vicissitudes, physical and political, extreme liveliness, immorality, and sunny clime account for its fame. The renowned men who have resided here from the earliest times, contribute to its celebrity. It was a favorite resort of Augustus. Virgil lived near Naples, there wrote some of his finest poems, and is said to be buried not far from the city.

It was in the suburbs of Naples that the last monarch of the Western Empire died. In modern times the poet Rogers, Bulwer, and other noted writers, frequented it. Mr. Gladstone has always greatly admired the city, enjoying its climate, scenery, and literary associations. He was there at the time of my visit, receiving high honors; no other Englishman being so popular in Italy as he. Rogers gave loose rein to Pegasus when he wrote of Naples:

> "This region, surely, is not of the earth,
> Was it not dropped from heaven? Not a grove,
> Citron, or pine, or cedar; not a grot,
> Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
> But breathes enchantment."

Among the cities of Europe, in beauty of situation, it has no rival excepting Constantinople. Our hotel (Bristol) is half a mile from the station in the new part of the city, upon a high hill overlooking the bay, the mountains, the old and new towns.

Naples is on the north side of the bay; three islands separating it from the sea—Procida, Ischia, and Capri. To the southeast the bay is bounded by Monte San Angelo—as high as Mount Mansfield in Vermont; north of that eminence rises Vesuvius. In fair weather the bay, thus protected, is smooth as glass, bright as polished silver, reflecting the surrounding mountains and the city in an astonishing manner.

"... Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight."

Whatever the outlook, the Bay of Naples furnishes the ideal of beauty. In storms it is not more grand than other bays, but at sunrise, at sunset, or in midday, it is unsurpassably lovely.

The cathedral is disappointing. Some of the pictures are striking; others of questionable taste. Christ is represented between St. Januarius and Athanasius. Behind the altar are two bottles reputed to contain the blood of St. Januarius, and that furnish the materials for the far-famed miracle which occurs three times a year—in May, September, and December—and is said to last eight days. The legend is that it first liquefied when the body of St. Januarius, who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, was brought to Naples in the time of Constantine. The transformation takes place between nine and ten A. M., and the people think that according as the flow is rapid or slow, it is a good or evil omen for the rest of the year. The day of his martyrdom is September 19, and this is the chief festival on these occasions. Also in times of unusual calamity the head of the martyr and the bottles containing his alleged blood are solemnly carried to the high altar of the cathedral, when the bottles being brought in contact with the head, the blood which they contain is believed to liquefy, and is elevated before the people as an object of veneration, and as a miracle to convince doubters of the truth of Christianity.

The tradition exists that during the reign of Napoleon the priests intended to dispense with the miracle, in order to lead the people to believe that the saint was angry because of the usurpation of Napoleon. The emperor, however, ordered the priests to produce it, and they obeyed. A few of the three hundred churches, such as St. Paul or S. Martino, are interesting, but the majority are ordinary.

I should have been grievously disappointed in Naples, except in its natural scenery, but for the astonishing treasures in the National Museum, which would make any city famous. Everything capable of shedding light upon ancient Greek civilization, and upon the Roman world in the days of Pompeii and Herculaneum, can here be found: caskets, cooking utensils, weapons of war and gladiatorial combats, bronze figures without number, tripods, lamps, candelabra, primitive bas-reliefs, antique vases, marble slabs, drawings, elegant copies of celebrated sculptures and paintings of different epochs; more than two thousand inscriptions, including curious epitaphs; the Christian inscriptions from the catacombs of Rome and Naples, and especially the collection of marble sculptures, containing hundreds of identified statues of the great men of Greece and Rome. The bust of Homer is declared to be "the finest of all the ideal representations of the blind bard." Burckhardt speaks of it as having given him the highest idea of Grecian sculpture, and declares that "the aged brow and cheek are instinct with supernatural mental effort and prophetic inspiration." He adds, that these are combined "with that perfect serenity which ever characterizes the blind." If this refers to the expression, observations in blind asylums have led me to the conclusion that it is sadness rather than serenity which is seen upon their countenances; if to their dispositions, I have not found reason to think that serenity is a special attribute of the blind.

Among the statues are those of Seneca, Brutus, Cicero, Alexander the Great, Euripides, Demosthenes, Socrates, and Herodotus. An American who attached much importance to physiognomy was in the museum on the same occasion, and spoke of the harmony existing between the characters of these men and the expressions given to their countenances by

the artists. But, alas for his theory, "many of the busts, both Greek and Roman, are either unknown or erroneously named."

The Pompeian antiquities and objects of art are of almost incredible number and variety. We lingered among these a long time, especially over the cabinets containing articles of food and utensils in common use at Pompeii. There is a bottle of oil; a double pan with meat; a glass vessel with barley; a tube of olives; loaves of bread, one of which has stamped upon it the baker's name, Celer, slave of Q. Granius Verus; grain, nuts, pears, figs, onions, most of which would grow if planted, and honeycomb. The collection of coins, equally full, is arranged so as to display the Greek, the Roman, the Mediæval, and the Neapolitan; there are many ancient jewels from Herculaneum and Pompeii, of gold, pearls, and precious stones; chain, bracelets, and pair of earrings found with a female skeleton in one of the houses of Pompeii; and ancient terra cottas from the same mine of antiquity.

The Aquarium has the advantage of situation so far south on the Mediterranean, and is unrivaled, containing various species of living coral, several varieties of electric fish, which visitors are allowed to touch, a monstrous devilfish, and other marine monsters. It is under the charge of the Zoological Station, supported by naturalists in all parts of the globe. The governments of Europe and various universities make an annual contribution of about thirteen thousand dollars, in return for which naturalists from those countries are permitted the facilities of the institution for the prosecution of investigations.

The peculiarities of the Neapolitan people, which have caused them to be slightingly spoken of for ages, need careful treatment; for the slander of a city is doing by wholesale what speaking evil of individuals does by retail. The narrowness of the streets and the open-air life of the poorer classes is a feature of oriental rather than of European life, and is the result of the southern climate, in which the inhabitants of cities need the protection from the blazing sun afforded by high and close walls. Vice and virtue are crowded together, and shame, the outpost of morals, has little opportunity for development among the lower orders.

From infancy they make public those things which should be kept private. Pagan vices have been perpetuated as nowhere else, and what was charged by St. Paul against the old Roman world has been committed by the vicious from his day until now.

But what of the morals of the middle and higher classes? I shall not make baseless charges or affirm that the tales of Boccaccio and La Fontaine concerning Neapolitan morality are as applicable now as when they were written. It was a just rebuke to a writer who affirmed that all the women of Paris are frivolous and false, "If it were so, how could *you* know?" But a lightness of disposition, which makes pleasure the end of life, is characteristic of the people. Its effects are everywhere evident in the ostentatious splendor of decoration of the palaces of the nobility, and the houses of those who emulate them; in the vanity and coquettish spirit of women of all classes; in the terrible testimony of official statistics; in the pictures that are most popular; the ideals of art most influential; and in the plays and style of acting most in vogue. A common remark is that the women of Naples are the chief source of its moral and social corruption, but it is impossible for women generally to be bad where men are good.

The climate favors luxury and effeminacy. "The energy and strength of the most powerful nations have invariably succumbed to this alluring influence. Greeks, Oscans, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, Germans, and Spaniards have in succession been masters of the place, yet it has rarely attained even a transient reputation in the annals of politics, art, or literature." I observed strong resemblances between the people of Seville and Naples, yet there is one marked difference. Naples is a lively, bustling place; whether one go among the finer business streets, into the region of small shops, or to the quays, all is life and activity. One thing should be said, Naples is not as bad as it once was; at least, a decent regard to the sentiment of the age has led to the concealment of many things which travelers of thirty or fifty years ago described as shamefully public. And other cities have become worse. I believe that to-day Naples is as moral as Vienna.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*"

"See Naples, and then die!" Yea, I have seen Naples and shall die, and so will those who do not see it. The significance of this vain proverb is that, after having seen Naples, there is no hope of seeing anything so fine in this world. But beautiful as sunset is on the Bay of Naples, it did not surpass, if it equaled, one that I enjoyed on Lake Champlain.

In the United States we have a thousand beauteous lakes and noble and pleasant bays in every variety of climate, but they are without the historic associations which have made Naples famous, nor are they accessible, as it is, to the peoples of many nations.

Probably the greatest day in the history of Naples was the 7th of October, 1860, when, side by side, King Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi entered Naples. Their names are perpetuated by the *Corso Garibaldi* and the *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, the latter as a work of engineering is no mean accomplishment, being carried by windings and viaducts around the hills of St. Elmo and the Posilippo. The genuineness of Virgil's Tomb is doubtful, but we learn from his own works that he composed the Georgics and the Æneid on the Posilippo, where he had a villa.

Our ride through the worst parts of the city left no room for wonder at the devastation of the plague nor at the prevalence of vice; but in a short time the traveler will find Naples one of the cleanest municipalities upon the globe. Plans had then been adopted for the destruction of seven thousand houses and sixty-two churches in the most populous and squalid sections of the city.

Among the objects to be destroyed were the monuments of twenty kings and sixty viceroys. Where more than a hundred and eighty thousand people, or six hundred to the acre, have been crowded, fine, broad streets will be laid out, and well-built houses erected. These improvements had been in contemplation ever since the awful cholera epidemic of 1884, but the final arrangements were not perfected until a few months before. I may add that twelve thousand laborers were set to work on the first day of July, 1889, and the improvements were expected to take four years.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Vesuvius and Pompeii.

Ascent of Vesuvius—At the Summit—History of the Volcano—Edge of the Crater — The Descent — Pompeii — Streets — Houses — Baths—Theater—Pathetic Discoveries.

I had never seen in action a volcano which had been seriously destructive to the works or lives of men, and felt an intense curiosity to see Vesuvius, the most active volcano, standing in territory occupied by civilized man; the most destructive and historically noteworthy, though by no means the loftiest; the most strikingly situated, frequently observed and investigated by science.

While I was in Algiers a cable dispatch announced that Vesuvius showed signs of activity; and soon another stated that it was in a state of eruption. It was too much to expect—and since none can foretell the results of its action, hardly the thing to desire—that the display should continue until our arrival. But at 10 o'clock, on our first evening in Naples, I stepped out upon the roof of the hotel and saw in the darkness what seemed like incessant flashes of heat lightning rising perpendicularly, apparently within a few hundred yards. A guest informed me that it was the lurid light of Vesuvius, but the feeblest display which had been seen for many nights, owing to dense clouds. The next day was stormy, and not till the fourth was the weather suitable for an ascent.

A railroad extends to within a hundred and fifty yards of the edge of the crater. It was out of order, whereof I was glad, for "though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak," and we might have yielded to the temptation to ride luxuriously to the summit. After going by train to the station, horses were procured near Torre Annunziata. Our route led across a plain three or four miles long, gradually ascending until a height of twenty-four hundred feet was attained. Much of it

was covered with grass, other parts being carefully cultivated. All around were evidences of peaceful security, and only the mysterious crust of lava, heaps of slag, and loose ashes would suggest anything extraordinary. The cone rises twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the place where horses are left. It consists of disintegrated lava, ashes, and a material much like writing sand in color and appearance, and resembles an old-fashioned cone of loaf sugar.

Vesuvius and Pompeii.

To ascend is difficult, requiring an hour and a quarter of laborious climbing. Subterranean detonations, resembling distant thunder and causing a perceptible trembling of the earth, made it impossible not to realize that we were walking over fiery abysses and approaching "the Forge of Vulcan."

Dense masses of smoke and hot vapors of a sulphurous odor rendered the summit invisible. As we drew nearer these vapors burst at our feet from fissures in the lava. Suddenly the guide, hastening forward a few feet, declared that this was the work of the last twenty-four hours. There upon the earth

was the fresh yellow discharge, still too hot to be taken up in the hand. I supposed it to be sulphur, but found it to consist of lava colored by chloride of iron. That which I brought away turned black within six hours.

Lines of demarcation were easily traced between the lava deposits of different eruptions. The rocks were sooty and would crumble easily. The effect of the eruptions changes the height of the mountain, which varies from thirty-nine hundred to forty-three hundred feet. The ancient summit was destroyed in the first recorded outbreak. We paused a moment for rest before the final ascent to the edge of the crater. The smoke was suffocating, unpleasantly affecting our throats and innermost parts of the breathing apparatus, and it was as dark as a London fog.

During that pause I reviewed the history of this mountain of terror. In the time of Augustus it was merely conjectured, from the ashes on the summit, that it might have been a volcano, but that, if so, its fires were extinct. In 63 and 64 A. D. fearful earthquakes destroyed that hope. But on August 24, 79, took place that appalling eruption, the first recorded, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii and affrighted the world. Down to the year 1500 nine eruptions are recorded; since that period more than fifty. From 1500 to 1631 it was so quiet that the mountain was covered with trees and cattle grazed within the crater. Then came an outburst which threw stones fifteen miles, one of them twenty-five tons in weight; seven streams of lava poured from the summit; three thousand persons perished. In 1707 Naples was covered with dense showers of ashes. In 1779 red-hot stones weighing a hundred pounds were hurled two thousand feet into the air. In 1861 there was a frightful outbreak, witnessed by eminent scientists. Ten years later Vesuvius discharged a stream of lava a thousand yards wide and twenty feet deep, and sent up smoke mingled with red-hot stones four thousand feet, and clouds of ashes to twice that height. Sometimes the ashes have been found as far away as Constantinople.

Girding ourselves for the remaining task, we pressed forward to the edge of the crater, the heat of the surface upon which we walked becoming so intense as to threaten the destruction of

our boots. At last the full terror and splendor of the scene was before us. High in the air were hurled stones, ten or fifteen feet in diameter, accompanied by ashes and smoke, which, as they rose and fell back into the crater, seemed the result of sudden successive explosions. With the high wind caused by the heat, the black masses of aqueous vapor, the smoke, the vivid light, the roar, and the spectacle of these stones rising hundreds of feet, it was vividly suggestive of doomsday. Yet in comparison with the premonitory earthquakes, day turned into night, the extraordinary agitation of the sea, dense clouds overhanging land and sea riven by incessant flashes of lightning, the emission of fire and ashes, the descent of streams of lava, and the universal terror of man as described by Pliny in a letter to the historian Tacitus, what we saw must have been but as the overture before the full swell of Pluto's chorus.

There is always danger. Not long before we were there a gentleman was struck by a stone and seriously injured. In 1854 a young German approaching too near the shelving brink, exposed himself to the fumes, lost his footing, fell in, and was killed.

The volcano is to-day, as it has been through the ages, the king of physical terrors, and one of the unsolved mysteries of science. A common working hypothesis is that volcanoes are connected with the waters of the sea; that the vast quantities of steam result from the contact of the water with burning liquids, and that the earthquakes are caused by expanding gases.

The descent of the cone was accomplished in ten minutes, although we sank above our knees in the black, disintegrated lava; but so steep was the declivity that gravity pushed us down upon a rapid run. The long line of catastrophes has not deterred the inhabitants from rebuilding their towns.

Before going to Pompeii I had visited the museum already described; for the most valuable frescoes, as well as nearly all the ornamental paintings, tomb inscriptions, bronzes, busts and statuettes, armor, helmets and weapons, vases, household utensils, lamps, candelabra, musical and surgical instruments, scales and weights, mirrors, ink holders, bells, compasses.

coins, cut gems, gold and silver objects—in fact, everything found in Herculaneum and Pompeii had been removed there.

Pompeii, though so old, was never large. It was on a river near the sea, and had much inland commerce. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and other convulsions of nature have separated it from both sea and river. It was long prosperous and a popular resort of the Romans. Its first shock was in 63, when by an earthquake a large part of it was destroyed. Being rebuilt in the then modern style, sixteen years subsequently it was utterly destroyed. The destruction was not by lava, but by ashes and red-hot fragments of pumice stone. The whole can be told in a few words: "The first premonitory symptom was a dense shower of ashes, the stratum of which covered the town to the depth of about three feet. . . . The ashes were followed by a shower of red-hot *rappili*, or pumice stone, of all sizes, which covered the town to the depth of seven or eight feet, and was succeeded by fresh showers of ashes, and again by *rappili*." This completely enveloped the city. After the first shower the inhabitants escaped, but many returned, and it is supposed that two thousand were lost. Excavations were carried on irregularly for a long time, but of late years with scientific thoroughness.

Little more than half the place has been excavated, yet the work has been done so beautifully that the town seems like a picture artistically painted upon a horizontal wall. We walked along the streets as the inhabitants walked; we entered their houses by the doors through which they passed, and went from room to room as one might go through houses offered for rental. The streets that have pavements are not more than eight yards wide, the alleys from ten to fourteen feet. They are paved with blocks of lava. The ruts made by the wagons and the impressions of the horses' hoofs still remain. Some of the streets, as in modern cities, were devoted to shops and stores. In the finer avenues are large buildings occupied by their owners, the lower stories of which were rented as shops. Little glass was used, therefore most of the houses presented blank walls to the streets.

I noticed the similarity between these houses and those of the Moors in Algiers and Morocco. Like those, these were

built with internal courts, providing the chambers fronting upon them with light; the roof sloped inward and had an opening in the center; there was a court, the middle of which was laid out as a garden, and beyond were servants' rooms, to whom also the upper floor appears to have been given. The public buildings include temples, theater, forum, and baths.

The archæologists in charge of the excavations have been compelled to name the streets and public buildings, and have done so with excellent taste. The baths are elaborate, containing marble basins for washing the hands and face with cold water, others for warm water, baths for women, chambers for disrobing. The customhouse, several bake houses, and the residence of a surgeon have been identified.

The principal theater is perfectly preserved, and would seat five thousand persons, the amphitheater twenty thousand. The aspect of the buildings is that of a very prosperous town. Many of the baths and larger rooms of the houses are frescoed in a style still pleasing. Here is no life, yet it is not a cemetery. When men die one by one successors speedily occupy their places of abode and business, so that the city continues. It is here rather as if a population had been spirited away and a horde of vandals had denuded their dwellings.

It has been common to speak of Pompeii as an excessively wicked city, and of its destruction as a judgment, and extravagant tales have been told of the evidences of the grossest licentiousness which the excavations have revealed. I have seen these remains, but find no evidence that this was any worse than hundreds of other ancient cities, and think the idea that the town was given up to the lowest forms of wickedness contrary to all the presumptions. It would be possible to collect from the depraved sections of several American cities as many evidences of bestiality relatively to the population in those quarters as were found in Pompeii. The houses generally were as free from objectionable decorations and inscriptions as those of similar classes to-day. Naples—as vile as Pompeii ever was—and hundreds of other towns have sinned for ages undestroyed.

Pompeii was destroyed by natural causes. It might have

been ruined if the center of all the piety known to the ancient world: or those upon whom the ashes and lava of Vesuvius fell and slew them, think you that they were sinners above all the men that dwelt in Italy? The voice of Him who never misinterpreted natural events may be heard saying: "I tell you, Nay." The lesson of Pompeii is the simple lesson of the uncertainty of life.

Pathetic indeed were the scenes revealed by the excavations. In the Villa Diomedes is a vaulted cellar. Eighteen bodies of women and children who had provided themselves with food and gone down into the vault were found, half-buried in the ashes with their heads wrapped up. Near the garden door was the supposed proprietor, with the key in his hand; and beside him a slave bearing valuables and money. In the museum are casts of bodies just as they were found; one of a young girl with a ring on her finger.

In one aspect Pompeii is of greater value than it would have been if it had continued to this day. In that case it would have undergone many changes, and, like Naples, would be practically a modern town. As it is, it affords the means of knowing what an ancient Roman town was. "The earth with faithful watch has hoarded all." I obtained in three hours a clearer idea of old Roman domestic life than the reading of a lifetime had given me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Italian People.

Excitability—Vanity—Superstition—Patience—Simplicity — Improvement — Ignorance—Loretto—Religious Relics and Alleged Miracles—Work of Protestants—Opposition Encountered.

THE Italians are imaginative, and of extreme sensibility, living like players upon a stage, doing everything in high-pitched dramatic style. Their gestures are vehement and numerous, and their demonstrations graceful, but verging upon the boisterous. To music, art, etiquette, display, they are always responsive. They are lovers of fine dress, and expend an undue proportion of means upon it.

They are nearly as excitable as the Spaniards, especially in the South, but differ from them in not being indolent, as the Italian cannot sit all day doing nothing. They are passionate, but not so vindictive as is generally supposed. The terrible and truthful tales of the Italian vendetti, the typical assassins of implacable revenge, transmitted from father to son and to next of kin, continuing until one or both of the hostile clans are annihilated, do not apply to the whole population anywhere, nor does the custom extend to all parts of the country.

Like all people accustomed to display, they are vain, and the cheap titles which are so numerous contribute to and stimulate it. They are not so volatile as the French, and have more genuineness; politeness is less a matter of fencing, or of effort to say the most and to mean the least.

Superstition is common, oscillating between fatalism and credulous belief in signs, omens, and all sorts of supernatural fancies, and mingling with it is a decidedly irreverent tendency. For example, the wine which was offered to us in our visits to Vesuvius and Pompeii is called *Lacrimæ Christi*—the tears of Christ.

Strange as it may seem to some, I am inclined to the opinion that the Italians have a kind of oriental patience, and

are not a specially turbulent people. I might go further and say that underneath their vehemence and the violence of their gesticulations there is considerable genuine loyalty to law. A circumstance occurred while we were at Rome that illustrates this trait. Large numbers of the peasantry had been brought into the city to do certain work. The contractors failing to keep them employed, they were thrown on their own resources, and suffered for want of food until their condition became intolerable. Appealing in vain to the government, they rose and went through the streets demolishing windows, and for a few hours it appeared as though Rome was at the mercy of a mob. But they did no wanton destruction beyond what has been stated. Their object was to draw the attention of the whole people to their condition, and by their moderation, which would hardly have characterized a similar mob in most other nations, they excited sympathy. Government action was taken; many were sent home, others employed, and arrangements made for payment.

Many things led me to think that the peasantry of Italy have almost a childish simplicity and subservience, from which they depart only under transient excitement; then their passions are terrible, because like those of children in excitability and defective self-control, and those of men in strength.

These comments are general. Among thirty millions of Italian population are hundreds of thousands that might serve as models in every particular in the points of unfavorable criticism mentioned. It should be added that improvement is taking place. Mr. Gladstone has written his impressions of the difference between thirty-nine years ago, the occasion of his last visit, and 1889, in the *Nineteenth Century*, and, without knowing by observation anything about what he saw on the former occasion, his representations of the vast improvement are confirmed by the facts. No nation is improving more rapidly than Italy. The Italian quarter in New York city is worse than any that I saw in the country whence those immigrants come. Open-air life in Italy is less favorable to the accumulation of filth than the necessarily confined situation in which are placed the poorer classes who come to

the United States; nor do we see in this country many of the better classes of the peasantry.

Several conditions may be relied upon to foster the spirit of improvement: the freedom of the press—wholly unknown in Italy until within a few years—and the increasing circulation of cheap publications. So many of these are ephemeral and fictitious that it has been truthfully said that the average Italian would rather "enjoy a fiction than know a fact." Others are historical, geographical, literary, hygienic, and an increasing proportion of these are bought by the people.

Notwithstanding the just claim of Italy in sculpture, architecture, and painting, in music and poetry, and the number of universities, the immense majority of the inhabitants are very ignorant, and to this day the greater part remain without even the rudiments of education. The Italian government is making strenuous efforts to improve the intellectual life of the country. The press is absolutely free. Perhaps in no part of Europe is it more so. Unfortunately, it is largely in the hands of freethinkers, many of them Jews, so that an infidel spirit is plainly discernible in most of the papers, especially those generally read. Many lawyers and professional men are freethinkers, not a few of whom, for political purposes, remain in the Church. There can be little doubt that the spirit of unbelief is rapidly spreading among Italians, more particularly among the men.

At Verona is exhibited, for the edification of the pious and the gratification of the curious, the skin of an ass. It is affirmed that this is the skin of the animal on which our Lord rode, and that the ass, after having had such an illustrious rider, refused ever to bear another. He made his way to Venice, where he rang the bell of a convent. As the porter did not recognize him, he kept on to Verona, and there rang a bell, was instantly recognized, admitted, lived a long and holy life, died in the odor of sanctity, and his skin is preserved and exhibited as incontrovertible evidence of the truth of the account.

There is a town called Loretto, fifteen miles from Ancona, which originated thus: The Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, made a pilgrimage to the house of the Virgin

at Nazareth, in the year 336, and built a church over it. The church decayed, and then the Casa Santa was miraculously transplanted by the hands of angels, in 1291, to a point on the coast of Dalmatia. It remained there undisturbed three years, when it was transplanted by angels, during the night, to the spot where it now is, and placed on the ground of a widow named Laureta, where it was inclosed in a church, and a city has sprung up around it. The place consists principally of a single long street, full of booths for the sale of rosaries, medals, and images. A half million pilgrims go there annually.

In the Church of St. Paul Without the Walls I saw hundreds kissing the chain with which St. Paul was bound, and afterward visited the Church of the Three Fountains, built at the spot where St. Paul is said to have been executed. It is claimed that when his head was cut off it made three distinct leaps, and immediately there sprang up three fountains. The church stands on the very spot, and contains the springs. The Trappist monks having charge of the place peddle rosaries and eucalyptus liquor at ten cents a glass.

On the way to the catacombs we entered a little chapel, where a monk showed us a marble slab on which Christ stood and turned Peter back, when he met him running away from Rome. The mark of our Lord's feet is there, an eighth of an inch deep, imprinted "as if the cold pavement were a sod." From the statue of Christ, near by, the pilgrims have kissed away one foot, and notwithstanding they possess the impress of the divine, they have restored in bronze the foot, and have not followed the sacred pattern. In one case the great toe is much longer than the second toe, in the other considerably shorter.

The religious work done by Protestants is prosecuted by several sects, of which the larger number are of foreign origin. But the Waldensians stand first numèrically, and, historically considered, are entitled to honor for their stanch adherence to Protestant principles. It is as noble a chapter as the annals of Christian heroism contain. They have more than four thousand communicants in Italy proper, but are not aggressive. On account of their methods their rate of prog-

ress always has been, and must of necessity be, slow. The Free Church has less than two thousand communicants, and from the beginning has been more a political than a religious movement. Gavazzi, their great orator and patriot, died while I was in Italy, and the memorial addresses and services were proceeding in the different cities during most of my stay in the country. He hoped that the Waldensians and the Free Church would unite, and that the body would take the name of the Evangelical Church of Italy. Since the failure of this proposition the Free Church has made little progress. Besides these, there are six hundred English and American Baptists, about fifteen hundred Presbyterians, and the English and American Methodists. The Plymouth Brethren also do a limited work.

Other forms of Christianity encounter immense difficulties in Italy. The poor Italian says within himself: "How can I succeed if the Church is against me? When I am old who will take care of me? Can I die under the ban of the Church, and leave my wife and children to mourn me as a lost soul? Can I be refused burial among my ancestors?" Comparatively few are ready for such a sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXV.

Going Down to Egypt.

Brindisi—Coast of Greece—Candia—Gaudo—Coast of Egypt—Arriving in Alexandria—Pharos—View of City and Harbor from the Base of Pompey's Pillar—Site of Cleopatra's Needles—Journey to Cairo.

At Naples our party of two became three by the addition of an old friend, Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft, Principal of Phillips Andover Academy, Massachusetts, who, in accordance with previous arrangements, joined us there. Rising at daylight on the second of February, we rode several hundred miles over mountains and plains, through olive orchards, tunnels, among aqueducts, impressive ruins, and in sight of villages situated high on mountain sides, flourishing towns, populous cities, castles, cathedrals, battlefields, which kept eye and mind busy through the long day, until, in the shades of evening, we caught a glimpse of the Adriatic as we rolled into the station of Brindisi, where we spent a quiet Sabbath. The chief relics of antiquity are near the hotel, and consist of a high column of Greek marble, with an ornate capital, and the remains of another pillar.

On the morning of February 4 we sailed for Egypt on the Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Hydaspes*. One half the passengers were English, one third American, and the remainder of different nationalities. Early the next morning the coast of Greece appeared, and we ran within sight of it for twenty-four hours. The irregular masses of the Morea first burst upon our vision, and beyond them the lofty mountains of Arcadia.

Some of the passengers claimed to identify Mount St. Elias, the highest point in the Morea; but while they dogmatized I doubted, as its appearance would overthrow all the geographies in the world. We sailed so close to Navarino, where was fought the great battle between Ibrahim Pasha and the allied forces of England, France, and Russia, which was

undoubtedly preliminary and essential to the independence of Greece, that we could have followed the evolutions of a regiment with the naked eye.

For hours we were within sight of Candia (ancient Crete). An old traveler familiar with the island assured us that St. Paul's words concerning the Cretans, which he quotes from one of their own writers, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," are as true of the people now as then. The island belongs to Turkey, but three fourths of the population are Greek and belong to the Greek Church.

Luke's account of his voyage with Paul along the same coasts says that they meant to winter in one of the ports of Crete, and thought they could do so, owing to favorable winds, "but not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon. And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up, . . . running under a certain island which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat." Clauda (Gaudo) now has a revolving light, which stands on the summit of the island eleven hundred and eighty-one feet above the sea. We saw this light, which flashes once a minute, at a distance of twenty miles.

After four days of fine weather and smooth seas, the long sandy coast of Egypt appeared about daybreak in dim outline. In the best light the highest parts only are visible eighteen miles away, but the general coast line cannot be seen until the vessel is within twelve or fourteen miles. The passengers were all on deck, and soon were seen the breakwater, with its lighthouse, the forts, the ruined palace of Said Pasha, the quarries from which the stone was brought to construct the breakwater, stretching away to the westward until those are reached from which the stone was taken to build the ancient city. The cove was pointed out near which Napoleon landed his troops July 1, 1798, in order to march on Alexandria. Ships now go up to the pier, and no such difficulties with boatmen as former travelers complained of were experienced by us.

I was landing in Egypt, "the cradle of history and of human culture," of which Herodotus, in words which have been used a thousand times to introduce books, essays, letters, and lec-

tures upon Egypt, said four hundred and fifty-six years before Christ: "It contains more wonders than any other land, and is prominent above all the countries in the world for works that one can hardly describe." When General Grant, after his tour around the world, met Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell University, he said to him: "After Egypt there is nothing."

I was also in Alexandria, a name which causes one to think of him who founded it to be the emporium of the world; of its rapid prosperity as a commercial center through which "the lucrative trade of Arabia and India flowed to the capital and provinces of the empire;" of its schools, its grammarians, philosophers, astronomers, physicians, poets, orators. In Alexandria the Septuagint was made, and to its museum and libraries students flocked from every land. Alexandria was not only the chief factor in the world's early intellectual growth; it was historically related to the development of Christianity as no other city. It was because of the dispute between Alexander, the patriarch of Alexandria, and Arius, that the Council of Nice was convened, which settled for the orthodox Church the doctrine of the deity of Jesus Christ. Athanasius here fulfilled the order of his course as a deacon, and after he had persuaded the Council of Nice by his eloquence, entered upon a stormy career as bishop, and here, after being deposed, banished, and restored several times, he died in peace.

From having sunk to a population of five thousand Alexandria has of late years increased to a quarter of a million and again become important. The ruins are so few and accessible that there is nothing to detain the traveler long. The site of the ancient Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, claims the first place, though no ruins remain. It was a lighthouse constructed of white marble, several stories high, each successive story diminished in size, and having a gallery around it supported on the outer circle of the story beneath. Near the spot is a castle now known as Fort Pharos. Pompey's Pillar is of beautiful red granite, and stands on a height whose name is derived from the Roman Prefect Pompeius, who erected it in honor of Diocletian.

A fine view of the city and harbor is obtained from the base

of the monument, which was probably the highest ground in the ancient city. Near it is a Mohammedan cemetery, and we met two long funeral processions. There seemed a solemnity and a weirdness not unmingled with pathos in the monotonous chants and wailings of the mourners, who elevated above their heads the uncoffined body upon a kind of bier, and passed along seemingly oblivious of their surroundings. We reverently took off our hats, but noticed that the passing Egyptians paid no attention to the ceremonies. Funerals are so numerous in all the cities of Egypt as to suggest the prevalence of an epidemic; men come to regard them as ordinary scenes.

We made a journey to the site formerly occupied by Cleopatra's Needles, but did not see them, for the sufficient reason that one is in London, and the other in Central Park, in the city of New York. Originally they were erected at Heliopolis, and were transported to Alexandria in the eighth year of Augustus. In the year 1800 one was standing, and the other fallen. The latter was given to the English by Mohammed Ali, but was not moved till 1877, when the late Professor Erasmus Wilson and another gentleman furnished the money. It was encased in an iron cylinder and rolled into the sea, fitted up with a rudder, deck house, and cabin, named the *Cleopatra*, and taken in tow by a steamer. Encountering many storms, it was abandoned in the Bay of Biscay, but was finally found, towed to London, and in October, 1878, set up on the Thames embankment. The other was presented to the government of the United States by Ismail Pasha, and was erected in Central Park January 22, 1881.

An English writer thus speaks of the removal of these monuments: "Some may be of opinion that it would have been a more noble monument to England had this buried obelisk been reerected beside its fellow on its native soil; but few will hesitate to stamp as sacrilege the removal of the remaining one from the place where it had so long stood and its transport to the United States." Here in perfection is the art of putting things! If the removal of most of the many remains of antiquity from their original sites for purposes of science or ornamentation or popular interest is to be branded as sacrilege, there is scarce an ancient temple or mediæval structure that

ought not to have the word *fraud* inscribed upon it, and that noble institution, the British Museum, which has done so much for the education of the modern world, should be entitled "The Depository of the Results of Sacrilegious Plunder." Egypt has ruins enough and to spare, though the present jealousy of foreign explorers and travelers can be trusted to protect all existing remains of importance.

Toward evening we left the city by the express train for Cairo, distant one hundred and twenty-eight miles.

Around Alexandria are well-cultivated gardens, and the whole country, profusely irrigated, appears fruitful and flourishing. Long lines of camels could be seen on the banks of the canal and of the Nile, and processions of donkeys heavily laden. The most diverting of these scenes was a string of twenty camels tied together, preceded by a diminutive donkey which piloted the procession, as a steam tug sometimes takes out to sea an ocean steamer a hundred times larger than itself. Cotton fields; wide expanses of grass; distant villages, built of mud and placed on heights to escape the annual floods, surrounded by palms, minarets gracefully rising above them; hundreds of men, women, and children on foot; crowds in picturesque costumes at all the stations, made a splendid panorama which introduced to us Egyptian life and manners.

At length the walls of Cairo appeared, and soon the train shot into the station. The railroad over which we traveled was the first built in the Orient, and dates from 1855. The great Stephenson was the engineer, and it was his plan by this road, together with an extension from Cairo to Suez, to meet the commercial needs which the Suez Canal effectually supplies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Cairo—The "Mother of the World," and Heliopolis

Strange Scenes—Citadel and Mosque of Mohammed Ali—Mosque of Sultan Hassan—Mosque of Amer at Old Cairo—Island of Roda—Nilometer—Palace of Gezireh and of the Khedive—The Only Egyptian Lunatic Asylum—Virgin's Tree—Heliopolis—Ostrich Farm.

As soon as possible we plunged into the street and were absorbed in the ceaseless crowd. The streets are narrow and irregular, and of sidewalks there are none worthy the name in the principal Arab quarters. Donkeys and camels without number are forcing their way through. Different races of men, with their costumes and cries, move in and out; a wild masquerade dance is the only figure of speech which will convey any idea of the scene. Loud, hoarse, and dissonant yells in languages unlike those of Europe, threaten with rupture the tympanum of every foreign ear.

The barber shops are open to the street, and in the course of a few hours' walk a hundred barbers could be seen rapidly shaving the heads of their customers. Men run in advance of coaches and by the side of donkeys. With these are mingled camels, whose drivers are constantly yelling to persons to get out of the way. They specify the part of the body in danger of collision, uttering, in Arabic, such directions as, "Your left side," "Your right side, girl," "Your back, lady." Water carriers work their way about, a few selling the water, but the majority giving it, being paid by some one who tells them to do so. They utter cries equivalent to "May God recompense me!" When they are accompanied by their employers they ejaculate, "God forgive thy sins!" Instead of calling the names of their vegetables, those who sell them use such expressions as, "God will make thee light, O lemons!" meaning that he will make the baskets that hold them light. Wandering cooks go about setting up their kitchens anywhere, and cook fish, puddings, and whatever they have,

while their customers sit crosslegged along the side of the street.

Nearly all the mechanics work with doors and windows open, and many of them in the street. It is surprising to see what excellent work is done with primitive tools. Auctioneers run to and fro, calling out their wares and the last bids. Peddlers carry tables on their heads and set them up wherever they fancy. All is done in the best of humor, but with excessive voice and gesture. The vender of roses cries, "The rose was a thorn, but the sweat of the Prophet caused it to blossom." Beggars add to the confusion by screaming, "I am the guest of God and the Prophet;" and toward night, "My supper must be thy gift, O Lord." Here and there are rings of spectators witnessing feats of legerdemain.

Amid all this a funeral procession may come, pushing its way through, preceded by camels bearing bread and water to give to the poor at the tomb, though this is not done when the deceased was poor. Singers follow chanting the usual formulas, then friends, and finally the promiscuous crowds. An astonishing snapping of whips goes on continually. Some sound almost as loud as pistol shots, and every one who has a whip does his best to make the loudest possible crack. The ordinary method of traveling about the city is upon donkeys. The person who hires a donkey mounts it, and the donkey boy runs by his side, never appearing in the least degree weary.

These are but a few, taken almost at random, of the elements of the confusion. I should certainly have lost my head if I had not previously visited the stock exchanges in New York, London, Paris, and Hamburg. Unmoved amid all this are hundreds, sitting in the doors of the coffee houses, drinking coffee, or smoking peculiar pipes that have contrivances for the smoke to pass through water, and afterward to be drawn through tubes from six to ten feet in length. These loiterers look as serene as if upon the shady bank of a stream on a midsummer's day.

Above the uproar, at certain hours, the cry of the muezzin, from the minarets of the hundreds of mosques, falls upon

the ear, calling the people to prayer, and the majority respond; but few minutes are devoted to the act. In the bazaars many a dealer who does not happen to have a customer can be seen reading the Koran. The crowd rushes by, and this man sits crosslegged, not more than three feet from it, entirely absorbed in his devotional book, but is ready at a second's notice to drop it, his abstracted look disappearing, and a keen eye for a bargain taking its place.

Turbans are quite a study. While Arabs from the earliest times have distinguished their religious divisions, families, and tribal connections by the color of their turbans, it is now impossible to decide absolutely upon any general principle. The descendants of the Prophet, called Sherifs, wear green turbans, but they are now frequently worn by pilgrims to Mecca. Scholars and priests generally wear wide turbans of light color, and non-Mohammedans generally wear dark turbans; the Copts adopt the blue, and the Jews the yellow color; but even this, though dating from a decree four hundred years old, is no longer a certain method of identifying the wearer. It is stated that an orthodox turban worn by a Mohammedan is seven times as long as his head, so that it can be used as his winding sheet, and that wearing it may remind him of his mortality.

The crowds that fill the streets where business is done would deceive a stranger as to the population of the city. When one steps out of these streets he finds few people during business hours; the women are in their houses, the men gone to their places of trade. In the middle of the day, if it is at all warm, traffic ceases as if by magic; but about two o'clock, the *siesta* being finished, the rush begins and continues until late in the afternoon. These scenes never palled nor grew monotonous during our various visits to Cairo.

Having spent the first morning in the street, we went in the afternoon to the Citadel and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, passing through the Ezbekiyeh, the finest public garden in the city. The citadel was built by the great Salaheddin, the site said to be selected merely because it was found that meat would keep fresh twice as long there as anywhere else. From it one has a view of the city, the desert, the distant Pyramids, "the City of the Tombs," the Nile, and the plains that

neither words nor pencil can worthily present. Harriet Martineau says: "I would entreat any stranger to see this view first in the evening before sunset." We saw it at this hour. She says that the city "looks a perfect wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas, minarets, and palm tops, . . . speaks of the fawn-colored domes of the City of Tombs rising against the somewhat darker sand of the desert, and the river gleaming and winding away from the dim south into the blue distance of the north, the green strips of cultivation on its banks delighting the eye amid the yellow sands." Two mosques are connected with the citadel—the old mosque, now disused, and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. The day was Friday, and after exploring the Mosque of Mohammed Ali we were obliged to retire on account of the approach of the hour of prayer, but had the opportunity of looking in at the windows.

On this hill, March 1, 1811, the famous order of Mamelukes was extinguished by a massacre ordered by Mohammed Ali; he had grown weary of their schemes against his authority, arranged for their massacre, and invited them to a reception. They were at that time the finest cavalry in the world, and did not suspect their fate. When they entered the fortification, as the portcullis fell behind the last, they saw their danger; four hundred and sixty of them and eight hundred more in the city were slaughtered.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan is considered the finest in Cairo, and one of the most superb monuments of Mohammedan architecture. It is in a somewhat dilapidated condition, but evidences of its former grandeur are not lacking. It is built of blocks brought from the Pyramids. It has oftentimes served as a fortress, and in one spot is a dark stain of blood, of which the legend says that the Sultan slew with his own hand his unfaithful prime minister. A gloomy grandeur relieved only by the graceful minaret and the majestic arch is its chief characteristic.

There are about two hundred and seventy mosques in Cairo, and more than two hundred chapels. In general terms, whether ancient Mameluke or Turkish, they consist of open courts, of a broad niche in the wall looking toward Mecca, a stone or wooden pulpit, a platform, a portico, a desk for the

Koran, a tank for washing, a canopy supported by columns, a dome, a mausoleum, a minaret, and a tower resembling it, but not having balconies. Of the oldest style the Mosque of Amer at Old Cairo is a conspicuous example. We went to see it, on the way passing the aqueduct. It is held to be the most ancient mosque in Egypt, is three hundred and fifty feet square, and shows the original mosque plan, never having been a church. At the entrance is a single line of columns, at the sides three deep, and at the end six deep, amounting to nearly two hundred and fifty. One of the columns is said to have come there miraculously from Mecca. In one corner is the tomb of the founder, and in another a spring. The more superstitious Mussulmans think that this spring communicates with the holy well at Mecca, and state in proof that a pilgrim lost a ring in that well in Mecca, and afterward found it in this spring. This mosque in 1808 witnessed an extraordinary scene. At the usual time of the rising of the Nile it began to fall. The whole land was filled with dismay, and all the Mohammedan priesthood, the Latin, Greek, and Coptic clergy, in fact, the clergy of every Christian sect, and all the Jewish rabbis in Cairo assembled in this ancient mosque to pray for the rise of the water. Though the water rose, this union under stress did not destroy their ancestral hatred of each other.

The island of Roda lies opposite Old Cairo, being separated from it by a narrow branch of the Nile. The Arabs declare it to be the site of the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter; accordingly a beautiful palm on the island is called Moses' Tree. When the Nile rises to an unusual height the whole island is under water and boats sail across it.

The Nilometer is a square chamber having a graduated pillar that rises from the bottom to the top. The scale measures seventeen cubits, each twenty-seven and seven sixteenths of an inch long, but the regular cubit as now used in Cairo is only fourteen and one fourth. This Nilometer is supposed to have existed more than a thousand years. When we were there it showed the river to be within two feet of the lowest point, a fact of which we afterward had a very unpleasant demonstration. When the Nile begins to rise the fact is pro-

claimed about the streets of Cairo by criers, each of whom has his district. It generally rises from twenty-one to twenty-six feet. It has been charged that the government sometimes "doctors the returns" in order to make plausible reasons for additional taxation.

We were exceedingly fortunate in the courier obtained for Cairo and vicinity. His name was Mohammed Abdel Rahman, and he proved the most competent conductor we found in all the East. Making no pretense beyond his knowledge, using few words, never obtruding nor contradicting, he was, what few professional guides are able or willing to be, silent when he saw that we were observing, conversing, or meditating.

Cairo has numerous palaces besides other immense edifices, now devoted to other purposes, formerly occupied by different Khedives, or built for members of their families, wives, or concubines. We visited the palace of Gezireh, a building internally attractive; the furniture consists in part of articles exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1867. The rooms are shown which were occupied by the Empress Eugenie when the Suez Canal was opened, and afterward by the Emperor of Austria; the blue room was elegantly upholstered from floor to ceiling in blue satin embroidered with gold.

We also went to the palace occupied by the Khedive, and waited an hour to see him come forth for his afternoon drive. While his escorts were gaudily dressed and blazed with gilt and silk, and the runners with the carriage wore a uniform which rivaled the fantastic decorations of wandering acrobats, and would set the urchins of an American city wild, the Khedive was so plainly attired that he would have attracted no attention if walking in a European city.

Some of our friends were invited to dine with him. Dinner was served at half past seven. The guests assembled at the palace and were ushered into a small reception room, when the consul of the United States and the chamberlains escorted the ladies up the grand staircase, passing between lines of soldiers on each side of the vestibule. The hall was decorated with tropical plants, and the palace brilliantly lighted. The Khedive received in his grand *salon*, in a cordial and easy manner, conversed with each separately, and never sat for an

instant except at dinner. There were twenty-two guests. The band was so far removed as not to interfere with conversation, and, in compliment to the Americans, the first selection which was played when they entered the dining room was "Yankee Doodle." There were several American dishes. The centerpiece for the table was a bed of roses and other flowers grown in the open air, though this was the month of January. There was nothing Egyptian about the palace or the *menu*.

The Khedive was about thirty-five years old, and fine looking. He spoke English and French, drank only water, and did not smoke; but three kinds of wine were served for his guests. At the dinner his dress was the same as that of the other gentlemen. He wore no medals, nor was there anything to indicate that he was other than an ordinary personage. When the guests returned to the *salon* coffee was served in Turkish cups, the holders being of solid gold studded with diamonds.

The modern palaces in Cairo are thoroughly European. The Museum of Arabic Antiquities is a valuable and instructive collection of treasures of Arab art. The ancient mosque chandeliers, magnificent brass tables, an extensive collection of brass lamps, some of the finest of which were made for the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, give the best view of the proficiency of the Arabs in special work. The name of Sultan Hassan is wrought in colored transparent letters on a light ground in the lamps. The Arabs place a high value upon manuscripts, everything connected with them and their preservation; this museum contains carved ivory bookstands divided into sections; certain of the doors are inlaid with ivory.

There is but one lunatic asylum in Egypt. To that is devoted a building formerly a palace, which, with its surrounding gardens, is admirably adapted to the purpose. I spent an afternoon there, and was courteously received by Dr. Abbas, the superintendent. Up to comparatively recent date the Mohammedans did not regard insanity a disease so much as a proof of divine inspiration. Lunatics were allowed to do almost what they pleased: to run naked through the streets, to assault persons; and not until their actions became dangerous

to human life were they restrained. This was traced to the early notions of the Christians, who believed all lunatics inspired by God or possessed of the devil. Forty years ago the few insane persons and idiots whom it was found necessary to restrain were left in dungeons, excavations, or mud huts, in squalor and wretchedness indescribable. Dr. Abbas is an Egyptian, but highly educated, having studied in Paris, and evidences of his familiarity with the approved methods of treating the insane were obvious. Not a picture or a book was visible in any of the rooms occupied by the patients. Everything was scrupulously clean, and as no artificial heat is requisite at any season of the year, the ventilation was perfect.

It was not to gaze upon lunatics that I visited this institution, but to ascertain what are the principal causes of mental derangement among the orientals. Many exhibit there, as elsewhere, a mere degeneration of stock. Their parents were feeble-minded, and by sinking one degree in the scale, they become *non compos mentis*. Others had been made insane by bereavement, loss of property, persecution, domestic trouble. The influence of the climate had affected some, but others were children of the best families, made lunatics by disease or vice. The evil habits which in Europe and America send so many to asylums are equally potent there; but the number insane from the use of alcohol is, relatively, very small.

The Mohammedans are forbidden to drink wine or liquors, and while a small proportion do, the majority do not, or to a slight extent only, so that the doleful spectacle of a large number of dipsomaniacs, and of persons whose insanity was primarily caused by excessive use of alcohol, was not presented to us here.

Opium, however, had many more victims than we find in the United States; for the Mohammedans have endeavored to circumvent the prohibition of wine by addicting themselves to other means of producing intoxication or pleasurable excitement. They compound various mixtures of opium with other drugs, in such a way that one combination will cause the user to sing, another will set him to talking, a third to dancing, etc. The use of opium is not as common in Egypt as in countries farther east.

We saw two wards filled with victims of hasheesh, and the superintendent stated that it causes more lunacy in Egypt than opium and alcohol united. Hasheesh, a preparation of hemp similar to *Cannabis indica*, has been used from very ancient times. Herodotus speaks of it, and says that the Scythians intoxicated themselves in their religious ceremonies with the fumes of burning seeds of the plant. Lane traces it through India and Persia, and finds it in Egypt before the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era.

When it is smoked the leaves are used alone or mixed with tobacco. The intoxicating preparations are made by employing the capsules without the seeds mixed with various substances. Hasheesh can be obtained at various coffee shops, and there are others which sell nothing but this and other intoxicating preparations. Men become very drunk upon hasheesh, and are frequently violent, and the doctor stated that insanity produced by it is difficult to cure, generally passing on to complete *dementia*.

Our word assassin is derived from this word, noisy and riotous being called in the East *hashshasheen*. This name was first applied to Arab warriors in Syria during the Crusades, as they used this drug both to render their enemies insensible and to excite those appointed to slay them.

The only disagreeable circumstance in our visit to the asylum was observation of the inadequate provisions for women. Instead of separate rooms or wards, they are in one hall; all grades of insanity being in the same room. As I entered, a woman sprang from her bed, flew across the room almost with the rapidity of the wind, prostrated herself, and before the attendants could restrain her seized me by the foot. The poor creature was trying to kiss my foot, according to the oriental custom, preparatory to beseeching me to issue an order that she might go to see her children. Several others made friendly or hostile demonstrations. The female attendants, being obliged to conform to the Egyptian custom of keeping their faces covered, were embarrassed in their struggles with the lunatics, for frequently they were obliged to use one hand to prevent the pulling away of their face coverings. Dr. Abbas stated to us that he had applied to the government,

and hoped to secure better accommodations for female patients.

The drive to Heliopolis, of an hour and a half, passed palaces, tombs, plantations of palms, orange, and lemon trees, barracks, the military school, and fine olive orchards.

We paused at the Virgin's Tree, a magnificent sycamore which stands in a garden, so called because of a legend that the Holy Family rested beneath it. The Coptic sect has control of it, but the Roman Catholics affirm that the original tree died in 1659, and that they have the last fragments of it in Cairo. It is claimed by the latter that the tree we saw was not planted till 1672. In this vicinity are the gardens in which Cleopatra planted the Balm of Gilead which, tradition says, was presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

Alas for the glory of Heliopolis! styled by an English writer the "Oxford of Old Egypt," the site of the supreme Temple of the Sun. There Plato and Solon studied for years, and Herodotus paused in his travels to collect the facts which give him the name of "Father of History." Heliopolis was the capital of lower Egypt, and is mentioned in the Bible under various names. Here Joseph lived, and married his wife, Asenath, the daughter of "Poti-pherah, the priest of On," and the mother of Manasseh and Ephraim. Josephus says that when the family of Jacob arrived in Egypt, their residence was given to them in On. Here the sun was worshiped, and here stood the most famous and ancient shrine in Egypt, with the exception of one in Memphis. But while they worshiped the sun they also worshiped cats and a white sow! In this temple the staff of priests and other officers numbered twelve thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Nothing remains of its glory and magnificence save the ruins of the outer wall and a single obelisk, which is the oldest in Egypt, dating from B. C. 1700 to 2400, according to the chronology adopted. It is nearly perfect.

Obelisks were always built in pairs, and in 1190 an Arab doctor, of Bagdad, saw the other in two pieces; but it has long since disappeared. That solitary obelisk on which we looked was old when Abraham came down to Egypt, but the worshipers of the sun, whose glory it commemorates, are extinct.

From the ruins of Heliopolis we went to an ostrich farm. The ostrich is cultivated for his feathers, for which there is great demand wherever fashion rules and money is plenty. The eggs are artificially hatched. We went leisurely through the grounds, seeing the eggs in incubators, and by the agency of light applied by a peculiar process the growth of the bird within could be discerned, and the soundness of the egg could easily be ascertained. Afterward we saw ostriches of every age, from twelve days and upward, and no creature is more grotesque and amusing than an ostrich two weeks old.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Road to Pyramids and Scenes upon It—Traveling Bedouins—Ascent of Great Pyramid—View from Summit—Interior of Cheops—"King's Chamber."

THE oldest remains of the ingenuity and labor of mankind are at once stupendous and mysterious. Their glory, however, consists not alone in their vastness and the everlasting riddle which they propound, but in that they are not ruins. "Everything fears Time, but Time fears the Pyramids," said an Arabian physician more than seven hundred years ago. The "Father of History," Herodotus, describes them twenty-three hundred years ago substantially as they are now, and when he saw them they were probably older than is his history to-day. Yet they stand; and but for the wearing away of the surfaces of the stones by human feet, if the visitor were told that the work was finished in the first year of the present century he would see nothing materially inconsistent in the statement.

A broad road, lined with trees, elevated by an embankment above the highest inundation of the Nile, and conducted by a magnificent iron bridge across the river, extends direct from Cairo to the Pyramids, and can be traversed by carriage in an hour and a half. Until 1868 an old roundabout donkey road was the only means of reaching them, and this frequently out of repair and obstructed by water. The Prince and Princess of Wales were the first to drive without interruption from Cairo to the Pyramids. When the Suez Canal *fêtes* were held in the following year, the road was in as perfect order as at the present time.

Early on a bright morning we began the ride under the guidance of Mohammed Abdel Rahman, clad in the picturesque costume of his race. Leaving the city we saw on either hand a verdant landscape. In January everything is green and the plain as level as the floor of a palace. Only the irrigating canals, sparkling like silver threads around an emerald.

varied the color of the expanse. In every direction magnificent palms arose, some apparently more than one hundred feet high. In the distance were the Pyramids; beyond these the desert; behind us the city and citadel of Cairo.

The inhabitants of the road were yet more interesting. It seemed as though all Egypt were moving toward Cairo: long processions of camels, donkeys, and dromedaries, laden with grass, vegetables, wood, and everything necessary for the sustenance of the city; thousands of Bedouins, Egyptians, and Nubians, hastening along on foot; beggars in every stage of deformity and picturesqueness; children, half-naked, running to and fro; cripples, leaping at a speed as fast as our horses were driven, yelling, "*Backsheesh! Backsheesh!*" sometimes screaming across the canal, asking us to throw them something, chattering their few words of English; orange peddlers holding up their tempting wares. Not till several miles had been passed did the scene assume a more rural aspect.

The almost uniform testimony is true, that the Pyramids—more resembling mountains than any structure of human creation—seem small at a near approach; but it is an optical illusion common in all mountainous countries where elevations are unusually steep. Niagara Falls generally disappoints, but the longer one remains listening to the ceaseless roar and beholding the endless flow, the more is he brought under the spell of majesty, power, and indestructibility amid restlessness. Thus the Pyramids weave an imperceptible chain about the mind, which gradually but surely draws the head forward and downward into the attitude of reverence, and which only the human magpies that chatter here, and the mercenary Arabs who hover about the visitors like vultures intent upon prey, can resist.

A little before arriving at the Pyramids the road enters the desert and rapidly ascends to the plateau on which they stand. This plateau, formed of limestone rock, is about a hundred feet above the plain. Upon it, near the Great Pyramid of Cheops, is the Viceroyal Kiosque, in some of the rooms of which travelers are allowed to rest. A hotel has been erected at a short distance, where comfortable accommodations can be obtained. With these exceptions the entire region is occupied

Entrance to Pyramid.

by ancient monuments of different shapes. Above tower the Pyramids, silent and immovable; beyond stretches the desert to the remotest horizon. Its surface, agitated by the winds then prevailing, appeared like a sea whose surges beat and dash in vain against those massive barriers. Here and there a solitary camel emerged, and as its rider rose and fell, appeared, indeed, like a "ship of the desert."

Our attention was rudely drawn from this extraordinary scene and the meditations to which it gave rise by a crowd of tumultuous Bedouins, who surrounded us, offering to take us to the summit. Their clamor was terrific. In a mixture of Arabic and modern languages they set forth their qualifications. If these men were not in charge of a Sheik, responsible for their fidelity and competent to keep order, the traveler would fare badly. While we stood looking at them the Sheik ordered one, who was unusually persistent, to go back. On his refusal the Sheik struck him. He replied by a vigorous blow, which did the Sheik considerable damage. A general fight then began, all the Bedouins taking the side of the Sheik. An officer appeared upon the scene with a whip and beat the rebellious Bedouin across the face, and he went away in the condition of the man who fell among thieves, "wounded and half dead."

After much bargaining, we started up the Great Pyramid in charge of three men. Of these, two took hold of our hands, and the third stood behind to push. The courses of stones were so arranged as to make a series of steps from two to four feet in height. The two pulled vigorously, but the third was rather a hindrance than a help, for he did not accord with the movements of the others, and generally gave a terrific thrust after we had landed.

Several peculiarities about the ascent make it difficult and to some perilous. The Arabs generally hurry the traveler from the start. Harriet Martineau says that they are right in taking people up quickly. It is trying to some heads to sit on a narrow ledge and see a dazzling succession of ledges for two or three hundred feet below. But such rapid breathing as is required in a rapid ascent is itself a cause of dizziness. The stones are of a light color, which becomes blinding in the in-

tensity of an almost torrid sun in a translucent atmosphere. The hue of the exterior and of the desert at the foot being similar, and the stones but a few feet in width, it seems as though one were on an inclined plane, and the feeling that he must fall takes possession of his mind.

Some who never waver upon the loftiest mountain summits, or who could climb to the top of a mast at sea without giddiness, have here been known to succumb. The only rational way for those finding any difficulty is to ascend slowly, rest frequently, and accustom the eye to the view, maintaining the regularity of the heart's action and of the breathing. With the aid of the Arabs the ascent is not dangerous. Ladies frequently make it, and I have known gentlemen more than seventy-five years old to do so. Without the guides it is perilous except to those accustomed to the roughest mountain work. Experience in ascending all trodden paths is of no value here. An English soldier some years ago scorned the help and attempted to descend alone, fell, and was dead and mutilated almost beyond recognition before he reached the bottom.

A view from the summit is both elevating and depressing. If one looks to the west he beholds the limitless desert, whose monotony is broken only by ridges of rock a little browner than the earth. Within the distance of a few miles south and north more than sixty Pyramids lift their triangular sides and pointed apexes above the sea of sand. Were it not for the prospects toward the rising sun, the spectator would feel himself in the shadow of death. An awful sense of desolation would weigh him down to the dust whence he was taken. His nerves would fail, and he would be ready to glide from the sands of time into the eternity, whose type is the circle of the horizon, without beginning or end. But in the east the sun is the symbol of human life, an outburst from darkness and death.

The meadows intersected by irrigating canals, whose waters in the sunlight were white as snow; the palm trees majestically waving in the wind; the scores of villages; the high carriage road, narrowing to a thread as it reaches the great city, with its countless minarets and domes—this is a contrast as great as that seen at the foot of the Mer de Glace, in the valley of

Chamounix, where flowers bloom within a few inches of the the glacier.

The Pyramids themselves, as the work of man, being far higher than the summit of any natural object visible from them, and vastly older than anything which the eye can descry, except the earth and "the spacious firmament on high," are more imposing than the limited segment of the globe which can be seen by ascending them.

An exploration of the interior of the Pyramid of Cheops increases the sense of its magnitude. I entered it about forty-five feet from the ground, and, under the guidance of the Arabs, climbed, traveling as a quadruped rather than as a man, for one hundred and ninety feet, along a passage three feet five inches high and four feet wide, more or less obstructed with sand and small stones. We then reached the Queen's Chamber, a room nineteen by seventeen, and twenty feet in height, roofed with blocks of stone, wonderfully adjusted, and ventilated by airholes. This apartment stands immediately under the apex of the Pyramid, but is four hundred and seven feet below the original summit. Hence we traversed a passage quite irregular.

At one point an Arab descended one hundred feet, and lighted a candle that I might see the reflection. The solemnity of the scene was broken by his demand for *backsheesh* as he emerged from the darkness. After various wanderings I reached the King's Chamber, which is seventy-one feet above that previously visited. It is roofed with granite, consisting of nine slabs, each eighteen and a half feet long, and of great thickness. To prevent the whole from being crushed in, the builders relieved the ceiling of the weight by placing five hollow chambers above it. In it is the sarcophagus, without lid, inscription, contents. When struck, as it was by the Arabs frequently, the sound was like that of a cathedral bell.

To entertain me the Bedouins gave vent to fearful yells, which reverberated in the sepulcher like the roars of wild beasts in dens and caves of the earth, or, as one might fancy, shrieks of prisoners in deep dungeons, made insane by their miseries. I was fain to sing a cheerful hymn, but the echoes transformed it into a wail of despair.

The catacombs which I have seen in Rome and in Russia are less impressive than these dark, silent realms, tenanted by those who lived and died centuries before the first stone of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome was laid.

Miss Martineau says with truth: "The symmetry and finish so deepen the gloom as to make it seem like a fit prison house for fallen angels."

On issuing from this labyrinth of sepulchers the first thing I saw was the "Great American Combination Baseball Club," which had been making a tour round the world, preparing to play a game on the sand between the Pyramids and the Sphinx! Mummy of Cheops! has it come to this?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Pyramids and the Sphinx.—(Continued.)

History of Pyramids and Reasons Why They Were Built—Description of the Sphinx—Antiquity—Campbell's Tomb—Extraordinary Agility of a Bedouin—Incidents of the Trip.

Concerning the Pyramids, we naturally ask, Who built them, and why? How were they built, and when? Substantial unity of opinion exists upon the question "Who?" The greatest was built by Khufu, known to the Greeks as Cheops; the second in size by Khafra, called by the Greeks Chephren; the third by Menkaura, whom the Greeks called Mycerinus. The builder of the second is said by most authorities to be the brother of the first, but by some to be his son; and the builder of the third is generally conceded to have been the son of the builder of the first.

"When" they were built depends upon the principle of chronology adopted. The dispute turns upon whether the lists given by Manetho include dynasties contemporaneous or successive. Egyptology is now a science. In Cairo and other places hundreds of volumes, including mathematical calculations, architectural drawings, and theoretical speculations, are collected. Boats traversing the Nile have libraries containing the standard authors. In historical and theological works, as well as in the guidebooks, some of which are brought to a high degree of completeness, various hypotheses are proposed. Three standard authorities differ as follows: Mariette puts the fourth dynasty, of which Cheops was the second king, as beginning in the year 4235 B. C.; Lepsius in the year 3124 B. C.; Wilkinson in the year 2450 B. C. Cheops is said to have reigned fifty-six and Chephren fifty years.

"Why" were they built? Five or six theories have been invented and strenuously defended: that they were temples; that they were sepulchers; that they were mere monuments of ostentation; that they were designed for astronomical and

other scientific purposes; that they were symbols of the "Original of Things." Dr. Piazzi Smyth, long a Director of the Royal Astronomical Observatory at Edinburgh, holds that the Pyramid of Cheops is a "meteorological monument" and "a standard of measures." A multitude of sermons have been illustrated by extended reasonings and quotations from his book, which, when issued, made a sensation in a limited sphere. But all theories, except that they were tombs, have failed to command the assent of any considerable number of competent investigators.

From a passage written by Mariette Bey I condense the considerations in favor of their simply being tombs. There is not in Egypt a single Pyramid that is not situated in a necropolis. Only one has accessible interior chambers from which astronomical observations might have been made. Their sides are accurately arranged, because for mythological reasons they are dedicated to the four cardinal points of the compass. They were massive, complete, without windows and without doors; hence intended to be "the gigantic and forever impenetrable casing of a mummy." The archæology of the monumental customs of Egypt confirms this, and the vast size of some raises no argument against it, because there are many not more than twenty feet high.

Lepsius has explained, in a manner to account for all the facts, the plan upon which they were formed. When a king ascended the throne he began to build his Pyramid; commencing on a small scale, so that, if his reign should be short, his tomb might be finished. As time went on he enlarged it by adding outer coatings of stone until he felt that he was soon to die. At his death the last coating was finished. The first step was to level the earth, the next to excavate subterranean chambers, then to build a Pyramid with very steep walls. If the king died when this was finished, a summit was placed upon it; otherwise, each year a new series of stones was arranged around it.

Two facts prove this theory correct. The inside is always most carefully constructed. The larger the size the more roughly the outer crusts were executed, while the smallest Pyramids invariably consist of the simple structure described by

Lepsius. Most of the stone was quarried on the east bank of the Nile, in subterranean works, which are still used. The stone now, as in ancient times, is transported to the banks of the Nile by means of camels and mules, but tramways have been recently laid. A road was built from the Nile to the Pyramids, and stone brought over it and raised on piles of wooden slabs, "rocking the stones up alternately to one side and the other by a spar under the block, thus heightening the piles alternately, and so raising the stones." Sheet iron was used "to prevent crowbars biting into the stones and to ease the action of the rollers." Recent experiments have proved that this method could be applied to the heaviest stones in the Great Pyramid, which average seven hundred cubic feet, each weighing about fifty-four tons.

The Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul, but knew nothing of the resurrection of the body; hence the importance of preserving the mummy. They located their cemeteries in the desert to escape the inundations of the Nile. In rich excavated tomb chambers kings attempted to surpass all private persons. These tombs of royalty are either covered with mounds or blocks of stone. To protect them from the sand tempests of the desert they were covered with stones. "The sepulchral mounds thus acquired a definite form. They became square structures tapering upward, and gradually assumed the pyramidal shape." It is easy to see that the Pyramid, being practically solid, much larger at the foundation than elsewhere, and least exposed to the winds at the higher elevations, could more successfully resist decay, attack, concussion, whether of storm or wind, the action of water (had there been any in Egypt), and the devastations of earthquakes. Add the dryness of the atmosphere as a protection, and the preservative influence of the sand itself, which in former ages extended well up toward their summits, and the greater relative durability of these structures over other monuments of human industry, though still wonderful, ceases to be mysterious.

After leaving the Great Pyramid I mounted a camel and rode to the Sphinx. The distance is not more than a quarter of a mile, and the ride part of the "sentiment" of the tour. It

has been erroneously supposed by many that there is but one Sphinx. The avenue leading to the Great Temple is flanked by Sphinxes. They generally consist of a lion's body with the head of a man, called Androsphinx, or with the head of a ram. It was the discovery by Mariette of the head of a Sphinx appearing through the sand that led to the identification of the Serapeum, or the Apis Mausoleum. In two months he excavated an avenue six hundred feet long and exposed to view one hundred and forty-one Sphinxes entire, besides pedestals of many more. But that before which we then stood is so far superior to all others, and was so long known while they were forgotten, as to be preëminently *the* Sphinx.

The pictures and photographs so common in books of travel, geographies, and works on Egypt, give a fair view of the features of the Sphinx, but they are of little use owing to the impossibility of representing such a colossal figure, to which nothing analogous exists in the observer's experience.

The body is one hundred and forty feet long, of naked, natural rock, supplemented by masonry to give it the proper shape. The head is cut out of the solid rock and is thirty feet from the top to the bottom of the chin, and fourteen feet wide. In ancient times there was a cap upon it adorned with the erect figure of an asp. The wig is still there. It also has a beard, fragments of which I saw on my last visit to the British Museum. The ears are four and a half feet, the nose five feet seven inches, the mouth seven feet seven inches in length. The front paws are fifty feet in length, and between them were found an altar and a kind of sanctuary composed of three tablets. Many of the interesting discoveries of modern times are already concealed by sand, which continually accumulates notwithstanding everything which has been done to prevent it.

The imagination of travelers wonderfully stimulated by the proximity of the Pyramids and other intoxicating remains of high antiquity, the unlikeness to all other civilization, the mysterious Nile, the fascinating sky, and the half-revealing, half-concealing desert, have surrounded the Sphinx with a beauty and majesty which it is the fashion to depict with enthusiasm.

It has been said to have "a calm, majestic expression of countenance," to be "very beautiful," to have "a graceful

The Sphinx.

and lovely mouth," and "to smile graciously." Dean Stanley says there is something overpowering in the sight of that enormous head, and thus speculates: "What must it have been when on its head was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement by which men approached the Pyramids ran up between its paws; when immediately under its heart an altar stood from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose, now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again!" But when it is remembered that no living person or modern writer ever saw the Sphinx before it was mutilated to such an extent that no one can even pretend to say whether the features are Negro, Nubian, or Egyptian, "whether they be sublimely beautiful or sweetly smiling, calmly benevolent, or awe inspiring, typical of solemn majesty or debased idolatry," we are obliged to consider what it *is*.

As it now stands, it is an enormous mutilated head whose features cannot be distinguished much more clearly than those of the Old Man of the Mountain in the Franconia Notch. Its antiquity is exceeding, its possible symbolical meanings numerous and sufficiently diverse to furnish materials for endless speculation, the only indisputable fact being that it was worshiped as a local deity.

I would not intimate that it is not an imposing monument, or that it made no impression upon me; but it failed to justify the fame accorded it by those whose descriptions are most frequently read and heard. One writer is almost ludicrous in his assertion of its extraordinary character, and yet confesses in the same sentence that it is not beautiful by any standard now known: "Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can say that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty." The penetration that sees comeliness in something that is a monster to the present generation, and discerns that it was formed according to an extinct and incomprehensible "mold of beauty," is a mysterious gift withheld from common mortals!

Close to the Sphinx, and not yet fully determined to be con-

nected with it, is the granite temple exhumed by Mariette in 1853.

I saw a tomb, named at the time of its discovery, "Campbell's Tomb," after a British consul general, which interested me, because I had seen one of the sarcophagi found in it in the British Museum. It is thirty and a half feet by twenty-six, and fifty-three and three quarters feet in depth. When the party had finished looking at it, and were about to go away, a tall, lithe, graceful, and handsome Bedouin descended to the bottom, and then performed a feat of extraordinary strength and agility. He climbed from the bottom to the top in one of the angles of the walls, adhering by lateral pressure of hands and feet to the two sides, with his face toward the center. There were a few places an inch or two in depth in which he could place his feet, but for a very considerable part of the way he adhered by hands and feet as a fly does to a ceiling.

He then offered to ascend the Great Pyramid of Cheops and descend in the space of eight minutes. This he was willing to do for a *backsheesh* of five francs. Believing it impossible I offered him the amount, and with the grace and agility of a gazelle he leaped in his bare feet upon the stones, moved like the wind from height to height, and absolutely performed the feat in the space of *six minutes and a half*. He was clothed in white, and, as he descended with a kind of flying trapeze motion, his raiment streaming in the wind, he presented the most bewildering phase of human action that I have ever seen except the performances of Blondin.

As the old stage driver in California always talks about Horace Greeley and his wonderful ride, and the sea captain on the Baltic points out the room on his vessel occupied by General Grant, and guides speak here of the Prince of Wales and there of the Czar of Russia, so the Bedouin conductors at the Pyramids name their great man.

The only name mentioned to us, and that very frequently by the Bedouins, when they discovered that we were Americans, was our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mark Twain. So far as we could gather, either he must have ascended the Pyramids twenty-five or thirty times, or required a vast amount of aid, for

nearly every man had lent a hand in helping him to the top; or it may be that, just before leaving, the "Innocent Abroad" distributed *backsheesh* to the entire party.

Our visit to the Pyramids was a true type of human life—a mixture of the grave and the gay. One of the gentlemen who had traveled with us from Cairo, when he was rejoicing in a successful ascent and exploration of the interior, under the tension of mental excitement and physical weariness, fell unconscious into the arms of the Arabs, and until he opened his eyes and said, "How long have I been in this state?" it was not certain that the expedition would not end in a tragedy. But it was soon over.

On my first visit, not being quite well, when about halfway up my knees smote together, my head swam, and I was compelled to descend. But one month afterward, on a bright day, I returned and ascended, without fatigue, to the top in twenty minutes, including two short rests.

For travelers in ordinary health, without tendency to vertigo, the ascent is not perilous, and invalids may find pleasure and refreshment in the ride over the beautiful road to the scene of mankind's only successful conflict with time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On the Nile.

Importance of the Nile—Cause of Annual Overflow—Influence upon Intellectual Character of Egyptians—Way of Traveling on the Nile before Steamboats Were Introduced—Passengers on the *Prince Abbas*.

THE Nile occupies a position of solitary, unapproachable grandeur. Its sources were the mystery of ages; its annual overflow was considered supernatural; and it was worshiped as a god by the most intellectual nation of antiquity. Herodotus called Egypt the "Gift of the Nile," and later historians and modern scientists have greatly enlarged the scope of the declaration. For two thousand years European explorers tried to ascertain the sources of the Nile. Most of the authorities place them now in the Victoria Nyanza, but it is maintained by some that its head stream is probably to be found in the Shimiju, which rises five degrees south of the equator.

As I approached Egypt all other objects, even the Pyramids and the ruins, diminished in interest compared with the burning curiosity which I felt to see the Nile. The first impression, like that of the Mississippi, was disappointing.

The Nile makes Egypt; without it the Arabian and Libyan deserts would unite, and not a green spot, except here and there a small oasis, would break the monotony. The river flows northward, receiving various large tributaries, until it reaches Khartoom, where General Gordon was killed, to which point it is known as the White Nile. From the sea to Khartoom by the river is not far from two thousand miles. There it is joined by the Blue Nile, which rises in the mountains of Abyssinia, and before reaching Khartoom becomes a mighty river. Generally speaking, the Blue Nile furnishes only one third as much water as the White Nile, but after the rains fall in the spring and summer its proportion is greatly increased. It pours down thick with mud washed from the Abyssinian mountains, and changes the color of the stream,

as the Saône changes the color of the Rhone, with which it unites at Lyons.

From Khartoom the Nile flows to the sea, without a tributary for the last sixteen hundred and twenty miles; Humboldt declares that this is without parallel. It has brought down and deposited alluvial mud at an average depth of thirty feet. As the water was unusually low, we could see the different strata on the perpendicular walls of the river to this depth.

Zincke, in his elaborate work on Egypt, illustrates how this is done by a reference to the valley of the Platte, above Julesburg, in our own country. The Platte, he says, writhes like a snake from side to side of its flat valley, continually changing its channel as it washes up bars and banks; and the bluffs, though now generally at a considerable distance from the river, must have been formed by it when it was working first against one and then against the other side of the valley. The whole valley of the Nile is from four and a half to ten miles in Nubia, and fourteen to thirty-two miles in Egypt. The breadth of the soil that can be cultivated nowhere exceeds nine miles.

The general cause of the annual overflow is the amount of rain that falls in Central Africa. This is very uniform in amount, being affected by the trade winds. In the Abyssinian mountains it is less regular, and may do immense damage; if there is too much it destroys the dikes and embankments, much property, and often human lives. Generally the river begins to swell early in June; about the third week in July it rises rapidly; toward the last of September it remains stationary for ten days or more; but early in October it again rises and reaches its greatest height. After it begins to fall it rises again, then slowly diminishes, and at last subsides rapidly. We were on the Nile during the greater part of February and a part of March. The river was exceedingly low, and the cultivated land dry as dust. Two feet too much will cause terrible devastation in lower Egypt, and three or four feet too little drought and famine in upper Egypt. Too much will cause more devastation than formerly, as the cotton fields, on which prosperity depends, will be destroyed by floods.

The accounts in geographies and works of travel written thirty or forty years ago do not apply to the present condition

of Egypt. Then the inundation produced a vast lake, and the water flowed directly out of the river over the fields. At present the whole country is scientifically irrigated; water let from the river into reservoirs and canals, and distributed on the same principles as are employed in California, Utah, and other parts of the United States. It is drawn into immense basins, properly situated in relation to the cultivable land. These are at different levels, and the water is retained until it has sufficiently saturated the whole soil and furnished the necessary amount of mud. We saw only the machinery; except the irrigating streams and canals, there was no running water to be seen in all Egypt.

The influence of the Nile upon the intellectual character of Egypt was equally powerful. It was protected from the encroachments of other countries by its position in the midst of a wide desert. Its soil was so fertile, climate so balmy, annual supply of manure and water so regular and reliable, that it had no difficulty in procuring food, and there was almost always "corn in Egypt." Therefore its people, not all being required to wrest from unwilling nature the means of subsistence, could devote themselves to intellectual pursuits. It had a winter and summer harvest, "the riches of the climates of two zones." "Its winter, by reason of its environment by the heat-accumulating desert," resembles a European summer, and its summer that of the tropics. Both wheat and cotton grow under its palms.

Those who have studied deeply into the matter say that the Egyptians learned engineering because of the necessity of controlling the Nile and distributing its water; that they received their first impulse to the study of astronomy in order that they might know when to expect the overflow; that as the river destroyed all landmarks they were compelled to master surveying, and create the science of law in order to maintain the rights of property; and that it was the river which awakened their religious sentiment. Moreover it was the Nile which enabled them to transport the materials of which they built their imperishable structures; and as they had a navigable highway for commerce running the entire length of their country, they naturally learned to construct vessels.

Genesis says: "The Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." On the bank of this stream Pharaoh's daughter found the ark of bulrushes in which Moses lay, and it was this river whose waters were turned into blood.

The old-fashioned way of traveling upon the Nile for pleasure or exploration was by the *dahabeah*. Charles Dudley Warner's *My Winter on the Nile* gives a graphic description of the pleasures, and the pains, too, of this method. If one has a whole winter to spend in Egypt, and merely desires to enjoy the climate and scenery, and study leisurely the ruins and the people; if he has plenty of money, and company of which he is sure he will never tire; or if he is an artist and desires to sketch, and if in addition to that he has an inexhaustible supply of good humor, the *dahabeah* is to be preferred. As these conditions are enjoyed by but few, had not steamboats been placed upon the river, travel upon the Nile would have been confined to a limited number. My temperament would not bear the slow rate of progress in a *dahabeah*. For a fortnight it might be endured, but many who experimented with it during that winter left their vessels and took passage upon the steamers, wearied beyond endurance by the uncertainties and delays. Our vessel was the *Prince Abbas*. There were fifty-two passengers, among them an aged lawyer from Chicago, with his wife and two children; Professor Hirschberg, of the University of Berlin, one of the Vice Presidents of the International Society of Oculists; two clergymen of the Church of England, one accompanied by his daughter, the other in the mazes of an agonizing courtship, which culminated in a proposition and acceptance before the voyage ended; a brother of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, distinguished parliamentarian and diplomat; a retired Brooklyn merchant with his wife and two daughters; a young New York lawyer, who had done so well in a year that his father had sent him on a tour around the world; a Michigan lumber merchant with his wife; a Scottish Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Scotland; a wealthy citizen of the United Kingdom, who would have been more charming if he had practiced total, or even partial, abstinence;

a South American, who had made a fortune and was traveling around the world preparatory to settling in France, his native country; several Canadians; two ladies, scions of the English nobility; several couples on their wedding tours; a Swedish gentleman, who spoke many languages and suffered with lumbago; and Henry Gilman, Consul of the United States at Jerusalem.

The vessel was built after the style of the Ohio and Mississippi boats, flat bottom, three stories high. The general management was good; the food and cooking in the early part of the voyage excellent, and perhaps not more monotonous toward the close than might be expected.

CHAPTER XXX.

Memphis and Sakkara.

Scene at Starting—The Khedive's Steam Yacht—Scenery—Scramble of Donkey Boys for Riders—The Greatest Capital of Egypt—Colossal Statue of Rameses II—Sakkara—The Step Pyramid and Serapeum—Description of Interior of Step Pyramid—Account of Discovery of Serapeum by Mariette Bey.

PUNCTUALLY at ten o'clock on Tuesday, February 12, the intending voyagers up the Nile were on board. The peculiar excitement which attends the beginning of an ocean voyage was not manifest. The vessel carried no freight, was not compelled to maintain a reputation for speed, would never be out of sight of land, nor at that season would it ever be where passengers could not wade ashore. No natives were traveling except in the service of the company, no mails were carried, and those who came down to bid the passengers farewell were themselves far from home, or transient acquaintances. Still it was an animated scene, much resembling the starting of an old-fashioned steamer on the Mississippi.

Soon we met the royal steamer bearing the Khedive to the capital. The vessel was a fine steam yacht. The subordinate officers accompanying the Khedive wore conspicuous uniforms. We passed near enough to the vessel to have a fine view of the Khedive, who bowed with genuine oriental grace in return for our cheers, flag showing, whistle blowing, and handkerchief waving, salute after salute having been fired from the time the royal yacht was sighted. One must go to the East to realize the beauty and amplitude of which the bow is capable.

The country along the banks of the river was charming. The corn was growing, its light green contrasting with the rich emerald color of the perennial palms. Where the grass could be seen from the deck of the vessel the whole landscape seemed carpeted, the roads appearing like avenues through a park. Here and there tall sycamores rivaled the palms in

height. Turning from the shore we saw numerous *dahabeahs*, fishing and freight boats, and once a small vessel bearing two enormous camels, which were apparently large enough to upset the vessel, had they the power to combine. There were plenty wild fowl and not a few pelicans flying above or swimming in the waters. The sky was absolutely clear, and the air as pure as ever fans the earth.

At noon we came to anchor, and witnessed the first of scenes that never failed in interest—the scramble of the donkey boys for riders. The vessel carried side-saddles for the ladies; the donkeys were owned by men who contracted with the company for a small sum. The donkey boys got most of their pay from the gratuities given by travelers. There were more donkeys than passengers; some better, some worse. The meaner looking the animal the more vociferous the declarations that "he is a very good donkey" and the boy "a very nice donkey boy." Many of these had picked up considerable English and some French and German. They display great ingenuity in carrying on a conversation with the few words they know.

Our destination "by donkey" was Memphis, the greatest capital of Egypt. The site of ancient Memphis is now called Mitrahenny. After riding over the plains and through the palm groves we came to the colossal statue, about forty-two feet in height, of Rameses II, its head of limestone. It was discovered by Caviglia in 1820, and presented by Mohammed Ali to the British Museum, provided it should be taken to England. Nine months of the year it is under water, but of late it has been lifted several feet, and now lies on its side. Mariette Bey says the statues of Rameses are so common that science would attach no importance to this one were it not that the head, modeled with a grandeur of style which one never tires of admiring, is an authentic portrait of the celebrated conqueror of the Nineteenth Dynasty. We climbed over it as grasshoppers might have done. As in all the representations of Rameses, there is an incipient smile upon the features, an expression of complacency unmistakable, if judged by the indications of that state of feeling natural to occidentals. There is, however, a mystery in oriental expres-

Step Pyramid of Sakkara.

sions of countenance which does not always admit of interpretation by Western standards.

Although Memphis was probably the largest city in Egypt, and perhaps the oldest; though it was many miles in length, and so magnificent that the Pyramids Abousir, Sakkara, and Dashoor are but its cemeteries; though its streets were more than half a day's journey in length; though it exerted a profound influence upon the destiny of the human race, and though down to eight hundred years ago its ruins were such as to cause a discriminating traveler and scientist to say, "As for the figures of idols that are found among those ruins, whether as regards their number or their enormous magnitude, it is something that baffles description, and of which one can hardly convey any idea," and led him to regard as pardonable the popular belief that the ancient Egyptians were giants of fabulous longevity who had the power of moving masses of rock with a magician's wand; and, notwithstanding it existed, according to Wilkinson nearly three thousand years, to Lepsius nearly four thousand, and to Mariette Bey five thousand, nothing remains but mounds, ruins of walls, broken columns, and defaced statues and idols, above which wave palm trees, and about which grow weeds and rank grass!

Mariette Bey, in his *Monuments of Upper Egypt*, quotes Jeremiah, and declares that his gloomy threatenings are literally fulfilled.

From Memphis we rode several miles to Sakkara. This is a village of no importance, but gives its name to the Necropolis of Memphis, which is adjacent. It lies on the verge of the sands of the desert, and is four and a half miles long, in the narrowest part being about a third of a mile wide, and in the broadest a mile. Here the exploration has been more thorough than in any other place.

It is impossible for one who does not remain in Egypt for years, devoting himself exclusively to the work, to visit the whole of this cemetery. The Pyramids, especially the Step Pyramid, the Serapeum, and certain tombs admit of easy exploration by travelers. The Step Pyramid, which is visible at a great distance, is believed by some to have been erected by a king of the first dynasty, which would make it the most

ancient structure in the world; others assign to it a later origin. It consists of six stages, six and one half feet wide, varying in height. One of my companions climbed to the summit, finding various portions in a ruinous condition.

It was opened in 1821. Immediately under the center is an excavation seventy-seven feet deep and twenty-four feet square; the top is dome-shaped, the bottom paved with granite, and underneath was an opening concealed by a granite block that weighed four tons. From it lead intricate passages, formerly lined with vitrified porcelain slabs, similar to those known as Dutch tiles. A chamber was discovered which had not been ransacked by thieves, and in it thirty mummies were found.

On the Sakkara plateau there are eleven Pyramids, and from elevated points more than sixty are in sight. The Serapeum was the most curious monument which we saw there. Its discovery was romantic. In 1850 Mariette Bey was commissioned by the French government to visit the Coptic convents of Egypt, and to make a catalogue of such manuscripts as he should find in oriental languages. He noticed at Alexandria, in a private garden, several Sphinxes. Soon he saw more at Cairo, and still more at Gizeh, and was convinced that there must be an avenue of Sphinxes which was being pillaged. He was led to discover this avenue by perceiving the head of one of the Sphinxes protruding from the sand. He began to dig, and drew such treasures from the sand as to convince him, on referring to a passage in Strabo, that he was discovering the route to the Serapeum. The French government aided him, and in four years the discovery was complete. Two months of the work revealed an avenue six hundred feet long, and laid bare one hundred and forty-one Sphinxes. When he had gone down seventy feet he found a semicircle of statues representing the most famous philosophers and writers of Greece, some having names at the bottom. Among the objects found were two lions and various golden ornaments that were in the coffin of the favorite son of Rameses II. The two lions and two of the ornaments I saw some years ago in the Louvre in Paris, where they are preserved.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Tomb of Tih, and the Voyage and Visit to Beni-Hassan.

Painting in Tomb of Tih—Pyramid of Maydoom—Characteristic Scenes—Nile Fish—Palms—Cliffs of Gebel et Tayr—The "Mountain of the Bird," and its Legend—Origin of Fable of Charon and the River Styx—Tombs of Beni-Hassan.

The tomb of Tih (or Thy) is claimed by Egyptologists to be one of the most interesting and instructive in Egypt, and it is certainly an excellent preparation for the further examination of the wonders of upper Egypt. It has been so damaged by explorers, "the would-be archæologists, who with their wet squeeze-paper have destroyed in so many places the brilliant colors that centuries have spared," the savants who have cut off and carried off large pieces of the sculpture and taken them to museums in different parts of the world, and the wretches who have written names all over the tomb, that some have almost regretted its discovery. It is to the sand of Egypt that the preservation of these things is due, for had they not been covered, the abominable vandals, the same in all ages, who are prevented only by the strong arm of the law from carrying on the work of devastation, and consider it smart to evade it when they can, would have ruined everything. The paintings in the tomb of Tih are divided into three parts. The scenes of the first relate to him as living. Women of his household are dancing before him, musicians are playing upon instruments, and singers are accompanying them beating time. Again he is shooting in the marshes, standing in a boat, letting fly what we call stool pigeons; around the bark are hippopotami and crocodiles, and servants trying to catch them. There are representations of pastoral life, a brook, cows grazing, calves feeding in the meadow, herdsmen driving goats; then harvest time is depicted, and so on through the entire course of the life of a prosperous and

happy man. Scenes relating to his death follow. Here he is represented as dead, but standing in a bark watching the conveyance of his own mummy into the necropolis. Afterward the bringing in of funereal gifts is portrayed, including bread, wine, fruits of the earth, limbs of animals. The dead man is seated, the procession with the offerings passing before him. Priests chant hymns.

Of the books, the best extant, which I have procured upon Egypt, none has pleased me so much as the *Monuments of Upper Egypt*, by Auguste Mariette Bey, entitled in the original, *Itinéraire de la Haute-Egypte*.

Proceeding up the Nile, we saw in the distance, about four miles from the shore, the Pyramid of Maydoom, called by the Arabs the False Pyramid. It has this opprobrious name because the nucleus of it is natural rock, which is built around so as to give the shape of a pyramid—a peculiarity which distinguishes it from all others.

During the afternoon we were delighted, while gliding past, with the view of the villages, the banks covered with trees, the buffaloes standing or lying in the water, the multitude of dogs, women coming to the river filling water jars and washing clothes. The buffalo was introduced from India, and has almost taken the place of the ox for agricultural purposes. They are stronger, more enduring, and require less care. Buffalo milk is good, furnishing rich cream and butter.

There were long stretches of sand banks, and upon and over them immense numbers of water birds. Occasionally a pelican, six feet from the tip of the beak to the tail, could be seen, like a vessel at anchor. Storks, cranes, and herons were wading. Flocks of geese were flying early in the morning, and in the evening their loud screams could be heard.

Though here and there we saw a fisherman, and fish are abundant, the less said of them the better. "They are all soft, woolly, and have a strong flavor of mud." There is a rock in the stream near the shore in the vicinity of these sand banks which the Arabs poetically call Hagar s-Salam, or Stone of Welfare. They have a superstitious belief that a journey down the Nile cannot be called prosperous until that is passed.

Mountains rise some hundreds of feet in height along the bank of the Nile, but the river leaves them as it proceeds westward. Noble palm trees, which form thick groves around the villages, are everywhere the finest features of the landscape, and when the graceful minaret rises from among them, the scene is attractive. On approaching the village the mosque is found frequently inferior to the minaret; the mud huts with thatched roofs are but a few feet high, and streets being practically unknown, the enchantment dissolves.

A marked change in the scenery took place as the vessel approached Gebel et Tayr. These precipitous cliffs rise nearly perpendicular from the river to the height of nearly a thousand feet. Sailing vessels need to be extremely careful in passing, as extraordinary gusts of wind arise, and in the water near the base we saw one or two wrecks of fishing smacks, and one of a *dahabeah*. There is a Coptic convent upon the summit, and in former times the monks would come down the face of the rocks to the river, appearing to travelers like insects, and then, plunging into the river, would swim off to the boats to beg. Ashamed of the scandals to which this gave rise, the Patriarch forbade it. Gebel et Tayr is the "Mountain of the Bird," and all the birds of the country are said to assemble upon it once a year. They select one of their number to stay until the next year. This done they fly away to the interior of Africa, coming back at the end of the year to release the prisoner and substitute another. What the object is, the legend does not explain; probably it originated from the fact that numbers of birds appear there, and when they depart one or two stay behind!

As we were constantly moving southward, by the sixteenth of February the heat was as great as it ever is in the United States at any season of the year. In the shade, however, the temperature was tolerable. We caught glimpses of dismantled forts, many sugar plantations on the east side, and in the mountains rocks and grottoes used as tombs. Midway between the villages of Sooadee and Kom-Ahmar is a cemetery to which solemn funeral visits lasting seven days are paid three times a year. The ancient Egyptians usually selected cemeteries on the opposite side of the river from the place of

their abode and carried over the bodies in ferryboats, the women wailing. As we passed this point I read an interesting fact. It was the old Egyptian custom of ferrying over the dead that gave rise to the fable of Charon and the River Styx. The authority for this statement is Diodorus, who traces the fable distinctly and consistently from the funeral ceremonies of Egypt.

When Beni-Hassan was reached, we landed to visit the tombs. The tombs of Beni-Hassan, architecturally and pictorially, are as highly esteemed by Egyptologists as any to be found elsewhere in Egypt. They are believed to date from 3000 B. C. The city for which this mountain once served as a burial place cannot be identified; not even its name is known, nor its site authenticated; but the tombs themselves show that the dead buried in them were public functionaries in that city. They are constructed on the same principle as those in the Pyramids and at Sakkara—the accessible chamber, the hidden well, the funeral vault containing the sarcophagus, and the mummy at the bottom of the well. The paintings give details of the history and events of the life of the deceased. No representations whatever of the Deity appear. Some are inferior, but when the last two were reached even the stolid spectators were interested. The caves are ornamented with colored figures; those of the north stained red to resemble granite. The fissures were filled with mortar to make the surface smooth, and overlaid with a thin coating of lime. Most noted of the northern grottoes is the tomb of Ameni-Amenemha, Governor of the Province of Sah, who was also a general of infantry, and led campaigns against the Ethiopian and other peoples.

The paintings represent various trades; manufacture of linen cloth, farming and hunting, wrestling, dancing, book-keeping. The whipping of servants and the punishment of subjects are illustrated; fishermen dragging nets to the shore; geese and wild fowl being snared, and women playing on harps. Portraits of Ameni and his two wives are outlined.

The next tomb is that of Knumhopt, grandson of Ameni. He is represented standing amid his favorite dogs, while toward him advances a procession which was for a long time

Tombs of Beni-Hassan.

supposed to represent the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt. The first figure is a scribe who presents an account of the arrival of the strangers; in the next another Egyptian ushers them into his presence, bearing gifts. The men have aquiline noses and black beards, and wear sandals; the women have boots reaching to the ankle. This is the most ancient known example of those immigrations of an Asiatic race "which later on played so important a part in the affairs of Egypt." The Jews in subsequent ages were attracted by the fertility of the country; but that these were not Joseph's brethren is proved by the fact that the tombs were excavated several centuries before his time, and that the name and the number of the people written over the tombs is inconsistent with the Biblical account.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Diversified Journey.

Village of Beni-Hassan—Methods Used by Beggars—Sugar Factory—Dom Palms—Asyoot—Oriental Market Scenes.

On the way to and from the tombs we passed the village of Beni-Hassan, notorious for ferocity, filth, and thieving propensities. We saw many of the inhabitants, a few who looked savage, others resembling the people along the Nile generally. The children are like the majority of the Egyptian children, sweet-tempered and vivacious. They followed us, crying, "*Backsheesh, backsheesh.*" Those who were disappointed would sometimes cry, but no such persuaders exist in the world as the Egyptian girls. They bow and smile, and use winning and beautiful gestures. Zincke says that an Arab girl to whom he had refused to give suddenly sprang forward and threw herself on the ground exactly in the donkey's path, and became violently convulsed with a storm of uncontrollable agony. In her convulsions she shrieked and threw dust on her head. He rode on, taking no notice of her. She reenacted the scene, but finding that he was not moved "with nature's mother wit and arts well known before," for the remainder of the way she ran along, still extending her hand, but now all winsome smiles.

One boy that we saw was so nearly naked that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that he was. He came toward us carrying a big stone with which he beat upon his chest, and with an agonized expression held out his hand for *backsheesh*. We declined. He struck himself again. We shouted, "Go away." He drew back the stone as if he intended to throw it at us. We smiled, he laughed, and the crowd shouted.

At the ship we witnessed a disgraceful scene. A crowd of more than one hundred men, women, and children, from seventy-five years of age to five, the majority being from

fifteen to thirty, some entirely naked, and others holding up what little clothes they had to catch the *backsheesh*, oranges, and other fruits, screaming like wild animals, and throwing every possible expression into their faces. As wildly absorbed as though drunk or insane, they scrambled, fought, and plunged into the water. Little girls were lifted by boys and pushed farther toward the steamer, and when the money was thrown to them older boys would leap upon them and push them down into the water. There must have been a score of fights, and more than ten score of blows struck during the scrimmage.

When the excitement was highest the Sheik, with his long, black robe and turban, appeared with a club in his hand, and went among the crowd, beating them terrifically. A guard also beat them over the head and shoulders with a *koorbash*, a whip of hippopotamus hide. This was genuine beating, for the children ran away screaming, and the resounding whack of the club and the whip could be heard. Several ladies retreated, but two American girls said, "It was the custom of the country, and they were there to see it." Yet the moment the Sheik's back was turned the crowd turned about, and the yell began. While the Sheik remained they were fighting among themselves, but did not resist him; though we saw two or three appearing to do so. At the close the Sheik himself, though not mingling with the crowd, stood at one side bowing and stretching forth his hand for *backsheesh*.

Soon after the steamer moved off we observed that the river left the mountains and made a bend toward the west, and in a little while we stopped at Roda, where is one of the largest sugar factories on the Nile. We explored it under the guidance of Abraham and a government officer. It is owned and managed by the Khedive, is lighted by gas, and employs two thousand persons. The machinery, made in France, is elaborate and costly. The workmen were almost naked, and hundreds were lying asleep with scarcely any clothes on, as black as the floor on which they slept, having nowhere else to go. They packed themselves together until the length of the side of a room was taken up; then another row was started, the heads of the second row being at

the feet of the first; and so on until the room was filled, leaving only a space about a foot and a half wide for a walk. Their wages are exceedingly small.

In former times the Khedive raised all the cane for the factory, but on account of the quantities eaten by the natives and the workmen, found that he was losing money. Now the men raise the cane, which the Khedive buys at practically his own price. It is peculiarly sweet and pleasant to the taste. We observed each process; first the crushing of the cane, then the passing of the sap through sieves to clear it from impurity, then into boilers, then into clarifying and cooling vats until it was brought out into different qualities of sugar. The superintendent of each department conducted us through it. Some could speak English, and where they could not our dragoman interpreted. On reaching one room the ladies of the party were shocked at seeing an almost naked workman in one of the bins perspiring profusely, the perspiration mingling with the sugar. "My!" said one of the ladies, "I would never want to eat that sugar!" But it was thrown by him into a "whizzer," and when the machinery stopped, and the sugar had been shoveled into a box, the superintendent took up some, and the identical ladies who had seen the process pressed forward to taste it. A sage commented thus: "After all, do not the fattest cooks knead the best bread? And in many European bakeries men tramp barefooted up and down the troughs as an expeditious mode of kneading." Having gone through sugar factories in the South, and canning establishments in the North, such an incident as this had no effect upon my nerves, and I enjoyed eating the sugar more than I would highly colored confectionery.

There was nothing monotonous in the scenery of the Nile. Charles Dudley Warner says truly: "The scenes are never twice alike. The combinations vary, the desert comes near and recedes, the mountains advance in bold precipices, or fall away." The living tableaux furnish great variety. We were never out of sight of boats, some handsome and beautifully painted, others short and dirty, and upon their decks men, women, and children, "clothed in all the hues of heaven and the rags of earth."

Cemetery at Asyoot.

We caught a glimpse of the first dom palms we had seen, after passing the ruins of Hermopolis. They differ from ordinary palms in the fact that the lower part of the stem, which is single, divides into two branches, and these again into two. The top is covered with large, fan-shaped leaves, under which the fruit grows. When ripe it resembles gingerbread in taste, and is eaten by the natives. The nut that grows in the center is so hard that the carpenters of Egypt long used it for the socket of their drills. Before it is fully ripe it resembles horn, but the inhabitants of Ethiopia, who utilize everything, are said to eat it. The bluffs, called Gebel-Aboofayda twenty-five or thirty miles farther up the river, extend along the east bank about ten miles. They are precipitous, and cause sudden gusts by their obstruction of atmospheric currents. Here many birds and wild ducks sailed out from caves in the rocks. On the top of those rocks are pits containing thousands of crocodile mummies.

At length Asyoot, beautiful for situation, appeared on the west bank of the river. It is the capital of the province of Asyoot, two hundred and forty-seven and a half miles from Cairo by water, and a few miles less by rail. Its population is thirty-two thousand. The course of the river for ten or twelve miles, with its sharp turns or angles, causes the city to appear first on one side and then on the other. The Libyan mountains, a few miles behind it, glow in the sunlight, while many river views and bits of water, appearing like small lakes or artificial canals, beautify the foreground. This city is the capital of Upper Egypt. Its name is a great stumbling-block to travelers. It is written Asioot, Asyoot, Asiût, Ssout, Siôout, Osyoot, Osioot, O'Sioót, Siût, Sioot, O'Siout, Si-ôôt, Siout, Syouth, and so on indefinitely.

Fifteen minarets could be counted projecting above the groves of palm and acacia. An embankment, ornamented with trees, extends to the town, which is entered through an old gateway and courtyard, forming part of the governor's palace. At Asyoot the market presented the most oriental view of such a scene obtained during all our African journeys. Men, women, children, and animals were crowded in seemingly inextricable confusion. The people looked happy, though

they were so jammed that there was scarce room for our little donkeys to go through, such was the mass of camels, donkeys, and sacred cows, which, like many other alleged sacred things, are common and even unclean when visited in the place of their nativity. With the braying asses, growling camels, bawling cows, cackling fowls, bellowing buffalos, vociferation of buyers and sellers, and yells of water carriers, it was a veritable Babel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Asyoot to the Temple of Denderah.

Bazaars and Market Place—Starting Point of English Expedition to the Soudan—Ancient Lycopolis—Evidences of Roman Occupation—Mission of United Presbyterian Church—Ophthalmia Prevalent in Egypt—Scenes at Farshoot and Keneh—The Temple of Denderah.

The bazaars are superior to most outside of Cairo. The articles sold are brought from Cairo and all parts of Egypt, Arabia, Nubia, and Abyssinia. In former times caravans arrived from the far South bearing tropical productions and manufactures of the equatorial regions; and an extensive business was done with the Soudan, which for the most part has been destroyed by the wars of the Mahdi and his successors. The red and black pottery of Asyoot is of wide celebrity. In the market place a multitude of jars of the inferior sort was offered for sale, and in the bazaars the finest work. The caravans from Darfoor formerly brought cinnamon, gum arabic, tusks, and ostrich feathers. We saw a small caravan. The acacia trees furnish the true gum arabic, which slowly exudes through the bark.

The city was practically the starting point of the English expedition to the Soudan in 1884. Stores for the army were brought by railway, and conveyed to the Second Cataract by steam and sail. Eight hundred rowboats, which took the English troops over the difficult pass of the river south of Wady Halfah, were placed in the Nile at this point.

Here stood the ancient Lycopolis, the City of Wolves. The wolf was counted sacred by the people, and these animals were numerous in the neighborhood. In the caves and the recesses of the rocks in the Libyan mountains wolf mummies can still be found. We came upon several which at the time we supposed to be dogs. Mummy jackals also are there; visitors to the British Museum can see the best preserved specimens. Our ride to the tombs and the grottoes abun-

dantly repaid us. We ascended the spurs of the Libyan mountains and saw catacombs with vaulted ceilings, elegantly sculptured, which a critic says might be taken for Greek patterns if one did not know that the ceiling is older than Greek art.

Evidences of Roman occupation remain. During the earlier Christian ages these tombs were occupied by Christians, some of whom fled from persecution, and others resorted thither to lead lives of monkish solitude. When Theodosius the Christian was desirous to discover the will of God he could not, after the manner of his pagan ancestors, consult the oracle at Delphi, but heard of a monk in Egypt supposed to have the gift of miracles and the power of reading the future. According to tradition, he sent Eutropius from Constantinople to Alexandria, whence he ascended the Nile to Lycopolis. Here a holy monk, named John, dwelt in the side of the mountain, in a cell where he lived fifty years "without opening his door, without seeing the face of a woman, and without tasting any food that had been prepared by fire or any human art." He spent five days in prayer and meditation; on Saturdays and Sundays he opened a window and gave audience to the suppliants who came from all parts of the Christian world. He gave Theodosius a favorable answer which is said to have been fulfilled.

I visited an institution not mentioned by Charles Dudley Warner or referred to by Miss Edwards, but which is worthy of the attention of any who propose to describe a country *as it is*—the Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. The college buildings are commodious, eligibly situated, a little out of town, on a broad lawn surrounded by gardens. Here more than four hundred students are annually instructed. They are mostly Copts, though a considerable number of Mohammedans are among them.

Most of the officers were absent attending the annual meeting of the Mission, but we were courteously received. This college has by genuine merit secured the high approbation of all who know anything of its work.

Ophthalmia prevails in Egypt, the majority of the people being more or less affected by it. The number of one-eyed

persons and of those with acutely diseased eyes is so great that Miss Edwards affirms that as many as one in twenty of the persons in certain districts are blind or partly so, and that she saw so many children of four or five years old with the surface of one or both eyes eaten away that she had not been many weeks on the Nile before she began to avoid systematic exploring of native towns whenever it was practicable to do so.

We had an instructive but painful opportunity of seeing how prevalent this disease is. Professor Hirschberg, an oculist of Berlin, called some of the students into a room and made an examination of their eyes as a part of his study of the subject of ophthalmia. Not one of the fifteen had a thoroughly sound eye; some were blind in one eye, two were hopelessly diseased, and the remainder in various degrees of imperfection, several of whom, without attention, would in his opinion soon become totally blind. Everything about the college was scrupulously clean and neat. We were informed, soon after arriving, that Dr. Isaac G. Bliss, for nearly forty years missionary of the American Board, and at the head of the Bible House in Constantinople, who, accompanied by his wife, was making a journey through Egypt for his health, had been taken ill, and was supposed to be dying. The young gentleman who traveled with me was a fellow-student of a son of Dr. Bliss in Amherst College, and bore from the young man to his father a letter of introduction, which he intended to present in Constantinople. Their forebodings were fulfilled by the event, for Dr. Bliss died that day, and holy men bore him to his burial place, by the side of Dr. Hogge, the founder of the Mission, in a cemetery just outside the city, given by a wealthy Mohammedan who had been converted to Christianity.

When we left Asyoot the scenery began to take on a tropical aspect. The heat was intense; the air, however, as dry as the broiling sun and the hot sands of the desert could make it. The heavy evaporation from the Nile did not appear to moisten it eighteen inches from the water. In the morning it was impossible to sit upon the eastern side of the boat, or on the western side in the afternoon. The absence of humidity made the temperature endurable.

In the vicinity of Farshoot we caught glimpses of flocks of sheep guarded by the Howara dogs, famous from ancient times—large, fierce-looking, with rough black coats, and a courage unsurpassed by any breed of dogs in the world. Groves of palms and acacia trees lined the banks.

At Keneh we made the usual visits to the bazaars, tasted the excellent dates, and saw the manufactories of porous water jars and bottles.

There and elsewhere we were astonished to see the enormous weight which in water jars the women would bear on their heads. No one who sees an Egyptian woman carry these can fail to recognize the connection between walking with a weight upon the head and the most graceful carriage. Egyptian women have a bearing which the women of other countries might covet. A friend informed me that he had seen women of ordinary size who could uplift water jars weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and walk a long distance with them without the slightest difficulty.

The Temple of Denderah is in an excellent state of preservation; much of it hardly deserves to be called a ruin. Here, for the first time, an unpleasant peculiarity of the tour appeared. Our dragoman was not an archæologist or an Egyptologist, but he knew thoroughly what he had been taught, could recite it distinctly, and his interlocutory remarks were amusing. Two passengers, one an Englishman and the other a German, had formed their ideas from books, and were continually contradicting and puzzling the conductor. The majority knew only what they had read in a general way, and wished to have Abraham unfold his story. They were there to be led, not to make reputations as antiquarians, or to contend with Wilkinson, Mariette, Lepsius, and other authorities. These men, however, so contradicted him, for a considerable part of the time, that he did not know what to say, and the tourists generally were in confusion. At the end it became necessary to administer heroic treatment to these untimely combatants; their pertinacity was frowned upon until it gradually gave way to more decorous conduct, which desirable consummation was hastened by several egregious blunders into which they fell.

Mariette gives, in five lines, the history of the Temple of

Denderah: "Its foundations were laid under Ptolemy the 11th, otherwise Theodosius; though some authorities would make it Ptolemy the 10th. Its construction was finished under Tiberius and its decoration under Nero. Jesus Christ was living at Jerusalem when this temple was being completed."

No analogy can be drawn between the temple and any known modern church. None except the king and priests were ever allowed to enter. Within, in total darkness, the *fêtes* were celebrated and processions organized. The darkness served the purpose of preserving the precious objects, the sacred vestments, from ravages of insects and from dust and sun. The outline drawings and the coloring in the Temple of Denderah are unsurpassed. Forty-two names of Osiris are found on the forty-two gnomes on the ceiling. Hathor, worshiped there, is the pupil of the sun's eye, and therefore the Egyptians made her the Goddess of Beauty, for they put beauty chiefly in the eyes. She has many beautiful titles; and personifies the harmony of the world. One of her names is Sothis, the equivalent of Sirius. She is therefore the goddess who governs the periodical return of the year, announces the rising of the river, appears at the eastern horizon, and foretells the renewal of nature.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Denderah and Nile Experiences.

Forgotten Credentials—Chapel of Isis—Stories of the Tentyrites—Inhabitants of Orubos—The Crocodile—The *Shadoof* and *Sakeeyah*—Silence in Egypt.

WE were obliged to purchase a certificate that we had paid an English pound toward the preservation of the remains in Egypt. This document, beautifully written, was placed in our hands, and we were required to show it when called for. Quite a number of tourists who had duly purchased had left the credentials on the ship. Our party, with prudence, were provided, but we were not disposed to enter until all could be admitted. When Abraham arrived, he towered over the unfortunate guard with such vigorous ostentation that he succeeded in securing the admission of the delinquents, on pledging his honor that the assistant dragoman should immediately proceed to the ship and procure the credentials. The guard, however, was not entirely subdued. He felt that he must magnify his office, and made us as uncomfortable as possible.

We ascended the broad stone terraces which possess an aspect of dignity and grandeur seldom surpassed. On one gateway is a representation of the sun with its sacred emblem, the hawk, supported by two gods. In the chapel of Isis we saw the figured cow before which the Sepoys prostrated themselves when the English Indian army landed in Egypt in 1800. Abraham dwelt upon this, and avowed the opinion that the religions were identical; but it has been well said that the accidental worship of the same animal in Egypt and India is not sufficient to prove any direct connection between the two religions.

I went as deeply into these mysteries as time, reflection, books, and conversation would allow, but they are too complex to retain, unless one gives himself to a special and continuous study of them.

On the walls are the names of Augustus and of his four successors in the empire, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. But on an older part of the structure is the name of the Egyptian son of the greatest of the Cæsars, together with his mother's, the Egyptian enchantress, Cleopatra. Its several portraits of Cleopatra attracted more attention.

Cleopatra—Temple of Denderah.

To the southeast of Denderah are grottoes and numerous tombs. Scattered over the desert are stones that were made round by rolling. They are of granite and porphyry, and show traces of an ancient rush of waters.

Of the Tentyrites, who from the earliest times dwelt hereabouts, extraordinary stories are told. Pliny's *Natural History* contains several which delighted my childhood, illustrating realistically their marvelous power over the crocodile. The philosopher Seneca did not think it beneath him to attempt to explain their control over them. He accounted for it by the contempt and consciousness of superiority they felt in attacking their enemy, and adds that

those of them who were deficient in presence of mind were frequently killed. On this an English writer, reasoning, says: "The crocodile is in fact a timid animal. Usually it flies at the approach of man, and only ventures to attack its prey on a sudden." He calls attention to the fact that we seldom or never hear of persons devoured by it, unless they are standing in shallow water on the sloping shore of a river, whereby the immense power of its tail is able to throw down and overcome the strongest man, who, being carried immediately to the bottom of the river, has neither the time nor the means to resist.

Abraham related an amazing story of a man who was knocked senseless in this way, and the crocodile drew him under the water; but when it was supposed that he was probably bisected he reappeared and floated near the shore, and on being restored to consciousness said he drew his knife and stabbed the crocodile. This could not be believed; but a few days later the body of the crocodile floated, and was found to have a stab exactly as the man had stated.

While the Tentyrites hated the crocodile, their neighbors, the inhabitants of Ombos, worshiped it, and resented, with all the rage of a sectarian feud, the killing and eating of "the godlike animal." The reason for worshiping the crocodile is supposed to be that, as it came in with the Nile, it became the symbol of the life-giving water; but in other departments, which had too much water, it was not the crocodile, but the *ichneumon*, the enemy of the crocodile, which was worshiped. The ichneumon is a curious animal the size of an ordinary cat. Among foreigners it goes by the name of "Pharaoh's Cat." It lives on rats and mice, birds and reptiles, is occasionally tamed, and serves the purpose of a cat. It is particularly fond of eggs, and as the crocodile buries its eggs in a thin covering of sand on the river banks, and the ichneumon destroys them, the ancient Egyptians regarded it as sacred, and buried it in "holy repositories!"

The crocodile is as valuable in the water as the hyena and vulture upon the land. It lives entirely on animal food, and prefers tainted to fresh meat; therefore, naturalists say that it is of great service in devouring dead animals that would otherwise pollute the waters and the surrounding atmosphere.

Shadoof.

Having seen both alligators and crocodiles in Florida and Louisiana, I hoped to see a crocodile on the Nile, but one might spend years there and not find one below the First Cataract. Only a few years ago they were numerous.

Charles Dudley Warner saw one. Lord Ducie in 1872 killed a full-grown specimen fourteen feet long, recovered the carcass, and in its stomach found evidence that it was a child eater. This was about one hundred and seventy miles north of the First Cataract, and not far from this point.

Mariette explains that the reason we do not find them now is because the crocodile is driven farther and farther south by the firearms of travelers and the constant passing of steamers. Similar treatment is driving out the alligators in the Southern States.

A picturesque and never monotonous spectacle to the Nile traveler is the working of the various machines employed to irrigate the land during the time of low water. The principal is the *shadoof*. This machine is the oldest with which the race is historically acquainted, and it is maintained that in no invention in modern times is the result so great in proportion to the degree of power employed. The best and briefest description that we have seen represents it as consisting of two posts, about five feet in height and three apart, connected at the top by a horizontal bar; across this is slung the branch of a tree, having at one end a weight composed of mud, and at the other, suspended by two palm sticks, a bucket made of basket work, matting, or a hoop with woolen stuff or leather. This is worked by one man. Goatskin buckets are often used. The man who operates it stands on the edge of the river; before him is a hole full of water fed from the stream. He takes hold of the cord by which the empty bucket is suspended, and, bending down, by the weight of his shoulders dips it in the water; he then rises, with his hands still on the cord; this gives the bucketful of water an upward movement, and the weight strung on the other end of the pole presses downward and it is lifted over to a trough, into which, as it tilts, the water is poured.

One man can run this machine and lift water from six to eight feet. The men keep on all day, gracefully bowing and

rising. Their feet are in the water and their heads in the sun; they wear little clothing—a flesh-colored cloth around the loins, and a tight-fitting skullcap. As the river sinks it is necessary to have a series of *shadoofs*, and in the course of our journey we often saw two or three, and sometimes five, one above the other. In this case the one nearest the river throws the water up into a hole; the second takes it from that to a rude reservoir; the third into still another; and so on until the last, from which it is emptied into the trough.

The other machine is the *sakeeyeh*. This is a wheel, sometimes as much as twenty-five feet in diameter. Around its circumference earthen pots are tied by cords. There is another small wheel with cogs fixed to the axis, and a large horizontal cogged wheel. This is turned by one or two buffaloes, cows, or other animals, sets the other two wheels in motion, and raises the water in the pots. This is frequently used for gardens along the shore. Some of the water wheels in use in the Fayoum admit of being turned by the weight of the water. The *sakeeyeh* much resembles the chain pump, once common in the United States.

Travelers are in the habit of complaining of the frightful noise made by these machines, which are never greased, and produce now a frightful groan, then a growl resembling that of a camel; sometimes a shrill, prolonged shriek, like that of a hound chained in a kennel in the corner of a barn; but I never found it wearisome, and could readily understand that it was music in the ears of the poor *fellahs* who operate the machines.

Egypt is the quietest country in the world; when the wind does not blow the silence is appalling. There are few trees; few vehicles traveling over the road to make a noise; and if there were, their passage over the soft sand would be noiseless. A healthy nervous system requires some noise the greater part of the time; and silent work, a great authority declares, is far more taxing than that which is accompanied by a moderate amount of racket.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Thebes.

Approaching Thebes—Situation—History—Village of Luxor—Ruins and Village Life Contrasted—"Father Abraham's" Knowledge of Antiquities—"Antiquity Smith"—Avenue of Sphinxes—Karnak—Description of Great Temple—Weird Scene.

As we sailed from Denderah, enthusiastic in its praises, an experienced traveler, pointing southward, said with a significant smile, "Wait!"

Long before reaching renowned Thebes, majestic ruins, extending for miles in every direction, and the lofty Libyan and more distant Arabian mountains came into sight. We gazed upon them with a curiosity which both stimulated and subdued, aware that here the grandest of the world's ruins culminate in a sublimity before which warriors, sages, philosophers, historians, and travelers of every nation reverently bow, rising to ask who were those mighty beings, what was the purpose of their colossal creations, how were they achieved, and what has caused such a race to disappear from the face of the earth?

Thebes, whose ruins fascinate, appall, stun, defying the imagination, confounding the reason, justifies the statement of Belzoni, that it appeared to him "like entering a city of the giants, who after a long contest had all been destroyed, leaving their vast temples as the only proofs of their existence." To form any idea of the city the first fact to fix in the mind is that Thebes extended many miles on both banks of the river Nile, just as St. Petersburg occupies both sides of the Neva, London of the Thames, Paris of the Seine, Florence of the Arno, and Philadelphia of the Schuylkill. The Nile is much wider than the Thames, Seine, or Arno, and even wider than the Neva. Dean Stanley says: "Alone of the cities of Egypt the situation of Thebes is as beautiful by nature as by art."

The Arabian and Libyan mountains, which have followed the

river like monotonous walls on either side, always near them at varying distances, now form a circle whose diameter is so great as to produce a wide plain which, well inundated and irrigated at the season of the year when we were there, was green and beautiful. At its northern extremity the Libyan mountains become elevated and massive, the Arabian being ten or twelve miles distant, and over all this vast plain spread the great city of Thebes. Mariette says that Thebes makes her first appearance in history with the kings of the eleventh dynasty, which he puts 3,064 years before the birth of Christ. Brugsch assigns it to 2500 B. C., while Wilkinson would make it only 1784 B. C.

Not until the eighteenth dynasty does the real glory of Thebes begin. Amenophis I extended the boundaries of Egypt. Thothmes I carried them into Syria, and introduced the horse into Egypt. In the reign of Thothmes II Egypt "placed its frontier where it pleased," and Amenophis III carried his arms far into the Soudan. The nineteenth dynasty was also one of great glory. Sethi, or Meneptah I, erected many magnificent monuments in Thebes, and his tomb is the most remarkable of all identified there. In this dynasty appeared Rameses II in a splendid reign of sixty-seven years. He placed his name upon nearly every important monument in Egypt, and the history of his career is most frequently found in inscriptions and papyrus rolls. He erected many of the edifices now most splendid ruins. In the twentieth dynasty is enrolled Rameses III, "the last of the famous warrior kings of Egypt." He established intercourse by land and sea with the countries on the shores of the Indian Ocean. His successors all bore the name of Rameses, but with that dynasty the glory of Thebes begins visibly to decline.

Amenophis had built at Karnak a portion of a temple, now destroyed, and his statue, of huge proportions, still adorns the southwest front of the third entrance to the south. Thothmes I began in front of the sanctuary the series of halls, pylons, and obelisks. Under Thothmes III and Amenophis III Thebes greatly increased in population and size, and Sethi I summoned sculptors and engravers from all parts of Egypt to carve his history upon the monuments of Thebes. He erected

seventy-eight out of one hundred and thirty-four columns of the great hall of columns at Karnak. Rameses II did but little in Karnak.

At last, after various ravages, desecrations, and restorations, Ptolemy Lathyrus laid siege to Thebes and sacked it, since which it has had no place in history. Its downfall was complete before the time of Christ, and "Strabo found nothing remaining of Thebes but a collection of villages assembled over its ruins."

Luxor is now a market town. Its temple is said by some antiquarians to offer but slight interest to the visitor, but I cannot agree with this disparaging view. The plan of the temple is peculiar and pleasing in its very irregularity, which is supposed to have originated from the fact that it rises abruptly from the edge of the river, and was constructed to follow its windings. It is less striking than it would be if a considerable part of the grand court had not been occupied by an ugly mosque.

The village of Luxor is adjacent to the ruins of the temple, many of the houses actually within. Two towers without their cornices, and surrounded by débris, are commanding, and made more so by the Colossus on each side of the central gateway. One of the obelisks is of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, cut in many instances two inches in depth. It is about eighty-four feet high. Visitors to Paris have seen, in the Place de la Concorde, its companion, which is seventy-seven feet high.

The sitting statues of Rameses received but a glance as we passed on to look at the battle scenes on the front of the two towers.

The hall within was nearly two hundred feet by one hundred and seventy, and the length of the colonnade and the next court was one hundred and seventy feet. The inscriptions depict chariots, kings' chariots being shaded by umbrellas, horses, and spoils taken from enemies.

Few kings did anything for Luxor except to engrave their names on parts of the wall that had been left blank by their predecessors. Some restored a portion of the temple. The contrast is complete between these ruins and the curious life

of the village of Luxor. On the edge were dogs, camels, donkeys, geese, chickens, pigeons, turkeys, all making their characteristic sounds; naked children, women working and walking in lanes that run among the ruins; the human beings as unconscious of the glory of their ancestors as the brutes are of the signification of the hieroglyphics on the temples. According to the law all excavations are forbidden in Egypt, yet travelers constantly demand antiquities as souvenirs. Our companions purchased largely, though with the exception of comparatively common remains there was little reason to believe in the genuineness of any of the statuettes, *stelæ* (inscribed tablets of granite and other stone), and *scarabæi* (sacred beetles). Some of the manufacturers can imitate the genuine with such skill as occasionally to deceive experienced antiquarians. Our dragoman dealt in antiquities, and claimed the ability to detect the spurious. To test him, a tourist secured one of the skillful imitators to manufacture a statuette. This the traveler kept for twenty-four hours, and then exhibited it to "Father Abraham," as our conductor was familiarly called, asking him its age. He examined it, using tests of his own, and answered that it was about one week old. After this his credit rose greatly, and he had no difficulty in selling whatever he had to offer.

I made inquiry for the famous "Antiquity Smith," who lived twenty years an exile at Thebes, most of that time the only foreign resident in the place. Charles Dudley Warner says that he "looked like a superannuated agent of the Tract Society, of the long, thin, shrewd, learned Yankee type." He was born in Connecticut, reared in New Jersey, and lived for seventeen years among the Arabs, and Mr. Warner justly says: "Few men have enjoyed his advantages for sharpening the wits." But Mr. Smith had made a fortune and returned to the United States, leaving the reputation of being sharper than any Arab in Egypt, and also of being the best judge of antiquities, able to buy them at the lowest and sell them at the highest price.

Having finished the exploration of the Temple of Luxor, we mounted our donkeys for the ride to Karnak, about two and a half miles. The plain seemed wider than it was, because

the Nile was not in sight. There were a few hills, and a large part of the country was sterile. Clusters of dwarf palms and many sycamores relieved the monotony.

In due time we reached the Avenue of the Sphinxes, about a mile in length, named so because originally bordered with Sphinxes, of which a number remain. Generally they have the head of a woman on a lion's body, and between their fore-feet is a statue of Amenophis III.

Farther on the Sphinxes have rams' heads, on which account it is called the Avenue of the Crio-Sphinx.

In a straight line Karnak is said to be two miles from Luxor, and, estimating the intervals between the Sphinxes destroyed and those standing, it is concluded that there must have been two hundred and fifty on each side of the road. Some Sphinxes are ten feet in length. On reaching the Propylon, or grand gateway, we saw at once why Karnak is described as the most wonderful pile of ruins that can be imagined. The temple is a monument of unparalleled grandeur, whose proportions and bewildering mass quite overpower the imagination. On our various visits we found, too, the truth of the saying, "That one has never seen enough of Karnak, and the more often one visits it the more stupendous it appears."

I have in memory a perfect picture of this vast pile. Were I an artist I could paint it, an engraver I could engrave it; but it is impossible to portray it in words, for it cannot be comprehended in one view. Unity of plan it never had, and earthquakes and the devastations of war and the slow disintegration of time have obscured its original outlines.

The view of the whole is grander than that of any of its parts, though none of these are insignificant, and many are colossal. The gateway is three hundred and seventy feet in breadth; and one tower, which it is possible to ascend, one hundred and forty feet in height, remains standing, and from this a striking view of the whole can be taken.

The court has been well styled a perfect forest of magnificent columns. The temple is not far from two miles in circumference; its walls are twenty-five feet thick at the base, and eighty feet high, and the columns just referred to are thirty-six feet

in circumference, and covered by hieroglyphics, with capitals of different patterns, richly painted.

There are eleven temples at Karnak. The Great Temple, the work of many kings, is a considerable distance to the north. All travelers have noticed that most of the temples face different points of the compass. This temple looks toward Luxor, because connected with it by the Avenue of Sphinxes.

Here was an excellent opportunity for testing the keys which antiquarians have devised to unlock these ancient mysteries. They endured the test as we stood for a long time deciphering the historic inscriptions upon this wonderful portal of Ptolemy. At last we entered the Great Temple. The high Hypostyle Hall is the grandest single apartment and the most spacious ever constructed by the Egyptians. A critic says: "Figures do me no good; when you say that the hall is two hundred and fifty feet square, I know nothing about it." I know of no means, however, of giving the size of a ruin but by figures; those who have trouble in conceiving the space need only to ascertain the dimensions of the nearest church to obtain a standard for comparison. This wondrous hall measures three hundred and thirty-four English feet by one hundred and sixty-seven. It was originally covered, daylight being admitted only by grated windows.

The external south wall is covered by bas-reliefs of historic significance. The principle is: "So many castellated cartouches, so many localities conquered." A little farther along is an entire poem composed in honor of Rameses II. On the outer wall to the north is a series of pictures that contain the history of the campaigns of Sethi I in western Asia.

Leaving the hall and passing between the towers, a list is seen of the donations made by one king to the temple, including a large number of precious stones and metals.

We went to the Hall of the Obelisks and the Fourteen Columns. In the center the daughter of Thothmes I, who was regent until her brothers succeeded, raised the two most gigantic obelisks which exist; one lies on its side, the other (named Hatasou) is upright. It is one hundred and eight feet and ten inches high, while that which I saw at Heliopolis is sixty-six

feet six inches. The inscriptions record that the summit of this obelisk was covered with pure gold, and that the whole was gilded from top to bottom; it towers still amid those

Temple of Karnak.

ruins like a giant. In our hands we carried the plans, tables, interpretations; but our dragoman relieved us of the trouble of identifying except in disputed cases. I was very much inter-

ested in the descriptions most accurately rendered by the hieroglyphic names of the first of the many campaigns of Thothmes III. It is in fact a synoptical table of the Promised Land made two hundred and seventy years before the Exodus. The limits are almost, though not precisely, the same as those assigned, in the tenth chapter of Genesis, to the land of Canaan.

The causes of the ruin of Karnak have been much discussed, and different hypotheses adopted. The terrific sieges to which it was subjected (especially by Cambyses and the Persians); the revenge of Ptolemy, who laid siege to Thebes for seven months, and when it finally succumbed surrendered it to rapine; and earthquakes account for much of it. But it is agreed that the destruction of the temple is primarily the effect of the faults of its construction and of its relation to the Nile and the plain. The water of the Nile, saturated with niter, finds its way to and eats the bases of the columns until, as Mariette predicts, the time may be foreseen when with crash after crash the columns of the magnificent Hypostyle Hall, whose bases are already three quarters eaten through, will fall as have fallen the columns in the great court.

In the Temple of Karnak was a tragic figure so strange and weird, so horrible yet fascinating, as to surpass the wildest fancies of Dumas or Eugene Sue. It thrilled, repelled, yet held the gaze until nature, half-paralyzed by the spectacle, asserted itself and compelled the removal of the object. A creature with shaven head, in the form of a human being, paralyzed, mute, naked, except for a rag tied around the loins, apparently seventy years of age, perchance not more than fifty, perhaps nearly one hundred, exactly the color of the ruined columns and the doorway, crawled out from under the broken pillars and huge monoliths, as a lizard might from a pile of stones. A mumbling, inarticulate sound came from his lips; he moved sideways and tried to rise, and held out his hands for alms; hatless, he turned his eyeballs up toward the sun, and as the yellow rays fell upon him and upon the pillar on which he leaned it was impossible to distinguish any difference in shade. His bronzed skin as much resembled the solid stone as green insects resemble the maple leaf upon which they feed. Yet this was human, and some of the Egyptian attendants seemed

to stand in awe of him, and hesitated to drive him into the obscurity whence he had emerged. When two endeavored to remove him, he exerted what strength he had and broke from them, falling upon the ground, and moving off with the sinuous sideway motion with which he had approached; but whenever he fell his hand was still stretched out to receive alms. Nothing human have I ever seen in collections of deformities and idiot asylums so peculiar; nothing which so appeared to efface humanity and transform man into beast.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Temples and Tombs of Thebes, on the West Bank of the Nile.

Temple of Koornah—Approach to the Rameseum—Sculptures and Statue of Rameses—Ride through the Plains—Temple of Ptolemy Philopater—Belzoni's Tomb.

HAVING completed our explorations of the ruins of Luxor and Karnak we crossed the river and proceeded to the Temple of Koornah, or Goornah. This is the northernmost ruin on the west bank. It was built by Sethi I, dedicated to the memory of his father, Rameses I, and finished by Rameses II. It is small compared with the others, and surrounded by mounds and the ruins of Arab huts. The statue and shrine of Amen-ra, the dedication to Rameses II, and the sculptures were instructive.

The ride to the remains of the Temple of Rameses II, usually designated the Rameseum, was through cultivated lands, passing many huts and several villages. Many children were naked; one, about ten years of age, whose sole garment consisted of a shoe string tied around the waist, reminded us of a sarcasm upon the attire of certain ladies at the watering places, said to wear only "a sash and a smile." Adults of both sexes could be seen from the path, whose raiment was similar to that of our first parents before they resorted to fig leaves. The approach to the Rameseum was majestic, the mountains forming an imposing background, against which "colossal caryatids and the majestic columns stand out in golden relief." Rameses II must have been pleased with this temple, for it was built by himself and in his own honor.

The sculptures are all historical; the scene of one of the principal is in Syria, being at a point in the northwest part of the wilderness of Zin not far from Kadesh, so often spoken of in the Scriptures. Here a multitude had arisen to repel the invasion of Rameses. The sculptures show

View of Temple of Rameses II.

that his escort fled, and represent Rameses as throwing himself into the midst of the fight. He is shown, after the war, seated on his throne in royal state, officers congratulating him; but he rebukes them: "Not one of you behaved well in thus deserting me."

In the Rameseum I tried to imagine the proportions of the sublime statue of Rameses. The original statue was fifty-seven feet and five inches in height. It was a monolith, and weighed upward of one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight tons. Of it, Stanley, in his *Sinai and Palestine*, says: "Nothing that now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero, towering above the Colosseum, may have been something like it, but he was of brass, and Rameses of solid granite." Rameses was conceived as resting in awful majesty, "after the conquest of the whole known world." When we consider that the Arabs scooped millstones out of his face, some idea can be formed of the size of the head, and of the hugeness of the hands resting upon the "elephantine knees." This statue was brought without railroads and without vessels all the way from Assouan. Truly has it been said: "One does not know which to wonder at the more—the patience and strength of those who brought it the entire way from Assouan to serve as an ornament of the temple, or the strength and patience of those who overthrew the monster and laid him low." I should have been glad to occupy two or three days in examining the Temple of Rameses III. It is large, but not overwhelming; constructed on a simple but beautiful plan; in style fascinating, but not gloomy, and the pictures are easily understood.

Our ride through the plains was of ceaseless interest. In the distance appeared the Nile, the temples of Luxor and Karnak, the Arabian and Libyan mountains; also the *fellaheen* at work in the fields, who there appeared to the best advantage, "with fine, oval faces; bright, deepset, black eyes; straight, thick noses; large, well-formed mouths, full lips, beautiful teeth, broad shoulders, and good-shaped limbs." The farther south we went the more beautiful their complexion became. In the north of Egypt, that is in the vicinity of Alexandria, it was light and tawny; here it became a deep bronze.

I confess that in this ride only occasionally were my thoughts upon the present population of Egypt. The countless multitudes that marched over those plains; the army of workmen employed in erecting those temples; the tremendous battles in which Greek, Roman, and savages from the south, and Cambyses and his horde from Persia, successively struggled; the appalling earthquakes which completed the devastation begun by man; the ever-wonderful river, father of every green thing visible; the vast encroaching desert, and the absolutely cloudless sky, white and dazzling, with only the faintest tint of blue—these filled the eye and mind, and this was no time to study living men.

We explored an old cemetery, behind which is a small temple erected to Ptolemy Philopater. The early Christians inhabited it, and various inscriptions left by them, chiefly Coptic, are found in the interior. Architects have been much interested in the exposure, by the rents in the walls, of the wooden dove-tailed cramps connecting the blocks of masonry. Those Egyptians understood the durability of different substances, and knew that wood, where no rain falls, if the stones are closely fitted together, would last for ages, and here are cramps, made of sycamore wood, as sound as when first put in more than two thousand years ago. The Egyptians built most of their temples of sandstone, which in a dry climate will endure the action of the atmosphere longer than limestone or granite; but underground they used limestone, because it better endures contact with the salts in the earth.

The path to the tombs was for a considerable distance through a barren, desolate valley, utterly blasted by the heat of the sun. In any other part of the world I should have been certain that great floods had taken place. But when I remembered the fact that the movements of sand can polish stones as effectively as rain water must account for it, I found on inquiry that storms of rain do occur at that elevation, and torrents of water have, though at long intervals, poured through that narrow valley.

The tombs are called Babel Moolook, or the Gates of the Kings. They are long passages, enlarging into halls and chambers, and penetrating into the heart of the mountain.

Carvings on the Rameseum.

The custom was, as soon as the mummy was deposited, to build up the entrance and level the surrounding rocks to hide all traces of the tomb. In the eastern valley there are about twenty-five tombs open for exploration—not all of kings. We visited five or six.

The first is the tomb of Sethi I, now known as Belzoni's tomb, because discovered by him. We descended by a staircase to the depth of twenty-four feet, went through a passage twenty feet long by nine wide, and down another staircase twenty-five feet. Thence through two doors by a passage twenty-nine feet we reached a chamber twelve feet by fourteen. At this point was a pit whose inner wall was composed of blocks of hewn stone; it was originally calculated to make the impression that the end of the tomb had been reached, but it served another purpose, that of protecting the lower part of the tomb from rain water. Belzoni filled this pit up; for the hollow sounds of the walls of masonry and the apertures aroused his suspicions. The butt of a tree was used as a ram, and as soon as the breach was effected a hall twenty-six feet square, its roof and walls decorated with highly finished sculptures, whose colors were as distinct and vivid as though they had not been completed more than a week or two, was discovered. Beyond are various chambers filled with sculptures, to some extent mutilated by visitors, but most of them well preserved. Long serpents are represented as gliding hither and thither through the rooms, or erect against the doorways.

The accepted interpretation of these things is that they are allegorical; the serpents standing at the portals, darting out venom, are guardians of the gates of heaven; and underneath these strange representations is the idea that, after the trials of life, the soul, purified, becomes part of the divine essence; the tomb is the emblem of the voyage of the soul to its eternal abode, where the pure spirits wander over the regions where stars forever shine. They relate chiefly to Sethi, who was the father of Rameses II, and the occupant of the tomb. Inscriptions, some mysterious and inexplicable, are upon the walls. When the visitor reaches the end of the tomb he is four hundred and seventy feet from the entrance horizontally and one hundred and eighty feet below perpendicularly.

The tomb of Rameses III has two modern names. The best known is Bruce's, named for the traveler who discovered it; the other, the Harper tomb, because of a celebrated picture in one of the chambers of the main building.

The process of cooking and kitchen work is portrayed in one of the chambers; men cutting up joints of meat, putting them in the caldron over a wood fire, pounding in a mortar, mincing meat; men kneading with their feet, or kneading bread with the hand. In all there are six chambers, some illustrating farming, others Egyptian furniture. These alone would be sufficient to demonstrate that the people were highly advanced in civilization. The picture of the harpists is one of the best known in all Egypt, for many copies have been made. The instruments are well formed; one, if not both, of the minstrels is represented as blind.

Emerging from the tombs the tourists divided into parties —those who returned by the valley, and those who crossed the mountain chain.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ascent of the Libyan Mountains.

Barrenness of the Mountains—View from Summit—The Descent—Colossi—"Vocal Statue of Memnon."

THE sky was cloudless, the atmosphere devoid of moisture, the effect from the heights unique. The sky seemed blue, but as one looked at it the background appeared a brilliant black, from which infinitesimal rays of blinding white light incessantly darted, making it as dazzling as the intensest electric light, without contrast of shadow. The mountains were utterly barren, like the Alps above the line of vegetation, yet more sterile, for I have never found in Switzerland (except when within a few hours of the summit of Mont Blanc) a spot where, if soil could be reached, some slight indications of vegetation could not be discovered. Here heat, sand, rock, and absence of moisture made impossible even incipient vegetable life. Could one imagine a hundred thousand buildings of stone, broken into pieces of different proportions, and a million cart loads of sand and oblong pebbles deposited at random, the winds of a thousand years blowing them to and fro, gravitation meanwhile constantly producing a conical form, and the desert restoring what was lost through the action of the wind, and water at rare intervals pouring through the ravines and down the mountain sides, he could form some idea of the scene.

The height of the loftiest may not have been more than a thousand feet, but the effect was that of four times the altitude, for they rise abruptly from the plain, as Gibraltar from the sea. The most beautiful view in Egypt was before us. When we stood upon the highest peak, westward was the great Libyan desert extending to Sahara. It was appalling to consider that a bewildered traveler might wander there for months and never see a human face. One afloat in the sea might be carried to the shore by friendly tides and waves, but there are

no currents in the desert. The prairies of the West and the the steppes of Russia, when the winds blow and the tall grass waves, resemble the billows of the ocean; but wind upon the desert renders all things invisible.

Before us lay the plain of Thebes, over which we had passed; at a distance of a few miles, the Nile, whose immediate background was the verdant landscape; beyond, the columns of the Temple of Luxor, and the ruins of Karnak. With the eye resting on the temple, the remote plain was like a prodigiously magnified picture of the full moon; the sand having a silvered gold effect, and the villages and ruin, reduced to an apparent level with the plain, resembling the darker surfaces of the "Queen of Night."

Distant twenty miles the Arabian mountains stand perpendicular against the sky. I tried to organize a party to explore them, but without success; a proposed moonlight excursion to Karnak, which would have been jeoparded by the time such a trip would have required, proving an insuperable obstacle.

On descending our sufferings from the heat were intense. My traveling companion alarmed me by his appearance, as well as by unaccountable weakness and pain in the head. The few ladies who had chosen to make the ascent regretted it. Our donkeys and guides, accustomed to the climate, did not suffer; even the little water girls, carrying large porous jars, ran up and down the mountain sides as cheerfully as though playing in a garden.

On reaching the plain we rode directly to the Colossi, which had been in sight all the morning, and which to some were more interesting than any of the temples or tombs already visited. They are statues fifty feet in height, standing upon pedestals ten or twelve feet, and the Nile has deposited soil to a height of more than seven feet around them, and during the inundation they are surrounded by water. When erected they consisted of a single stone, and both represented Amenophis III. The temple, before which they stood in the attitude of guardians, has disappeared. It was built of limestone, and was torn down and burned in the neighboring limekiln. These Colossi are of breccia, a "kind of

Statues of Memnon.

pudding stone mixed with agate-like pebbles," and having no value as lime, have been spared.

One of these monoliths met with an accident which made it more famous than otherwise it could have been. The more northerly and renowned is the Colossus of Memnon, or "vocal statue of Memnon." The tradition is that a sound issued from it at the rising of the sun. It was simply known as the statue of Amenophis until an earthquake, supposed to have occurred in the year B. C. 27. At that time were broken off the head, upper part of the arms, and body. Some say that this was not done by an earthquake, but by the fury of Cambyses, the Persian, and others attributed it to Ptolemy Lathyrus. Pliny and Juvenal and other classic writers refer to this statue.

There is no record of the sound having been heard when it was entire, but there are many witnesses to its occurrence subsequently. They represent that it appeared to come from the trunk, and was a sonorous ringing tone, resembling a human voice, and heard only when the first rays of the morning sun fell upon the statue. Strangers visited it from all parts of the world, and when they heard the note made an inscription to that effect upon the huge legs of the statue. Strabo said that he "heard it, but could not affirm whether it proceeded from the pedestal or the statue itself, or even from some of those who stood near its base."

Many of the inscriptions are dated, going back to the time of Nero.

Various opinions are held of this phenomenon; one, that it was the action of the heat of the sun upon the cracks in the stone wet with dew, which is certainly heavier there than would be supposed from the apparent absence of moisture in the air. The action of the sun upon stones is often sufficient to produce a loud noise even in much cooler climates than that of Egypt. Another view is that it was a trick of the priests, one of whom is supposed to have hid himself in the statue and struck a metallic sounding stone. In favor of this is the fact that there is such a stone still in existence in the lap of the statue, with a recess cut immediately behind it, and large enough to conceal an operator.

A suspicious fact is that important personages, such as the Emperor Hadrian, "heard it two or three times, while ordinary people only heard it once, and sometimes had to go several times to do that."

An Egyptian loitering near made a sign that he would ascend the statue and strike it; accordingly I hired him. The sound was simply that of the blow. But the trifle paid made him happy, and the circumstance gave a little more vividness to the fact that nineteen hundred years ago travelers from all parts of the known world stood in that very spot listening for the sound with which, "when the brilliant sun shoots forth his rays, he announces the return of day to the mortals here assembled."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Life in Modern Thebes.

Entertainment by the Consul at Thebes—An Oriental Dinner at the House of the British Consul—Wonderful Boy Gymnast—A Huge Monkey—Karnak by Moonlight—Varieties of Stone in Egypt.

The United States consul, deputy of the consul general at Cairo, is an Egyptian; he called upon us and cordially invited the Americans on board to an entertainment at his residence. There is an ancient proverb to the effect that one should not "look a gift horse in the mouth;" but as he did not hesitate to communicate to us, in a variety of oriental modes, that it would be well to make up a purse to pay the expenses of the entertainment, I am not restrained from observing that it was of a peculiar character. Egyptian women were brought in to dance to the accompaniment of music, which reminded me of a lecture on sound delivered by an eccentric vagrant professor of oratory and music, who said that all sounds are divided into two grand divisions, "music and noise." By this simple classification I have no difficulty in locating, rhetorically, the place of these Egyptian melodies. The women were vulgar in deportment, but wore long dresses trailing upon the floor. Their performances were acrobatic and gymnastic rather than terpsichorean. One performed with a lighted candle in a candlestick on her head, and it was an extraordinary feat, as she frequently placed her head at right angles with her swiftly moving body, the candle remaining in its place.

Coffee and other beverages were passed, and in the intervals of the performance of these women they ate, drank, and smoked. We were requested to guess their ages. Knowing that Egyptian women look older than they are, I ventured to guess the eldest to be thirty-five, the next twenty-five, and the other two twenty and seventeen. But the eldest, though she had been married for some years, was only twenty-two,

and the youngest eleven. The entertainment was not such as I could recommend, or would have attended had I been aware of its character. For those who wished to see what they should not it was not bad enough; for those who simply desired to have a pleasant and varied evening's enjoyment there was nothing pleasant and nothing varied, and the ladies and gentlemen of the party unanimously voted the entertainment tedious. There is little business in Luxor for an American consul, and these men make their living chiefly by selling antiquities.

The British consul is a more important character, and, on the evening of February 21, a party from our steamer, including several gentlemen from England and Scotland, dined in oriental fashion at his house. On arriving they were shown into a room containing a collection of Egyptian antiquities, and several albums of autographs of those who, during the last thirty or forty years, had called at the consulate. Among the American signatures was one that elicited interest—Ralph Waldo Emerson. Before dinner was announced a servant entered with water, and another distributed napkins. After all had washed their hands they proceeded to the dining room. The room was plain, but the repast might have served for a king. Fourteen chairs were placed around a small table three feet or so in width, which was covered by a circular brass tray, a little larger than the table itself. All having been seated, and a tureen of soup placed in the center, the host put his spoon into the dish, inviting the guests to follow. Bread had been provided. After all had partaken, the soup was removed and chicken brought. The host, having torn it into small pieces with his fingers, handed a tidbit to one of the ladies present, and then invited the others to partake. Each took a piece in his hand, and the chickens were quickly disposed of. After them was served a course of two kinds of vegetables; then dishes of mutton, in color as black as charcoal, but in flavor excellent; stewed tomatoes were next proffered, in which the host dipped his bread, followed by the guests. After the tomatoes came the turkey, in the breaking up of which the host was assisted by a native gentleman. Two dishes of spinach were served, then a haricot of mutton, which was fol-

lowed by rice, over which the gravy of the mutton had been poured. The dessert was a species of tart, browned on the surface, the contents composed largely of cream deliciously flavored and sweetened. Last of all came a bowl of rice, cooked with sour milk; the whole, however, had been so flavored that not a trace of acidity remained, and the dish, like that which had preceded it, was unanimously declared to be delicious.

The meal ended, the host said, "All-ham-du-le-lah," the meaning of which is, "Thank God." Then the servants, of whom there were three in waiting, drew near with soap and water, that all might wash their hands. Coffee was then served, and the guests repaired to the waiting room. After a nephew of the host had expressed thanks, on behalf of his uncle, to the guests who had honored him with their presence, a Negro, Abdallah by name, belonging to a tribe in the South, was brought forward. He exhibited the mode of singing, dancing, and fighting prevailing in his own tribe. On leaving, the servants who had waited on the table, each carrying a lantern, accompanied the guests to the steamer.

At Luxor a wonderful boy, Egyptian and Mohammedan, appeared as a gymnast. He could not have been more than twelve years of age, and was quite small, but of symmetrical figure, his head being especially well proportioned. The little fellow lived there and was engaged in ordinary work, but when steamers lay alongside he came down to the water's edge and performed for the diversion of tourists. The gyrations which he made were always the same, and consisted of raising and lowering his arms very rapidly, accompanied by a peculiar chanting and a startling crackling of his joints, producing sounds like those made when a pair of castanets are struck. His chief charm was in the brightness of his eye, the whiteness of his teeth, the naturalness and gleefulness of his smile, his expressive gestures, and his way of saying, "Thank you, sir;" or "Thank you, mad-ame;" or "I am glad to see you, sir." He soon discovered what language the traveler spoke, and though he knew not another word except these salutations and thanksgivings, could utter them pleasingly in a halfscore of European languages.

Another curiosity was a huge monkey just brought from

South Africa. Its height, when erect, was equal to that of a short man, and its superficial resemblance to the human race appalling. The owner kept it chained, and sometimes all his strength was demanded to prevent its escape. Not long before, a powerful man took the attitude of a boxer in front of this animal, which, standing erect, struck him with such rapidity on each side of the face as to confuse him, and then seizing him under the arms made frantic efforts to tear his face with its teeth.

Karnak by moonlight is beautiful, ghostly, and almost ghastly. A young lad who sought solitude hastened back to the company, saying that it was no place in which to be alone.

There is great variety of stone in Egypt—granite of different kinds, limestone, sandstone, porphyry, slate, siliceous red gritstone, pudding stone, alabaster, gypsum, and in the Arabian desert marbles of various sorts. The Pyramids were built of limestone blocks, the temples of Thebes and the Thebaid generally of sandstone. But "obelisks, statues, and whole sanctuaries were hewn out of the granite rocks at Assouan (Syene)," and transported, by modes which can only be conjectured, to the sites where they now defy time or crumble before it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

From Thebes to the First Cataract.

Temple of Edfoo—Kom-ombos—Island of Elephantine—Camel Riding—Assouan—Nubian Boatmen's Song—Ride to Philæ—Ancient Methods of Quarrying Stone—Description of Philæ—Temple of Isis—The First Cataract—Herodotus on the Sources of the Nile—Aquatic Feats at the Cataract—An Hour in the Desert—Experience of Foolhardy Tourists with Robbers—Nubians—A Solitary Palm.

Ascending the Nile the view of the mountains on the left was of thrilling interest because of the experience of the preceding days. The travelers generally, even the youngest of them, were silent and thoughtful; all the volumes in the ship's library were in requisition, and diaries and notebooks rapidly filled. I brought home nearly one hundred excellent photographs of Thebes and vicinity; marvelous aids to recollection.

At Edfoo we landed at the foot of a bank of sand and visited the temple. Mariette quarried this as one of his first works, after his appointment as conservator of the monuments of Egypt and director of the excavations. I read his description, which is that "it is a monument that speaks for itself; that no description can do justice to it; that its magnificent porticoes and halls are unique in Egypt, and that its excavations were the most expensive archæological work ever executed under the auspices of the Khedive."

The heat was intense as we sailed away from Edfoo. There we saw Nubians and Soudanese, and began to realize how far south we were. Long and narrow strips of cultivated land separated us from the encroaching desert, and here and there it reached the water's edge. The bottom of the river could be seen distinctly, and in many places the water was not more than two feet and six inches in depth.

Kom-ombos was the next point at which we disembarked. The ruins of two temples with various sculptures and some almost illegible paintings, the whole gradually being under-

mined by the Nile and destined to be swept away within a few years, are all that remain.

As the steamer drew near to Assouan, sand banks appeared in the mouth of the eastern channel, making an agreeable contrast with the water and the green fields along the shore. Then appeared islands of solid black rock, which had been so polished by the water as to resemble black marble. The island of Elephantine is well described as "a mosaic of livid green, golden sand, and black syenite." In all directions on the shore mountains of sand and heaps of stone are thrown about promiscuously, the scene suggesting the primeval evolutions when the earth's surface was in process of formation.

The vessel anchored some distance below the town, but on the shore was a crowd of traders, and camels ready for hire, black, white, mouse color, and reddish. As it is necessary to ride five or six miles to the First Cataract, it is the fashion to do so upon the back of a camel. I had had my fill of that sort of desert navigation. If one had a journey of a month he could allow the first three days for breaking in, and look forward to enjoyment; but when the tour is less than one day it is pleasanter not to make it on the back of a camel. First you cross your legs, and as you do that "up goes the beast; you are jerked forward and get a dig in the stomach from the front crotch, then you are jerked backward and get a dig in the back from the hind crotch." So it continues. There are differences among camels as among horses, and a South American gentleman in the party declared that he preferred a camel to any horse or donkey that he had seen in Egypt; but most of us took donkeys.

Assouan is spoken of in the Bible under the name of Syene, and was the extreme southern boundary of Egypt.

It has a population of less than ten thousand, and is about seven hundred and thirty miles from the Mediterranean Sea. In contrast with many other towns in Egypt, it presents an attractive appearance; the stores had an excellent supply of goods, and one might fancy himself in a seaport town in England; but before he could settle upon this conclusion the peculiar character of the population would reveal to him the fact that

he was far from European civilization. As he passes through the bazaars and wanders about the suburbs he sees a motley crowd "of Egyptians, Turks, Barabras, half-naked Bisharees, and Negroes of every tribe." Some are magnificent looking men; these are said to come from Khartoom, easily distinguished by their grand appearance, perfectly black skin, and splendidly shaped heads.

A few years ago the merchandise consisted principally of gums, elephants' tusks, skins, and other southern products. There has been a change, and for what was formerly common we were compelled to search; but in every case found some of these strictly oriental products. Our attention was attracted by a hawker who was selling ebony bludgeons, lances, and arrows, the points of which he claimed were poisoned.

In pagan times there must have been a vastly larger population than now. There are ruins, too, of Christian convents, dating back to the sixth or seventh century, and evidences that it was the seat of a bishopric. Five years ago, it being the principal market for traders to and from the Soudan, merchandise to the amount of ten million dollars per annum passed through the place. The Soudan has since been abandoned, and in a constant state of warfare; traveling has been unsafe, and the appearance of the town indicated general stagnation. Troops for the Nile expedition rendezvoused here, and there was a large English garrison when we were in Assouan, the troops being Egyptian, the officers Englishmen. The troublous times which have since occurred were threatening, and troops from Cairo arriving. The place is surrounded by forts. Though there are ruins of the times of the Ptolemys, most of the remains are houses erected by the Saracens.

On the island of Elephantine the larger part of the population consists of Nubians. They are fine-looking men, tall, symmetrical, elegant, intelligent. When rowing to the island we found the boatmen were of this race. As they rowed they sang in Nubian dialect. One would sing, and the others join in the chorus. The melody was monotonous, but not unpleasant; the chorus brief, and as nearly as I can express it in English, in these syllables: "*Ah hoom-rhe-nah.*" I tried it upon several Nubians whom we met afterward, and found

not one who appeared to understand it; but every Englishman present, when the song was sung, declared this to be the chorus.

Travelers formerly described the Nubian women on this island as "sable Venuses, realizing the description of our mother Eve as being when unadorned adorned the most, their sole costume being in this serene and glowing climate an apron around the middle, and somewhat of the slenderest, too, composed of thongs of leather ornamented with small shells." We saw none such, though not a few were slenderly dressed. Doubtless the presence of foreigners and the attention attracted has tended to an assimilation to Egyptian costumes and to cause those not supplied with such to keep out of sight.

The ride to Philæ, at the First Cataract, was the most "fascinating and impish" of the entire journey. *En route* we passed several Mohammedan tombs and the graves of British soldiers who had died in the Soudan.

Many of the rocks plainly show that they have been quarried. Marks of wedges are perceptible, and inscriptions on the island of Elephantine and at Philæ tell when the blocks were removed, and give the dynasty and the name of the king by whose orders they were hewn and removed. Ingenious methods of quarrying the stone were adopted, whose operations can be plainly traced. Holes were cut to receive wooden wedges, and these were saturated with water, and broke off the stone by equal pressure. An obelisk, carved but not detached from the rock, remains in the quarry. If completed it would have been ninety-five feet in height and eleven feet one and one half inches in breadth. Other kinds of stone besides syenite abound. Granite prevails, there being more of that than of all other kinds of stone.

It is sometimes difficult to determine the difference between syenite and granite. The general proposition of the geologists is that syenite is composed of feldspar, quartz, and hornblende, and granite of feldspar, quartz, and mica. The syenite of antiquity, used for statues, was really granite. Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park is a specimen of red granite, and came from these quarries.

Island of Philæ.

The island of Philæ is the finest bit of scenery on the Nile. It is only a quarter of a mile long, and considerably less than an eighth of a mile wide, and is approached by a romantic route. The river contains many islands of black rock, and in various places is not more than fifty or sixty feet wide, suddenly expanding into lakes. Continual surprises greet the eye. The island is covered with ruins, the oldest dating back to about 360 B. C. The chief building is the Temple of Isis, commenced by Ptolemy Philadelphus, continued by famous monarchs, including the two Cleopatras. Later Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan added sculptures in their own honor.

We spent six hours in this temple and vicinity. The building and the summit afford the best view, both of art and nature, to be obtained in Egypt outside of Thebes. The west corridor has thirty-two columns with capitals and different forms. The decorations of the roof consist of gold stars on a blue ground. The towers of the first great entrance are one hundred and twenty feet wide, and sixty feet high, covered with sculptures of gods and kings. One room is supposed to have been the library. On the east side is a copy of the inscription contained in the famous Rosetta Stone, but one of our experts pointed out the fact that only the Demotic and hieroglyphic texts are given.

This temple is said to have been transformed in the sixth century into the Christian Church of St. Stephen, and certain crosses are considered conclusive evidence on that point. Inscriptions prove that in the four hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era, more than seventy years after Theodosius abolished the Christian religion by proclamation, the worship of Isis and Osiris was still carried on in this temple. The Christians, when they took it, covered with a coating of clay or mortar the pagan inscriptions of its builders.

The First Cataract must have been in ancient times very different from what it now is, merely a succession of rapids, whirlpools, and eddies, caused by rocks and small islands. I have seen many far larger and more striking, notably the Lachine Rapids in the St. Lawrence. When the water is high it is easy for boats to sail against it; when low, barely pos-

sible. Cicero, Seneca, and others gave accounts of the astonishing noise made by the cataract. But this was probably an exaggeration, for Paul Lucas, a traveler of the time of Louis XIV, says that the cataract precipitated itself with such force from the top of the rocks that the inhabitants of the district were deaf for several miles around! This would make it more terribly "the voice of many waters" than Niagara itself.

The Nile was unquestionably twenty-five or thirty feet higher than it is now, but even then the whole body of water pouring over could have produced no such commotion. Mariette denies that there is any cataract there, if by that is to be understood a fall of water caused by a lowering of the whole bed of the stream, as is the case with the Rhine at Schaffhausen. When the Nile is low the rocks with which its bed are obstructed project above the water, and small falls are thus produced which sometimes swell into cascades. We saw it at its best, the river being unusually low.

Herodotus, in his second book, says: "With respect to the sources of the Nile, no man of all the Egyptians, Albians, or Grecians with whom I have conversed ever pretended to know anything, except the registrar of Minerva's treasury at Sais in Egypt. He, indeed, seemed to be trifling with me when he said he knew perfectly well; yet his account was as follows: 'That there are two mountains rising into a sharp peak, situated between the city of Syene in Thebais and Elephantine; the names of these mountains are, the one Crophi, the other Mophi; that the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless, flow from between these mountains; and that half of the water flows through Egypt and to the north, the other half through Ethiopia to the south. That the fountains of the Nile are bottomless,' he said, 'Psammitichus, King of Egypt, proved by experiment; for having caused a line to be twisted many thousand fathoms in length he let it down, but could never find a bottom.' Such, then, was the opinion the registrar gave, if indeed he spoke the truth, proving, in my opinion, that there are strong whirlpools and an eddy here, so that, the water beating against the rocks, a sounding line when let down could not reach the bottom. I was unable to learn anything more from anyone else, but this much I learned by

carrying my researches as far as possible, having gone and made my own observations as far as Elephantine, and beyond that obtaining information from hearsay."

Stanley has completed the sources of the Nile; its mystery has been yielded.

On arriving at the cataract we found hundreds of men and boys—Nubians, Negroes, and a few Egyptians ready to perform extraordinary feats. Stark naked, they mount round logs of wood, launch into the stream, and paddle either across the river or shoot the rapids; dive from points thirty and even fifty feet high into the river, and rising would be borne down at the rate of more than twenty miles an hour for a short distance, but being perfectly familiar with the eddies they soon get to the shore, and run up to travelers ready to do the same thing as many times as one might care to pay the small sum charged.

Shooting the cataract is dangerous. Some of our young men tried to hire a party of men to take them down, but failed. Two or three young Englishmen had recently lost their lives attempting the feat alone.

Before turning our faces to the north I wandered into the desert and spent an hour alone where it was impossible to see evidence of the presence of man, except the telegraph poles in the direction of Khartoom. They seemed like civilization on stilts stalking across the boundless expanse of sand. There was no wind; a quietness as of death was in the air; a silence which Thomas Hood interprets:

> "There is a silence where hath been no sound,
> There is a silence where no sound may be,
> In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
> Or in wide desert where no life is found."

Our conductor told us of a singular adventure. Among a company of tourists were a gentleman and a lady who refused to keep with the party. He warned them of danger, but they insisted that they were quite able to take care of themselves. About two hours later they returned, stating that they had been robbed. It appeared that a crowd had surrounded them, and utterly helpless, they were stripped of part of their clothing, and their watches, money, and jewelry taken away.

They confessed that they had no means of identifying the thieves. After rebuking them for their foolhardiness, the conductor told them that perhaps he could get their property. When the time came to return to the vessel, as usual, a crowd followed the foreigners down to the water's edge. After all the small boats but one had gone out to the vessel, the conductor and several others remaining to take passage in that, the oarsmen were told to row very rapidly when the signal was given; the conductor then seized a child from the arms of its mother and the boat pushed off into the stream. The resulting consternation and excitement were tremendous; the cries of the mother, the wailing of the women who sympathized with her, and the imprecations of the men filled the air. Standing on the prow of the boat, at a safe distance, the conductor cried out: "If you want the child bring back the money and watches you stole from my friends." They called upon God and the Prophet to witness that they knew not who did it; but he insisted that unless it were done the child would be taken away. After waiting a while they called out that they had the money, and that if the child were brought back it would be delivered up. The conductor refused, and after much altercation one of the men swam out with the money and jewelry, receiving the child, which he took to its mother.

The Nubians are lighter than the Negroes in color, and darker than the Arabs. Their general appearance indicates poverty, but not suffering. Fuel they do not want, as it is never cold; nor do they need clothes. They are rather fine-looking, and wear no head covering, but saturate their shaggy hair with grease. Date palms are their main reliance, many never having anything else to eat. The *shadoof* gives place to water wheels moved by oxen, each wheel being competent to irrigate a particular amount of land; when one inquires about the wealth of a Nubian, the reply is not given in acres, but in the number of water-wheels owned by him.

Like all half-civilized races, the Nubians are superstitious, making great use of charms which they are willing to sell. I bought one from a stalwart peasant who took it from his neck. Of what it consists internally I have not ascertained; externally it resembles three dominoes, made of red

leather. The spots signify something to the untutored Nubian, but so also did the money for which he sold it. This Nubian charm hangs in my library, as harmless as the chicken

Nubians.

bone with which a Tartar told me that I could divine the future.

In the neighborhood of Assouan I saw a lonely palm of such

singular beauty and stateliness as to make it a conspicuous object. It seemed to spring from the barren sand, but at no great distance was a fountain. Beholding it I thought of Heine's contrast, which has been spoken of as the "Flawless Lyric:"

"A pine tree standeth lonely
On a far north land height;
It slumbereth, while around it
The snows fall thick and white.

"And of a palm it dreameth,
That in a southern land,
Lonely and silent, standeth
Amid the scorching sand."

Far north of the arctic circle I had seen the solitary pine upon the desolate coast of Norway; now I beheld the palm upon the burning sands of Africa.

The disturbed condition of the country made it undesirable, if not impracticable, to go to the Second Cataract.

CHAPTER XL.

Down the River.

Southern Cross—To Luxor—Meeting David Dudley Field—Aground Fifteen Times—An Alarming Illness—Arrival at Cairo—Kaiserswerth Hospital—Boolak Museum.

On Monday morning, February 25, between two and three o'clock, I beheld the Southern Cross. Not only this, I could see the two stars of the first magnitude in the Centaur. The Southern Cross requires the aid of a brilliant star in an adjacent constellation to form the foot; this included, the result is a noble figure of a cross. The universe seemed to stretch away into immensity; "faith lent its realizing light," and the finest conception that I ever attained of the size of the earth and the heavens above, was while gazing to the far south and beholding that constellation whose circle, like that of the midnight sun when I saw it, was but a few degrees above the horizon. It ascended and descended slowly, being visible a little more than two hours. As we went south it had been interesting to watch each night new stars appearing just above the line which separated earth from sky. The fashion seems to be to underestimate the Southern Cross in comparison with some of our northern splendors; but making no allowance for the low point at which we viewed the cross on this occasion, it seemed to me a spectacle worthy of comparison with any other part of the "spangled heavens." I turned my back upon it to look for my old friends to the far north.

Miss Edwards said: "Our old familiar friends of the northern hemisphere look strangely distorted. Orion seems to be lying on his back, and the Great Bear to be standing on his tail; while Cassiopeia and a number of others have deserted *en masse*." This is indeed one of the peculiar features of the change of position, taken in connection with the limited view of the horizon, for it foreshortens many figures, so that it is

impossible to recognize them; I have no doubt that the Southern Cross seen higher in the heavens would be far more splendid. As for the north star, my beacon light in many nights of camping out, and pedestrian journeys in mountains and forests and on the prairies—it was so low in the distant north that it took fifteen minutes to find it. The stars, like some vowels, are long or short "by position."

I omitted to speak of our visit to Esneh, the capital of the province of the same name, and having a population of upward of ten thousand. We made a considerable stay there. It is said to be the most healthful town in all Egypt, and we saw at the hotels and the landings invalids who had been sent there from Cairo and Alexandria. There is generally a breeze from the north at night, which is always cool; and the heat in the day is uniform and not so high as at most other points on the river.

The ancient temple is far below the level of the modern town. We descended the steps into the Hall of Columns, which Mohammed Ali cleared in 1842; the rest of the temple is under the houses and invisible. There are many sculptures and inscriptions. All the finer parts are covered with black smoke. Some miles below Esneh we ran aground, and remained five or six hours in one place, giving us fine opportunity to see the shore, with the villages and splendid range of mountains.

We made the trip down the river to Luxor in less than one third of the time it took to go up. Here we found the steamer *Rameses* going southward, and upon it our distinguished fellow-citizen, David Dudley Field, in his eighty-fifth year, looking as young as most men of sixty. During a long conversation with him, he gave delightful reminiscences of former visits, the last preceding this being in 1870, when, as he remarked playfully, he was a young fellow of sixty-five or so. At Luxor we remained a day and a half, and some of the tourists revisited Karnak. Most, however, were occupied with letters, papers, and necessary writing.

On the voyage to Cairo we experienced much annoyance from the heat and frequent running aground. The average depth of the channel was less than three feet, the river being

lower than it had been at that time for a number of years. We were grounded for twenty-four hours in one place, and three other steamers and thirty vessels of different sorts, at distances of not more than fifty or a hundred feet apart, were stuck fast up and down the river. Several of our passengers had had experience on the rivers and lakes of the United States, and were quite certain that the Nile pilots did not understand their business. Four or five times all the passengers who were able to be moved left the vessel and went on board a *dahabeah*. This became monotonous, especially as it did not lighten the vessel to any perceptible extent. One by one the vessels managed to float, and after constant struggling day and night we got under way. Fifteen times we were aground, but this was the worst of such experiences. Among the best results of going to the East is that one learns to wait.

In describing our descent from the Libyan mountains I spoke of the alarming aspect of my traveling companion, whom the heat strangely affected; and now I must unfold a tale of suffering which was one of the most painful episodes in traveling I have ever experienced. Six hours after that descent he became dangerously ill. The ship was provided with a physician, a young man just graduated; but he was so young and so devoted to social life as not to inspire confidence. For two or three days the sick man refused to have him called, but when he grew worse and delirium appeared, the physician was summoned, as much to find some one to take the responsibility and stand between us and the authorities of the boat as from expectation of valuable assistance. The wisdom of this step was soon vindicated, for it began to be rumored among the passengers that the young man had typhoid fever, some being not slow to intimate that the disease was contagious, such a suggestion containing the germs of a panic, and tending to the development of a sentiment which would have required the putting of the sick man on shore, which might have meant death to him and protracted misery to his friends. Only at one or two places could proper treatment for a European be found, and, with the heat increasing every day, the prospect of recovery without such care would have been slight.

We were agreeably disappointed in the physician, for we found him attentive, possessed of considerable knowledge, and, as often happens, making a much better impression when under responsibility than when having nothing to do. He suspected the disease to be typhoid fever, but there being a doubt he gave us the benefit of it, and probably romanced a little in his conversation with the passengers. It is bad enough to be sick on an ocean steamer, but these staterooms, intended only for occupancy at night, were much smaller than those to be had on the best ocean steamers. To be confined in a small stateroom by day, with the temperature at nearly one hundred in the shade, was awful, but thirteen days and nights this had to be endured. Meanwhile four other passengers were taken ill. One had lumbago, and his groans, rising sometimes into shrieks, could be heard distinctly; the others had symptoms of typhoid fever.

The passengers being very sympathetic, Principal Bancroft and myself had no difficulty in securing relays of assistants, ladies and gentlemen, who would sit near the patient while we were resting. When we reached Asyoot, I addressed a communication to Dr. J. Sandlands Grant Bey, the chief physician in Cairo, notifying him of the probable time of our arrival, and requesting him to be in readiness to consult with the ship's physician, and procure hospital accommodation.

We did not arrive in Cairo until late in the evening of Monday, March 4. Leaving the patient in the care of Dr. Bancroft and the ship's physician, I mounted a donkey and rode rapidly to the Place Esbekeeyeh, and had the good fortune to find Dr. Grant in his office. The hospital arrangements having been made, we drove at once to the ship, and after a careful consultation the decision was reached that it was a case of typhoid fever, which as yet exhibited no unfavorable complications. The removal was a pitiable spectacle. The thirteen days had made a fearful change in the appearance of Mr. McFadden. But twenty-four years of age, he looked fifty. Unable to stand, he was lifted by Arabs into the carriage, and taken to the hospital. As there was no permanent room at the hospital, Dr. Bancroft and I repaired to the hotel not far away and arranged for an indefinite stay in Cairo.

The hospital was the Victoria, under the charge of the deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, and it is one of the most delightful places to be sick or to be well in the world. I can never forget the atmosphere of cleanliness, the order and homelikeness of the place, or the courtesy, composure, and sisterly kindness of the deaconesses in charge. This hospital is one of the celebrated Kaiserswerth system supported by the English and German colonies in Cairo. The patients are expected to pay in proportion to the accommodations received, but none are turned away who are unable to pay. The spirit of the institution is thoroughly religious. On arriving the next morning we found that our friend had passed a quiet night, and the special physicians who had him in charge reported that he would have to remain there several weeks, and that in the course of one week they could inform us of the probable termination of the attack. He rapidly improved, and in a day or two we contented ourselves with a single morning visit to him, which was all that the physician thought desirable, and spent the rest of the day in examining certain important institutions and features of Cairo and vicinity, that we had postponed until after our return from the First Cataract.

The Boolak Museum is without a rival in the world in the value of its Egyptian antiquities, though the British Museum surpasses it in the single point of historical papyri.

I had learned at Pompeii that the time to visit a museum of this kind is after, not before, inspecting the cities whence the contents of the museum were. I had seen the monuments and the stupendous works of Rameses II; here I saw his mummy. I had beheld the tomb and monuments of Sethi I, who carried the glory of Egypt into Asia; here I looked upon his dead body.

Reverently I took off my hat before the tomb and sepulchral monument of Mariette, which is in the court of the museum. In front of it are four Sphinxes, from the grand Avenue of Sphinxes to the Tomb of the Bulls, at Sakkara. Behind Mariette's tomb is a statue of Rameses II, and near it are other Sphinxes from Karnak, sacrificial tablets of Thothmes III, and various sepulchral slabs. There is also a sitting figure, in gray granite, of a princess of the Twelfth Dynasty.

In entering one passes through a small vestibule, containing tombstones, columns, and capitals from different dynasties, and sarcophagi from the time of the Ptolemys, into the grand vestibule, filled with statues, tombstones, pictures, coffins of limestone and green basalt. Entering the museum proper we find it divided into different halls, in which are the original historical monuments of different epochs of the long history of Egypt. Egyptian mythology is far more complex than Grecian or Roman, and each succeeding dynasty modified it. I saw the coffin and mummy of Amenophis I, the head wearing a mask; also the coffin and mummy of Thothmes II, and a mummy of a priestly scribe in such an astonishing state of preservation that the eyelashes are visible. The teeth of another mummy are ground to a point. Caskets in wood dating back to fifteen hundred years before Christ are in an excellent condition.

Apart from the mummies, the greatest curiosity in the museum is a wooden statue of an old Egyptian, found in a tomb at Sakkara, who belonged unquestionably to one of the earliest dynasties of the primeval monarchy. More has been written about this than about anything else here. It is supposed to have been a Sheik named Ra-Em-Ka. It appears to be entirely uninjured. Zincke says: "There is no stain of time upon it. To say that it is worth its weight in gold is saying nothing, for its value is not commensurable with gold. As you look at the statue intently—you cannot do otherwise—the soul returns to it, the man is reflected from the wood as he would have been from a mirror."

There is a description in the third chapter of Isaiah of the dress of the Hebrew women eight hundred years before Christ: "Tinkling ornaments about their feet," "networks," "round tires like the moon," "chains," "bracelets," "spangled ornaments," "bonnets," "ornaments of the legs," "headbands," "tablets, and the earrings," "rings and nose jewels," "changeable suits of apparel," "mantles," "wimples and the crisping pins," "glasses," "fine linen," "the hoods, and the veils."

Many of these were imitations of Egyptian costumes and decorations, and in the Boolak Museum are the originals. I

saw a bracelet for the upper arm adorned with turquoises, and a fan of gilded wood, with the holes where ostrich feathers had been inserted. One queer article was a gold chain with three flies in gold foil. Anklets of massive gold, corresponding to the ornaments for the legs mentioned by Isaiah, and a great number of rings and bracelets. A bracelet was formed of pearls strung upon gold wire.

In one of the cabinets is a necklace of gold, the links of which are in the form of cords of rope, cruciform flowers, antelopes chased by lions, jackals, vultures, and winged serpents.

The jewelry actually worn by Queen Ahhotpou one thousand years before Christ, and found in her coffin, is preserved. One of her bracelets had two hinges, and consists of gold figures engraved upon blue glass. A gold diadem was found in her hair, and is also here. A child's ball, whose owner has been dead half the historic period; hairpins, mostly made of wood; a chessboard, nearly four thousand years old; and ink pots, for red and black ink, are among the relics.

The museum contains a collection of bronzes, inlaid with gold and enamel; and many large statues, some supposed to be the oldest in the world, are in perfect preservation. The god Osiris, in the form of a mummy, is made of bronze, inlaid with gold. There is a golden boat which rests upon a wooden frame. It has four bronze wheels, and effigies of twelve rowers, a helmsman, and an officer holding a baton.

I paused before the remains of a statue of Taharka. He was that Ethiopian king who figures in the ancient prophets (2 Kings xix, 9; Isa. xxxvii, 9), and belonged to the Twenty-fifth Dynasty, which conquered Egypt and made Thebes their capital. In the Bible his name is spelled Tirhakah.

While in this museum I was enabled to make rapid progress in acquiring a knowledge of the symbolic mythology of the ancient Egyptians. It was impossible not to discern its meaning in the luminous arrangement; everything was classified, and derived its allegorical significance from the fundamental doctrine that matter is eternal and can neither be decreased nor increased, but is intelligent and has creative power. For the common people the source of life was described in a per-

sonal form called Nun; the principle of light, Khepera. The emblem of this was the beetle, *scarabæus*. When the egg of the world was broken, the universe was divided into three empires. A woman represents the heavenly and bends over the earth; on her back floats the sun, the planets, and the constellations. The next was the earth, and last the infernal regions.

After all, as Bayard Taylor, says: "The most striking fact in all this collection is the demonstration that the glory of Egyptian art belongs to the age of Cheops, and only its decadence to the age of Rameses II. Not only the art, but the culture and religion, the political organization of Egypt, are carried back to the Third Dynasty, B. C. 4450; and Menes, the first historic king, dawns upon our knowledge, not as a primitive barbarian, but as the result of a long stage of unrecorded development."

(Wilkinson assigns him to B. C. 2320; Brugsch, 4400; and Mariette, 5004; but this diversity does not affect the fact as to the stage of development reached by Egypt when history first finds it.)

CHAPTER XLI.

Mohammedanism in Egypt.

Theories of Mohammed—Peculiarities of the Koran, and its Teachings—Polygamy—Mohammedan Services—University to Educate Mohammedan Priests—Chapel of the Blind—Performance of Howling Dervishes—The Copts—Coptic Churches and Language—Greek Church—Protestant Missions.

The religion of Mohammed is a mixture of Judaism, Christian, and Persian religions, with many original conceptions by the Prophet himself. It is impossible to understand it without a knowledge of the Koran.

Mohammed professed to believe that his revelation was the oldest in the world. He hated heathenism in every form, far more than the Christians or the Jews appear to have done; and as an uncompromising opponent of polytheism he is deserving of respect. So intense was his abhorrence of paganism that he repudiated the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, as he understood it, with an indignation that never allowed him or his followers to converse calmly upon the subject. He affirmed that it was "assigning partners" to the only true God. Mohammed did not advocate the persecution of Jews or Christians, unless they opposed his teachings; but under all circumstances idolaters were to be attacked. The fundamental confession is: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." This is not all that the Mohammedans are to believe, for they must hold firmly to God and the angels, written revelation, the prophets, and the resurrection, judgment, immortality, and an absolute fatalistic predestination.

In the Koran Abraham, Noah, Moses, and other Old Testament characters frequently appear—Alexander the Great is called a prophet—and singular stories are told about them all.

Mohammed teaches hospitality, frugality, and forbids putting money at interest, which prohibition is disregarded. Unclean animals are forbidden, and every kind of intoxicating

drink. Each man is allowed four wives, and Professor Socin, of Tubingen, in an article written for Baedeker on the manners and customs of Mohammedans, gives a description of the effect of this rule. The majority of the Mohammedans, notwithstanding this privilege, have but one wife, "owing to the difficulty of providing for several wives and families at once." The wives, moreover, are prone to quarrel, to the destruction of domestic peace, unless the husband can afford to assign them separate houses.

I witnessed such a state of things in Utah when visiting Salt Lake City in 1871. There I was the guest of a man who had three wives. The first was old, the second middle-aged, and the third young. The first was decrepit, the second was the manager, and treated the former comparatively well. When the husband proposed to marry the third, the second was indignant, and complained to the first, who replied:

"He broke my heart when he married you, and I don't care how many more he takes."

"Well," said number two, "*she shall never come here*," and she did not, being supported in another house.

At least five times a day must the faithful Moslem pray, and there is a prayer corresponding to the Lord's Prayer, which is much used:

"In the name of God, the merciful and gracious. Praise be to God, the Lord of creatures, the merciful and gracious, the Prince of the day of judgment; we serve thee, and we pray to thee for help; lead us in the right way of those to whom thou hast shown mercy, upon whom no wrath resteth, and who go not astray. Amen."

Unbelievers are not admitted to ordinary services in the mosque, but are driven out as the sacred hour approaches. By feeing custodians we were occasionally permitted to look through the windows at their service. Without an image or music, or any external aid to the senses, they prostrate themselves before God, reverently adoring him, repeating the names of his attributes, and are ready to die for their faith with a stolid heroism which would defy the force, ingenuity, and munitions of inquisition and death of the mightiest monarchies and religious organizations on the globe.

To say that Mohammedanism is a dying religion appears to me incorrect. Of course, it has different contending sects, and where it comes in contact with European religions its votaries are corrupted, their strictness is relaxed, and they assume the garb and customs of unbelievers. Different systems of philosophy arise; skepticism appears, and as there are infidel nominal Catholics, depraved and almost pagan Christian sects, unbelieving, scoffing Protestants, so among the Mohammedans can be found similar degrees of faith and unfaith. But this state of things, however much it may be deplored, does not imply that Christianity is dying; neither does a similar condition imply the decay of Mohammedanism. It develops in the Soudan and elsewhere the same fanatical devotion, and, in my judgment, will exist for hundreds of years, capturing new tribes in the far East, and on the frontiers resisting every encroachment. When it arose its type of civilization made it possible to contend for centuries, successfully, upon the field of battle. It can do that no longer when in conflict with European powers; but the vastness of the East is not understood; its immense populations are not comprehended; only upon the surface and the outskirts is Mohammedanism materially modified.

In Cairo is a university for the instruction of Mohammedan priests. Its seat is the ancient Mosque of Gami-el-Azhar, and it was transformed into a university about the year of our Lord 980. From ten to twelve thousand students assemble here every day; in point of numbers leading all the universities of the world. We saw the students grouped around the professors. Some had no books; others were swaying to and fro getting their lessons; others listening to the expositions of the teacher. There are four different sects, and each has a niche. The students were assembled in different places, according to the countries whence they came; and these places are called *Riwaks*, as, the *Riwak* of the West Africans, of the Syrians, Bagdadites, and of those who come from Mecca and Medina.

The whole number of Sheiks, or professors, is about two hundred and fifty. Tuition is free, all the mosques being endowed, and an annual subsidy is distributed to each *Riwak*.

The ordinary time necessary to graduate is three years; but some remain as long as six or seven. The Sheiks get no salary, but earn a living by teaching in private houses, and it is understood that such pupils often make gifts to their professors.

We saw the president. He receives a salary, and is a dignified man, apparently much beloved, and we were told that he is a great wit. The finest specimen of oriental courtesy I saw was when he bowed to the students and indicated to them that the lesson for the day was over.

Students who do not speak Arabic have to begin by mastering the grammar; they then proceed with religious instruction, after which comes the study of law, ecclesiastical and secular, logic, rhetoric, poetry, and elocution. Authorities agree that instruction is purely *memoriter*. At graduation they receive diplomas, and can go forth to teach. This, though the largest university, is not the only one.

A curious little chapel is known as the Chapel of the Blind. These students have always been fanatical, engage in riots, and display a singular power of finding and assaulting their foes.

I could not see the spinning dervishes when in Egypt, for during my first visit to Cairo the head spinner was disabled; during my absence he died, and for a month or more after his demise his devotees would not spin. But the howling dervishes performed every Friday afternoon. I was present on one occasion, and narrowly observed all that was done. The monastery is in a suburb of Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. At the appointed time the Sheik, whose office is hereditary, sits down in front of the niche called the Kibleh, in the direction of Mecca, and the dervishes, sitting crosslegged upon the ground, form a large semicircle. Visitors stand outside a railing four or five feet high. There is no charge for admission.

Either the Sheik or a person appointed by him offers a brief prayer; then the dervishes utter in a loud voice the name of God, Allah, and declare his unity—"*La ilaha il Allah.*" The moment they have done this they rise and come into the view of visitors not fortunate enough to secure a position next the railing. It was a weird spectacle. The dervishes were

Howling Dervish.

peculiarly dressed, and of different complexions, some being pure Negroes from the Soudan. Without exception their voices were guttural and as harsh as the suppressed roar of the lion, and some of them as rasping as a camel's growl.

The deputy of the Sheik was a fine-looking man, of intellectual cast and noble figure, with features and form not unlike those in portraits of Thomas Jefferson. He wore green spectacles with gold bows. Every motion was graceful and dignified, his voice soft and musical, and I was told that he is an educated man.

There were fifty dervishes, one of whom was a small and handsome boy. Their hair was from one to three feet in length, abundant, and as black, coarse, and straight as the hair in a horse's tail. Once upon their feet, the men repeated in a monotone the words which they had first uttered, and other passages from the Koran, thrusting their heads backward and forward as they spoke, bending so that the upper part of their bodies formed nearly a right angle with their legs.

At first the motion was slow and in perfect time, and the sound chiefly occupied the attention of the observer. It is difficult to impart any idea of the volume of sound. The voices of women who have raved in insanity for years sometimes undergo such a change that it is difficult, their forms not seen, to believe that they are not men of the largest proportions. What, then, must be the effect of the continual repetition of these words upon voices naturally guttural?

As they proceeded the time grew more rapid and their voices waxed so loud as to become positively terrible. Ladies retired long before the exercises were ended; and a gentleman from London took his departure, saying that he had an almost irresistible impulse to jump over the rail and begin to repeat with the dervishes. The deputy merely kept time. At the left of the Sheik were the musicians, who performed upon the flute and a very long horn, and beat upon immense tambourines and small metal drums.

Toward the climax the vehemence of the performance was appalling. Many seemed to become unconscious of their surroundings; their hair streamed out in masses, and divided, flowing over their faces and at the sides of their heads, and

sometimes seemed to stand literally on end as though a solid body. One visitor claimed that a man near him who moved his feet frequently emitted electric sparks. I did not see this, but am not prepared to say that it is incredible.

Some of the dervishes turned toward the visitors with the aspect of maniacs; others frothed at the mouth like dogs with hydrophobia, and near the close a gigantic Negro became wild. He shouted, threw back his head, was seized by two of the others, and sank into a cataleptic trance. Our guide translated some of his expressions, which were enthusiastic utterances of the names and attributes of the Deity, and the guide told us that "the power frequently came upon them in that way."

There were three divisions of the service without intermission, the transitions being marked by a lowering of the tones and a gradual slowing of the motions. I would not have believed it possible for the human body to sustain such contortions without a rush of blood to the head, accompanied by convulsions or apoplexy. The vehemence and rapidity of the movements exceeded any acrobatic performance, while the howls would have put a whole menagerie to flight; but what a man does every day he can do any day.

At last the Sheik waved his hand; there was silence, and he offered a prayer in a low tone. Then all repeated the word *Hoo*, the meaning of which is "He," referring to God, and, one by one, kissing the hand of the Sheik, they passed out through the center of the building.

The howling dervishes carry on ordinary business. They train their male children to be their successors, and are not, either by the intelligent Mohammedans or the public, thought to be specially devout. The performance, whatever it was originally, is now a mixture of fanaticism and formalism.

The Christian religion early obtained an ascendency in Egypt, and would probably have maintained it had it not been divided into sects upon metaphysical questions, and engaged in internecine wars. It was about 638 that the Arabs conquered the country; the majority of the peasants accepted the Mohammedan faith, and to-day nine tenths of the population of Egypt are of that religion. Many of the Copts, however,

"undoubtedly the most direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians," have adhered to Christianity. They belong to an ancient sect called *Eutychians*, otherwise known as *Monophysites*, the chief point in their belief being that Christ had no human nature, but was wholly divine.

As a class the Copts pursue the indoor trades; are jewelers, tailors, etc.; and their aptitude for mathematics brings them into demand also as accountants, bookkeepers, and clerks. In some respects their characters do not compare favorably with the Arabs. Many use spirituous liquors to excess, and they are also accused of not having as fixed principles of honesty as their Mohammedan neighbors. The general testimony of travelers and diplomatic agents in Egypt is to this effect. The inmates of the convents did not favorably impress me; the religious services were the least elevating that I have seen under the Christian name, and were longer than those of the Greek Church. The people revere the Bible, and many know by heart the gospels.

I visited several of their churches, which are numerous in proportion to the worshipers. Their pulpits are generally of marble; and the buildings contain many shrines for relics of saints. Much use is made of processional crosses, and I saw one long procession in Cairo in which these were used with flags attached. Some of the churches are famous for beautiful antique silver and brass censers; some of these having bells attached to the chains. There are also rich coverings made of silver, silver-gilt, or iron, for copies of the gospels, and inside these cases the gospels are "hermetically sealed." The communion is administered in both wine and bread, and is given to children; and during the administration the priests are always barefooted—an ancient practice, which is said to have taken its rise from God's command to Moses to take off his shoes at the burning bush. I was present at a communion service; the chief ecclesiastics were clad in gorgeous vestments and behaved in a dignified manner, but the communicants rushed up to receive the elements without regard to reverence.

The Coptic language is not used to any extent in the Church, neither do the Copts generally understand it, and where a few

prayers are used in Coptic they are immediately repeated in Arabic for the benefit of the hearers. The number of Copts in Egypt is something less than four hundred thousand. In appearance they are usually diminutive in size and lighter in color than the Arabs, and wear turbans of blue or black, which no Mohammedan ever does.

The Greek Church has quite a large number of members in Egypt, and the Catholic Church many adherents among the French population. Foreigners, wherever they exist in considerable numbers, have brought their religion with them. The Roman Catholic missions have not been successful in Egypt. Altogether the native and foreign Christians compose about one tenth of the population.

To our own country belongs the honor of establishing and carrying forward successfully a Protestant mission in Egypt. This was begun in 1854, and carries on its work under three departments—the evangelistic, educational, and publishing. The work of the mission (United Presbyterian) extends from Alexandria to Assouan, and includes the district of Fayum. In the college at Asyoot and the three schools for boys at Cairo, Mansurah, and Alexandria there are over a thousand students. I met the graduates from these schools everywhere, speaking excellent English and exhibiting remarkable intelligence. Some were acting as guides, some as railway, telegraph, and consular agents, and still others as teachers.

There is a large number of girls in the mission schools (over eleven hundred), and besides these there are seventy-one native schools taught by teachers who have been trained in the American mission schools under Protestant influences; and each of these is self-supporting. I was interested to ascertain the religions of the pupils. Out of five thousand five hundred and ninety-six, nine hundred and sixty-two were Protestants, three thousand four hundred and forty-three were Copts, seven hundred and seventeen Mohammedans, forty-five Roman Catholics, one hundred and sixteen Greeks, one hundred and forty-four Jews, and one hundred and sixty-five of various other sects. The work is conducted on the principle of making them pay so far as they are able, and three thou-

sand eight hundred and eighty-two paid something. The whole number of church members in the mission is two thousand three hundred and seven, and there is a steady increase every year. The scholars in the Sabbath school are about five thousand. Nearly all the converts have been from among the Copts, and the chief part of their success has been in upper Egypt.

One question received a suggestive answer: "What proportion of your communicants have been converted from Mohammedanism?" The entire number was less than a hundred. The tenacity of the Mohammedan has as yet defied the efforts of other religions. It is peculiarly adapted to imbed itself in the memory and to develop a stubborn adherence. While in Egypt I talked with a score of intelligent Mohammedans, who were charitably disposed, liberal-minded men; but when I ventured to suggest doubts concerning the superiority of Mohammedanism to Christianity, they called my attention to Roman Catholicism and the Greek Church, and with proud yet dignified scorn asked: "Shall we give up one God and take their images? Never! There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." I had a long conversation with a Mohammedan young man at Thebes, who had been educated at the American Protestant school at Asyoot, and asked him how I could become a Mohammedan if I wished to do so. He explained the process, and what would be done in my honor in the villages if I would accept the true faith. His opinion of the Protestants was that they were good people who were trying to improve on the old Christianity, and if they would but go a little farther they would become true Mohammedans.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Suez Canal, and the Last of Egypt.

An Entertainment at the House of Dr. Grant Bey—Mr. Petrie—A Sandstorm—By Rail to the Suez Canal—Ismailia—History and Description of the Canal—Ride on the Canal to Port Said—Characteristics of the Place—Festivities at the Opening of the Canal—Leaving Africa.

THE most helpful acquaintance made by our party in Cairo was Dr. Grant Bey, previously referred to in connection with his services as a physician. His residence is the resort of all the learned, and, like the abode of Dr. Schlieman, in Athens, besides being a dwelling and a professional office, it is a museum. It is the habit of the cultured host to invite his friends from time to time for a *séance*. Dr. Bancroft and I twice had the opportunity of being present.

The guests arrived about eight o'clock, and spent an hour or more in the capacious parlors, engaged in mutual introductions and pleasant social intercourse. A little after nine, Dr. Grant read a paper upon an important branch of Egyptology. During the reading coffee, tea, and sherbet were served at intervals of twenty or twenty-five minutes, in true oriental fashion. The servants moved as noiselessly as the far-famed slaves of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and the reading of the paper was not intermitted. Whenever Dr. Grant referred to any particular relic of Egyptian civilization, as confirming or illustrating the point under discussion, the specimens, if small enough, were passed from hand to hand; if large they were pointed out. So numerous and valuable are Dr. Grant's possessions that they would give fame to any city in this country, if collected and classified in a museum of Egyptian antiquities.

I had the rare good fortune to meet the most distinguished living Egyptian explorer, Mr. Petrie. Like many men distinguished for extraordinary perseverance, physical endurance, and heroism, Mr. Petrie is in no way remarkable in

appearance beyond having a keen, black eye, dark features, and a well-knit frame. He is equally interesting as a writer or talker. More recently, at Dr. Grant's, Major General Sir Francis Grenfell Pasha, in proposing a vote of thanks, remarked that Mr. Petrie combines in an unequaled degree the scholar, the archæologist, and the practical worker in the field of Egyptian exploration, and that he is a man of whom England may well be proud. He has discovered proofs of the art of writing four thousand years ago, which demonstrate that "the long-disputed question, whether Homer could have committed his *Iliad* to writing, may be decided in the affirmative."

To meet such a man, to note the quiet enthusiasm with which he spoke of his work, the total absence of pretense, familiarizes the mind with these explorations, and gives a current interest to the successive announcements of his discoveries.

Two well-known Americans were in Cairo: ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, and the Rev. Bishop Charles H. Fowler. The latter was returning from a tour among the missions of his Church in China and Japan; the former was abroad to investigate some important scientific questions, as well as to recuperate his health.

By this time a number of our fellow-passengers on the Nile had succumbed to the peculiar influence which prostrated several before the voyage ended. Strange to say, the athletes of the party suffered most. During our last sojourn in Cairo a heavy sandstorm raged, and though we were seven or eight miles from the desert, a great part of the time the whole city was rendered as dark as London in the thickest fog. The atmosphere was filled with particles which, blown by heavy gusts of wind against the houses, trees, and human beings, covered them almost as though it were a blizzard of snow. We had many experiences of this sort while on the Nile, and it would be difficult to decide which is more to be dreaded, a blizzard on the plains, or a sandstorm in the desert.

We left Cairo, going by rail along the skirts of the Arabian desert to Ismailia on the Suez Canal. After a few miles had been traveled black clouds appeared. It had been a long

time since we had seen anything of the kind. Every appearance indicated a storm of violence, and soon a few drops of rain, the first that we had seen in Egypt, struck against the car windows. We involuntarily remarked simultaneously, "There will be a heavy shower." But after a dashing of water, such as would be produced by the throwing of a few pailfuls upon the train, all was over. The clouds were chiefly wind, but sometimes a little rain falls in this part of Egypt. In Cairo it averages only one and a half inches per year, and in Alexandria about eight inches.

Early in the afternoon we reached Ismailia, which is a prepossessing place. The roads are broad, the trees beautiful, and there are fine houses and estates. The object of especial interest was the residence of M. de Lesseps, the first house built. It is in the style prevalent in Switzerland. The climate is delightful; fresh breezes blow by day and night, winter and summer, and altogether it is as attractive a place for residence as Egypt contains.

Here I had the first view of the Suez Canal, the greatest work of modern times. The ancients, however, in this anticipated the moderns. Napoleon Bonaparte, that universal genius, in 1798 examined the remains of old canals, and ordered certain scientific men to make surveys and "prepare a project for uniting the two seas by a direct canal." They prepared an elaborate report, but it was not completed until after the French had evacuated Egypt.

In 1855, after many projects, a plan was made by M. Linant Bey and M. Mougel Bey; de Lesseps having had a "first firman of concession" from Said Pasha, the prospectus drawn up by the two individuals just mentioned was under his superintendency. In 1856 the project was submitted to the International Commission, consisting of delegates from Austria, France, Holland, England, Italy, Spain, and Prussia. After various modifications were decided upon the Suez Canal Company was formed.

The father of M. de Lesseps, who was Napoleon's chief of police in Moscow, was the first representative of France in Egypt, and his son for seven years (1831–38) was consul at Cairo, and therefore understood the whole subject. England

interfered to prevent the accomplishment of the plan. De Lesseps opened a subscription. The capital was to be eight million pounds, the shares twenty pounds each. In 1859 work was begun. Four fifths of the workmen were to be Egyptians, who were conscripted from all parts of the country. By 1863 the conscription ceased, as the drain was twenty thousand fresh laborers a month, and agriculture suffered. Hence machinery had to be invented to take the place of manual labor. The first cost of that machinery was twelve millions of dollars, and it consumed each month two hundred thousand dollars' worth of fuel.

Ismailia is midway between the two seas connected by the canal, and at the center of Lake Timsah. The whole distance from Suez to Port Said is one hundred miles, and the canal first runs through the plain of Suez, a sort of marshy lagoon gradually rising from the sea to the heights of Shaloof.

This part of the canal is ten miles long. The cutting of Shaloof runs five miles through tenacious soil and rocks covered with sand. Then the canal enters the chain called the "Bitter Lakes," twenty-five miles in length, and this is followed by a detour from the lakes of two miles, and two other cuttings six miles long, when Lake Timsah is entered, which is five miles in length, the distance from that point to Port Said being forty-seven miles. Where the banks are low the canal is three hundred and twenty-eight feet wide; where they are high, one hundred and ninety. At its base the canal is seventy-two feet wide, and its depth is twenty-six feet. Not till the eighteenth of March, 1869, was the water of the Mediterranean allowed to flow in.

We rode along the canal from Ismailia to Port Said upon a postal steam launch called the *Osiris*. It was crowded, the wind was high on the lakes, and the ride was not especially pleasant. Having been so long accustomed to the heat of upper Egypt, the wind was chilling, and overcoats and blankets comfortable. Where the desert rose above the banks, nothing but sand could be seen; but there were frequent stops, at some points long enough to admit of short excursions into the surrounding deserts. We passed steamers of all nations; the larger vessels are required to travel at the rate of less

than seven miles an hour, because a more rapid motion, by the washing of the waves, would injure the embankments. One of these monsters in the lock forms a spectacle of rare interest.

From England to Bombay the saving by the canal is 4,840 miles; from New York, 3,600; from St. Petersburg, 4,840; from Marseilles, 5,940; and from London to Hong-Kong, 4,117 miles.

On approaching the harbor of Port Said, the canal spreads to the width of one thousand feet, and, leaving the port and town on the left, makes its connection with the open sea. The town owes its origin to the canal, and has a population of nearly twenty thousand, of whom a third are Europeans, most of them French, and morally this city is one of the worst places in the world. Not that the permanent residents universally deserve this description, but at all times it is overrun by sailors of every nationality, and those who pander to their depraved tastes are indescribably corrupt. There is no standard which prevents the exhibition of every form of iniquity, so that those of a sensitive disposition need to learn the art of not seeing or hearing as they pass along the streets, even in the daytime.

I fell in with a citizen who was present November 16, 1869, at the opening of the canal. His description of the festivities was graphic, and if it cost the Khedive twenty-one million dollars, as has been stated, they certainly should have surpassed anything the world has ever seen.

At Port Said we took passage on the steamer *Senegal*, of the Messagaries Maritimes Line, and sailed on a voyage which, beginning in Africa, was to end in Asia. Again we saw the Mediterranean, and with little satisfaction, not merely because of the memory and anticipation of storms and seasickness, but because it meant that we should depart out of Egypt. Its rivers, ruins, Pyramids, and people have left an impression not to be effaced; and the memory of an atmosphere translucent, of a desert more awful, if not more sublime, than mountain or ocean, a sky "inlaid with patens of bright gold," and gardens as fertile as Eden, will ever abide.

Jaffa (Joppa).

CHAPTER XLIII.

Entering the Holy Land.

Approaching the Turkish Empire—The Harbor at Jaffa—Landing—Ancient History—Modern Features—Fruit and Flowers—People—Incident of Napoleon Bonaparte.

WHATEVER his creed, who can approach the borders of the Turkish empire without reverence for its domain, when he reflects that it contains the sacred places of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism? The first rays of dawn faintly illuminated the low shore as the *Senegal* drew near. We were upon deck before the stars were out of sight, and watched every movement upon ship, sea, and shore. As light increased the mountains of Judea held the gaze of all to whom the scene was new, until in the distance the lofty battlements of Jaffa (ancient Joppa) came slowly into view.

We came to anchor half a mile from shore, and were fortunate that we could land at all. Jaffa, though one of the worst in the world, is the only natural harbor in Palestine south of Haifa. If going from the south it is a common experience of travelers to be carried by to Haifa, or to Beirut; if going the other way, to Port Said. When the sea is entirely smooth without, it is often dangerously rough in this rock-bound, rock-divided harbor of irregular depth. The city lies at the foot of a rock one hundred and sixteen feet high, along the slopes of which are built houses of soft sandstone, light in color. These houses, rising one above another, present an imposing appearance, similar to that of the citadel at Quebec.

Baedeker places first, in his summary of works descriptive of Palestine, the Bible, "which [he says] supplies us with the best and most accurate information regarding Palestine, extending back to a very remote period, and should be carefully consulted by the traveler at every place of importance as he proceeds on his journey."

When the boatmen came on board a scene of excitement and

tumult began, the like of which we had not witnessed since arriving at Alexandria. Two rival tourist companies were represented by agents, who came to superintend the debarkation of passengers using their tickets. The advantage of being connected with one of these was soon seen. All trouble was taken by their agents, whose baggage boats were preceded by highly ornamented crafts in which they rode. They took charge of the luggage, drove back boatmen, and saw that their passengers were safely lowered. The yells and confusion were terrifying to the inexperienced.

Showers were falling as we landed, and magnificent was the spectacle of clouds, with intervals of blue sky and rainbows, and all the wondrous phenomena for which we had so long sighed under the hot, ever blue, dazzling sky of Egypt. The rain, however, had turned dust into mud, and as we ascended the hill along the narrow streets, encountering donkeys and troops of camels, it required skill and effort to climb the steep incline. At the summit we found carriages, which took us to our hotel outside the walls.

When Joshua divided the land of Canaan the seventh lot was for the children of Dan, and it ended with the territory before Japho (Joppa). Up to that time it had been a Phœnician colony. When Solomon sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, to procure suitable wood to build the temple, his specifications called for cedar, firs, and algum trees from Lebanon, and Hiram wrote: "We will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need: and we will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem."

Five hundred years afterward, when the temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel, the prophet Ezra tells us that the masons and carpenters of Sidon and Tyre brought "cedar trees from Lebanon to the sea of Joppa, according to the grant that they had of Cyrus king of Persia." Jonah went down to Joppa and took passage from there to Tarshish, supposed to be Tartessus in Spain.

Here Dorcas lived and died, and hither came St. Peter in response to a sudden summons, and, when he saw the dead woman, "raised her to life." It was here that Peter tarried for many days with Simon the tanner, where was wrought the

miracle which taught Peter that his old exclusiveness was to be a thing of the past. From 1654 the site of the Latin convent is said to be the same as that of the house of Simon the tanner. The Arabs claim to have the true site beneath a mosque in a lighthouse. So careful an authority as Dean Stanley thinks that the present house of Simon the tanner shown to visitors, is upon the spot. He says: "One of the few localities which can claim to represent the historical scene of the New Testament is the site of the house of Simon the tanner at Joppa." The building is close to the sea; the waves beat against its court-yard wall; a tradition exists of its having been for a long time used as a tannery; in the center of the court there is a spring of fresh water necessary for such a business. We ascended to the flat housetop, and above was the same sky; before, the same sea and threatening rocks; in the background, the hills of Judea; fishermen could be seen in and upon the water, and camels, donkeys, sheep, and cattle in the streets and suburbs.

Wandering along the shore of the Mediterranean we saw countless scallop shells, recalling the fact that for ages past they were worn by pilgrims after their return as a mark that they had been to the Holy Land.

An interesting modern feature is the Mildmay Hospital, known as the Jaffa Medical Mission and English Hospital, founded by Miss Bessie Mangan. She labored five years in London as a missionary, and was known among the poor as "Our bright-faced lady."

In December, 1877, she went out to Jaffa to assist Miss Arnott, and in less than twelve months started a medical mission under a qualified native Christian doctor trained at the American College at Beirut. She went to Jaffa at her own charges, and was free to do as she pleased. When the hospital opened there were twenty patients, and the attendance soon swelled to one hundred. Jews, Moslems, Latins, Greeks, and Maronites listened to her words and received with love her womanly and Christly ministrations. "She never spoke to them of creeds, but simply of their sins and of the Saviour whose love had brought her there, and bigotry was silent before the truth thus tenderly and winningly displayed."

The Turks opposed the work, but its excellent results and

her persuasion in personal visits to Constantinople overcame the opposition, and, when the hospital was finally dedicated, Moslem and Jewish officials attended. The number of attendants at the Medical Mission amounted to eleven thousand one hundred and seventy-six in the thirteen months preceding December 31, 1886. During that time two hundred and thirty-one were nursed in the hospital, and one hundred and twenty scholars attended the Sunday school. The fund is collected from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Miss Arnott's school, to which Miss Mangan first went in Jaffa, is also a voluntary school, established in 1863. It has met with success, and sustains a school of fifty day pupils.

The immense size of the fruits and vegetables for sale in the market reminds one of California. We were there when the orange gardens were beginning to blossom, and the lemon, apricot, apple, quince, and plum trees were in bloom. Gardens and orchards are all about the city. The oranges are the best I have ever seen; they hang on the trees a great while, and are sold at the rate of ten for a Turkish *piaster*—about a cent each of our money. The people were obviously of a different type from those in other oriental lands.

In whatever part of the world one comes upon the track of Napoleon he is sure to meet some authentic history or probable tradition which exhibits him despotizing, and hesitating at no act of force, fraud, ingratitude, or cruelty necessary to accomplish his purposes; but everywhere displaying transcendent genius and overwhelming energy. In 1799 he stormed Jaffa, then surrounded with walls. A plague broke out among his soldiers, and the story is that he ordered them poisoned. One critic says that in this credulous land of traditions it is difficult to ascertain the truth of even so recent a circumstance. On the other hand Dr. Thomson, who resided in Jaffa as long ago as 1834, appears to believe it, and he had the opportunity of conversing with Mr. R. Anutun Murad, United States consul, whose father had been a resident of the country, and must have had knowledge of the facts.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"In the Way Going Up to Jerusalem."

The Road to Jerusalem—Plain of Sharon—Flowers—Road to Lydda—Tower of Ramleh—Gezer—Valley of Ajalon (Yalo)—Latrun—Amwas—Abou-Gosch—Mizpah—Jerusalem!

Jaffa is more than thirty miles northwest from Jerusalem; but the direct road is excellent for pedestrians, horsemen, or carriages. There are but two or three roads in all Palestine passable for four-wheeled vehicles, but this has been made in the French style, and displays fine engineering. We had bargained for a "carriage," and, when it appeared, saw a wagon of the roughest sort, as inconvenient and unpleasant as one would be likely to find on four wheels in any part of the world.

The orange and other orchards, through which the road winds at first, are surrounded by high cactus hedges, which are almost impenetrable. Here and there were fountains, and the road was frequently shaded by cypress and sycamore trees. In less than an hour we entered the plain of Sharon, which extends along the seacoast from Jaffa to Cæsarea, and is an expanse of sand covered in varying thickness with soil, beneath which is an inexhaustible supply of water. The soil produces abundant crops, springing up almost by magic after rains, or whenever artificially watered. The water wheels, unlike those we had seen in Egypt, give a picturesque aspect to the landscape. The supply is so accessible that the entire plain seems to cover a river filtering through the sand on its way to sea.

Watchtowers are frequent, and break the monotony. In the open country there are neither fences nor hedges, boundary lines being marked by stones as they were in Old Testament times. A farm used for the instruction of Jewish young men in agriculture was pointed out to us on the right. A fountain surrounded by sycamores and cypresses is said to

be on the site of the tomb of Dorcas. Spurious guides will say that "it is the tomb of Dorcas," or "the place where she was raised to life," whichever will please the traveler more. The plain itself was beautiful, for the recent rains had given life to every spear of grass, and myriads of flowers of the brightest yellow, the richest red, the softest blue, were blooming on every side.

As they passed we noted travelers of different nationalities. Here were two or three Jews going to Jerusalem, and a few minutes afterward we met Latin monks; then Moslems. This is the ancient thoroughfare from the sea to Jerusalem! Over this road filed the long processions carrying materials for the temple! Kings, prophets, apostles, and countless pilgrims have traversed it! Great armies, pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan! Pilgrims and Crusaders!

The general character of the plants and flowers is similar to that of Spain and Algiers. Tulips and anemones were profuse. The Song of Solomon says: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." But we saw no roses such as we are familiar with in America, and though there are thousands of sweet-breathed, dewy flowers, nowhere did I find anything that would have suggested to me Bishop Heber's simile:

> "How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
> Of Sharon's dewy rose!"

Many a flower has been supposed to be the one meant by Solomon—the narcissus, the meadow saffron, and certain species of lily. Thomson testifies that he has seen thousands of Solomon's roses on Sharon, but that they are a species of the marshmallow, and says before we protest against degrading the poetic rose to the marshmallow: "Let me tell you that certain kinds of mallows grow into the stout bush and bear thousands of beautiful flowers."

There is, however, no dispute about the identity of the plain of Sharon, and it was sufficient for us to see it covered with the most brilliant and beautiful flowers. Those who go there in the autumn see only a barren wilderness.

The Mohammedan villages and the olive plantations interested us, but not so much as the traces of the primitive in-

habitants of the country. After traveling an hour and a half over the road to Lydda we turned to the left, when the town became plainly visible. It was there that Peter healed the paralytic Eneas when he was "passing through all quarters, and came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." There, in 445 A. D., an ecclesiastical council was held for the trial of Pelagius on a charge of heresy.

We scanned the horizon to catch a glimpse of the celebrated Tower of Ramleh, and at last saw it. The Arabians say that the town of Ramleh was founded in the year 716. Formerly it had walls with twelve gates—four large, the others smaller. There is a tradition that this place is in what was called Arimathea in the New Testament. Professor Robinson examines the statement with his usual fairness and thoroughness, and comes to the conclusion that it has no foundation. Thomson, on the other hand, says: "I am unable to decide the question."

The Tower of Ramleh is undoubtedly of Mohammedan origin; and walking through olive plantations and between cactus hedges for a quarter of a mile, and then through an old cemetery, we found it to be part of an ancient mosque. The outer walls, about six hundred feet in circumference, can be traced; also the rooms in the recess, the gateways, and the fountains. The tower is about one hundred feet high, and is ascended by one hundred and twenty much-worn steps. From the summit one sees the entire plain of Sharon, with the mountains of Judea, Samaria, and the whole land from Mount Carmel, on the shores of the Mediterranean, all the way to the mountains of Samaria. The Mediterranean is visible, many miles away. Lydda, several miles distant, seems but a few hundred feet. Along the mountain sides villages glistened in the sunlight. Ashdod, Askalon, and Gath could be identified.

Beneath the tower are ancient vaults, and the Mohammedans represent that they contain the bodies of forty of the prophets. The Christian version is that they contain the bodies of forty Christian martyrs.

The route to Jerusalem from Ramleh was still to the southeast. We spent a little time in the village, but saw nothing

remarkable there except three monasteries, Latin, Greek, and Russian. The Russian National Church, since the time of Peter the Great, has not been in communion with the orthodox Greek Church. The Latin monastery in Ramleh is under the management of the Franciscan monks. Pilgrims were standing about who were remaining here over night in their journey between Jaffa and Jerusalem. The palm trees were insignificant compared with those in Egypt. In the valley is a cemetery for the common people; on the hills are the tombs of Mohammedan saints. They were shrines of devotion as well as burial places, and pious Mohammedans could be seen paying their vows.

Not far from Ramleh a belated farmer favored us with an exhibition of the old-fashioned Scripture plow. There were the poles, one attached to the yoke to pull with, one end of the other held by the driver, the other end serving as a plowshare. The process is a scratching rather than an upturning of the soil. A well-informed man told us that it is really better for many parts of the country than an American plow would be.

The identification of Gezer, the ruins of which are visible from the road, is a fact of importance to Bible students. There the Canaanites were so strong that Ephraim, of whose lot this was the frontier, in the time of the Judges, could not drive them out; but "the Canaanites dwelt in Gezer." 1 Kings ix gives a full account of the ruins and traces of the city boundaries; for a number of questions have been settled, and clear evidences found of a city built after the plan in Numbers xxxv.

From the summit of a hill we looked forward to the valley of Ajalon, now known as Yalo. When we crossed it we passed over the spot where Joshua conquered the Amorites, and, according to the tenth chapter of the Book of Joshua, the miracle occurred when he exclaimed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." How many disputes have been held as to whether that ever occurred! "It is not the sun that moves, but the earth," says one. "Neither the earth nor the sun could be stopped without disarranging the whole solar system," says another. The third exclaims, "How absurd to suppose that for an in-

significant battle the heavens would be disturbed." "Joshua was not inspired, or he would have known better than to command the sun and the moon to stand still; he would have used scientific language."

Nautical almanacs, scientifically constructed at the present day, use the ancient phrase, "Sun rises and sets."

The history details miraculous or natural events. If the former, it is as easy to believe that God prolonged the light as to believe anything else told in the book.

The five kings fled over the hills and hid in a cave, and the route they must have taken was plainly before our eyes.

Refreshing springs were frequent, and as a rural scene the country was charming. But after a time long mountain ranges appeared, and slowly we toiled up the slopes of the first mountain of Judea. The road here rose and fell, making a figure of the letter S on the side of every high hill. Villages of historic interest occupied our attention, but only the more important can be mentioned. We had farewell glimpses of the plain of Sharon, whose green turned to blue in the distance, and came to the village of Latrun, the meaning of which is robber. One of its legends is that the penitent thief, spoken of in these myths as Dimas or Dismas, was born there. A later tradition is that when Joseph and Mary went down to Egypt with the infant Christ they passed through that place, and Dismas and the other thief attacked them, and that the one who became penitent subsequently protected the Son of Mary from the violence of the other, and that on the cross, when he threw himself on the mercy of Christ, this was remembered to his advantage. This is nonsense throughout, for St. Luke says that this thief at first participated with the other in railing at Christ on the cross.

Two hours' journey farther there is a place called Amwas, believed from the third to the thirteenth century to be the Emmaus mentioned in Luke; but that is now held to be impossible on account of its not corresponding with the distance. Most objects in this region bear names derived from Bible characters, often without reason. We passed Job's well, and not far from it Job's monastery.

Now the road became steep; the horses panted as they

dragged the wagon up the narrow defile. We were surrounded by hills, some overgrown with stunted trees, others as devoid of vegetation as the hills of Norway north of the arctic circle. Where there was anything for them to eat, herds of goats and flocks of sheep were feeding under the care of shepherds. On reaching the summit we could discern the sea and the coast as far back as Jaffa, including Ramleh and the plain of Sharon. Along the road were olive trees, and among them the carob, supposed to be the tree which produced the beans, the husks of which were the food mentioned in the parable of the prodigal son.

The village of Abou-Gosch dates back to 1813. A Sheik of that name, having six brothers and eighty-five descendants, ruled the whole region despotically, and sallied forth, like the old robbers on the Rhine, upon passing pilgrims. During the Egyptian supremacy they were suppressed; but, like the descendants of the Algerine pirates, they retain their wealth. Abou-Gosch is buried there in a large mosque. The region has been identified, by Professor Edward Robinson, with Kirjath-jearim, scholars generally accepting the conclusion. Hence men went to receive the ark of the Lord when the terrified Philistines brought it back; and they placed it in the house of Abinadab. When David had fixed his capital at Jerusalem, he went to Kirjath-jearim to bring the ark to Jerusalem, but violated the law; bringing upon Uzzah, who attempted to steady the ark, the punishment described in the Book of Numbers. After it had remained at the house of Obed-edom three months, it was carried to Jerusalem by the Levites, according to the law.

In about an hour we reached a summit from which we could see Neby Samwil, where most traditions unite in saying that the prophet Samuel was buried. It was Mizpah, the city of Benjamin. Here on this solitary mountain peak, six hundred feet above the plain of Gibeon, and three thousand above the sea level, during the time of the Judges, were held the national assemblies of the tribes of Israel. Here the Crusaders built a church. In the valley of Kolonieh is a village, surrounded by olive and fig orchards, held to have been the birthplace of John the Baptist. This is based on the fact that his

father was a priest, and would therefore live near Jerusalem, and that, in Luke i, 39, he is said to live in "the hill country, . . . a city of Juda." Kolonieh, a charming village, is

Mizpah.

another of the numerous competitors for the site of Emmaus, but cannot be harmonized with the statement of Luke that the place was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem.

From this point it is a steady climb of four and a half miles to Jerusalem. Higher and higher, rougher and rougher grew the road, and slower the pace of the horses, till it seemed, in the darkness of the evening, as though we should never reach our journey's end.

When we saw the lights in the suburbs of Jerusalem it was a moment of delight, of solemnity, and of sublimity. For of it the greatest of the kings of Israel said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." To it the Son of God said: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" And it became a type of heaven, for Paul said: "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all;" and John saw in the spirit "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." And I stood at the gate of JERUSALEM!

CHAPTER XLV.

Jerusalem.

Situation—History—Population.

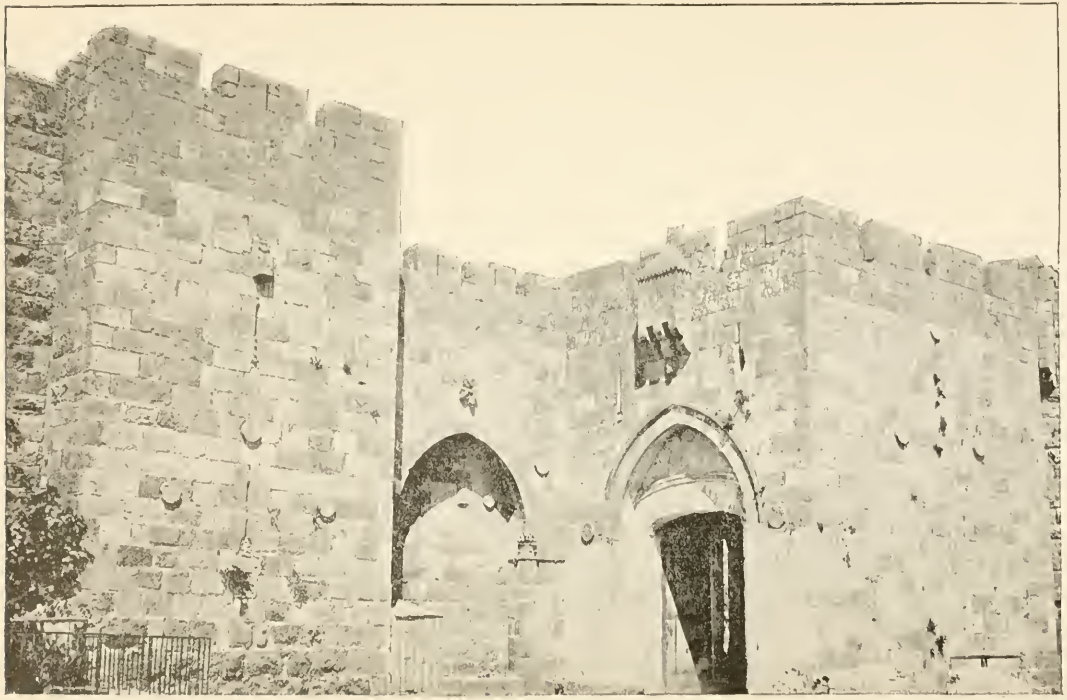
THE situation of Jerusalem made its history, the two being so inseparably connected that one cannot be understood or interpreted without the knowledge of the other. The dimensions of this city varied greatly in different ages; but its nucleus remained unchanged, and that central area stands forth unquestioned as the rock to which every reasonable hypothesis must be fastened, and to which every explorer must return for a new start. Our hotel was just outside the Jaffa Gate, and from that point, after a short excursion within the walls, we ascended the neighboring hills in order to observe the situation of the Holy City.

Far up on lofty hills, separated on the west and south from the surrounding territory by deep ravines and rugged valleys, its foundation being a vast plateau of limestone, on the north attached to the mountains of Palestine, Jerusalem presents, "beyond any important city that has ever existed on the earth, the aspect of a mountain city."

This situation explains most of the references in the Bible: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."

When the chosen people conquered Palestine the Jebusites were settled in this region. Their capital was Jebus, and there their king lived. Within its walls they retired when pursuit became hot. The triumphant list given by Joshua of the kings he conquered and of the territories which he occupied is brought to a humiliating close by the confession: "As for the Jebusites the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out."

As it was at that date it remained, threatening the children of Israel and defying their power, until four hundred years after Joshua; then David determined to take away the re-



Jaffa Gate.

proach, and punish the people for their past misconduct. Flushed with previous victories he approached their city, and fancying themselves secure in their impregnable fortress, they taunted him, satirically suggesting that the blind and the lame could keep his army out. To stir the people to deeds of heroism David said: "Whosoever getteth up to the gutter, and smiteth the Jebusites, . . . he shall be chief and captain." It was this which gave Joab, the son of Zeruiah, "the opportunity of his life," and "David took the castle of Zion" and "dwelt in the castle; therefore they called it The city of David."

Thus it came to pass that Jerusalem was not the capital of the country from the beginning, as was the case with Rome, Athens, and Thebes, but the nation was four hundred years old before its permanent capital, which had been at different times Hebron, Bethel, and Shechem, was established.

Its capture by the Arabians and Chaldeans is described in the Bible.

When Alexander the Great appeared before Jerusalem it surrendered. The Ptolemys took possession of it in the year 320 B. C. Afterward came the long struggles, triumphs, and defeats of the Maccabees.

Such were the internal troubles of that region so remote from Rome that the Parthians took possession of the city, but in the time of Herod it was recaptured; then followed the brief period included in the life of Christ. The disturbances after his crucifixion between the fanatics, led by Eleazar, and the conservatives, resulted in a temporary triumph over the Romans, which so intoxicated the Jews as to lead them to attempt to achieve independence of Rome. Then the empire awoke and sent Vespasian with sixty thousand men, who subdued the country; delaying, however, his advance against Jerusalem, he finally returned to Rome, leaving the victory to be completed by his son Titus.

That famous siege is an important part of Roman history. Having seen the Triumphal Arch of Titus in Rome, I viewed with peculiar interest the scenes of his exploits. The forces of Titus were massed on the west and northwest, while one legion of six thousand was on the Mount of Olives. The siege

began about the first of April, A. D. 70. The action was intermittent, but about the twenty-third of the month the engines were brought up to near the very spot occupied by our hotel. Famine within and destructive operations without reduced the Jews to a terrible condition; but their courage did not fail. Not till the fifth of July was the castle stormed, and on the tenth of August the temple was fired. This is said to have been contrary to the orders of Titus. By the seventh of September the whole city was a mass of ruins, and was practically extinct for fifty years.

It was then rebuilt by Hadrian, passed through various vicissitudes in connection with the pagan and Christian history of Rome, was conquered by the Persians in 614, and in 637 fell into the hands of the Mohammedans, who held it for four hundred years. Then came the Crusaders, who maintained their power for eighty-eight years, when Saladin wrested it from them, and strongly fortified it. Forty-two years later the Christians again conquered it, but since the middle of the thirteenth century it has been under the sway of the Mohammedans.

One purpose of this sketch is to remove from the mind of the reader the idea that the Jerusalem of which the Bible speaks is to be seen by the traveler. It is not there. None can be sure that there is standing on the site of Jerusalem a single building or tower upon which Christ or any of his apostles looked.

Jerusalem was founded on four hills. In ancient times these were separated by very deep valleys, but the rubbish of the successive destructions of the city, more than sixteen in number, has filled the valleys so that the hills seem much lower than formerly; but Zion still towers more than three hundred feet above the valley of Hinnom, and more than five hundred feet above the valley of Jehoshaphat. The valley of Tyropœon, or of the Cheesemakers, separates Zion from Akra and Moriah.

Jerusalem was "compact together," for it was impossible to build across the deep valleys that surround it on every side except the northwest.

In the days of Herod the city had sixty towers, and a reason-

able estimate assumes a large ordinary population, which in festival times was increased to millions. Formerly I doubted the estimates given by Josephus of the number of persons present at the festivals; but on visiting the great fair at Nijni Novgorod, and finding about two hundred thousand persons quartered in a town that ordinarily had a population of less than twenty thousand, and ascertaining that they had a system of computing the population by requiring the bakers to give an account of the number of loaves of bread sold each day, it having been discovered that a correct estimate could be made in this way, I could see how the paschal lambs sold might show with tolerable accuracy how many persons were present.

One thing was clear to me: there was no impediment in the way of the extension of the city to the north; and if it were said that the city once had a population as large as Vienna or Paris, or even London, no presumption could be drawn against it from the fact of the configuration of the eastern and southern boundaries, while the north admitted of indefinite expansion. To this day all over the ground for miles lie numerous ruins and cisterns.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Outside the Walls of Jerusalem.

The Valleys of Gihon and Hinnom—Pool of Siloam—Fountain of the Virgin—Valley of the Kidron—Garden of Gethsemane—Tomb of the Virgin—Mount of Olives—View from the Summit—Tombs of the Kings—Tomb and Grotto of Jeremiah—Walls and Gates of the City.

RISING early, the morning after our arrival, we made a short excursion into the city, securing an accomplished guide and taking our bearings so as to be able to make estimates of the relative importance of various parts of the city to our primary purpose. I had resolved to comprehend fully Jerusalem as it is; to see it from every point of view and in every mood of which I am capable; to be, while there, the amateur explorer, the enthusiastic historian, the devoted antiquarian, the ardent believer, the cautious skeptic, the son of Abraham, the Gentile, the Mohammedan, without forgetting that I am a Christian and an American: for after reading uncounted books on travels in the Holy Land, and listening to many lectures upon Jerusalem, I had never been able to obtain a clear understanding of it, either as it was or as it is.

To the effort I was the more moved by meeting on our arrival a gentleman who had sailed from Port Said with us, and had reached Jerusalem twenty-four hours before. He was disgusted with the city and exclaimed: "There is nothing to see; it is the most abominable place I have ever seen; I shall not stay another night." To this resolution he adhered. He was a professional man, yet, being unacquainted with the Bible, and not familiar with the history of the country, he could see only what he brought with him—practically nothing.

Starting from our hotel, we descended into the valley of Gihon, where Solomon was crowned king, and walked along it until we came to the wall, on which was an old aqueduct that formerly conveyed water from the Pools of Solomon to the temple. The Pool of Gihon remains, five hundred and ten feet

Valley of Hinnom.

long, two hundred and ten wide, and apparently forty deep. This pool must not be confounded with the Pools of Solomon, which are more than two hours' ride from the city.

When the valley of Gihon turns eastward it becomes the awful Hinnom, which was a part of the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. This is the most infamous depression in the world. When Solomon became an idolater, it was on the brow of the hill which forms one of the sides of this valley that he built places of sacrifice to false gods. Joshua determined to make the ravine a cesspool; all the offal of the city was poured into it, and there a fire burned constantly, whence came the name Gehenna. It was a hell ever before the people, whose smoke ascended day and night. Here no traveler would have difficulty in perceiving whence the Hebrew prophets obtained many of their terrible figures. Let him descend, as we did, into the depths of the valley of Gehenna, clamber along its sides, view them from the opposite point; let the eye take in the tombs, the crooked fig and olive trees growing among the crags, the wall on the summit; let him gaze into the various caverns, crevices, and excavations. Some locate within this chasm the Field of Blood, purchased with the money that Judas received for betraying Christ. Others have concocted the myth, that when the disciples all forsook him and fled, they came and hid themselves in a certain tomb called the Apostles' Cavern. One cave, peculiarly fitted to tragedy and the concealment of treasure or hunted, terrified human being, is now used as a stable. Here were buried the pilgrims of the Middle Ages who died in Jerusalem.

As we left the valley of Hinnom, we came to the rill described by Bishop Heber as "cool Siloam's shady rill," and by Milton as "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God," and by Isaiah as "the waters of Shiloah that go softly." We followed the stream to the Pool of Siloam, fifty-three feet long, eighteen broad, and nineteen deep. It is never full, the stream that flows into it from the Virgin's Fountain flowing directly through it, water being retained to the depth of two or three feet.

Thither Jesus sent the blind man, saying to him: "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam."

The Fountain of the Virgin is artificial, and when we were there the women of Siloam were carrying water from it in stone jars. We descended the sixteen steps, walked four yards to the second flight of thirteen, which conducted us to the water. The basin is about eleven feet square. All these hills are penetrated by ancient aqueducts and passages. Professor Robinson crept from the Fountain of the Virgin through an aqueduct to the Pool of Siloam; others have done so since; but after going a few feet, we concluded to accept their report.

The valley of Kidron has had many names. The word means the "black brook." In the time of our Lord it was called the winter brook, and by the Jews considered unclean. It is now spoken of as the valley of Jehoshaphat. According to tradition there was a prophecy that this is to be the scene of the last judgment. The Mohammedans, believing this, bury their dead on the east side of the Haram, and the Jews inter theirs on the west side of the Mount of Olives. At the resurrection the slopes of the valley are expected to move farther apart, in order to make room for the great assembly. The Mohammedan notion is that a thin wire rope will be stretched across to the Mount of Olives, Christ and Mohammed sitting on the opposite mounts as judges. There will be two blasts blown by the Angel Gabriel; the first will kill every living being, and the second will awake the dead. Every human being must pass over the rope; the angels will keep the righteous steady, and they will move with lightning speed; but the wicked will fall into hell.

As we passed through this valley we came to the alleged tombs of Zechariah, St. James, and Absalom. Absalom's is large and square, and has several fine columns; that of St. James is cut out of the rock, and has two Doric columns with several other ornaments. It is wholly uncertain whether there is any truth in the claim, and there is nothing remarkable about the tombs.

The generally accepted site of the Garden of Gethsemane includes about a third of an acre, surrounded by a thick hedge with a wall. The Franciscan monks control it, but though the gate is kept locked there is no difficulty in obtaining permission to enter. Seven or eight olive trees, about nineteen feet

The Brook Kidron.

in circumference, grow there, and it is quite possible that they sprung from the roots of those that were standing in the time of the apostles; besides these there are several beautiful young olive trees, and the monks cultivate flowers, which give the garden a pleasant look. On the inner walls is a series of colored reliefs portraying scenes in the life of Jesus, while inside is a passage with fourteen places for prayer.

The account in the New Testament says: "Jesus . . . went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden, into the which he entered." The identity of the brook being established, the configuration of the country makes it almost certain that this must be the exact spot, or near it. The tradition agrees so well with the Bible narrative that there is little dispute.

The monks attempt to point out where important events took place. A rock immediately east of the door is supposed to mark the spot where Peter, James, and John slept while our Lord prayed. A few paces to the south, they told us, is where Judas betrayed his Lord with a kiss.

The olive oil produced from the trees brings a high price, and the monks manufacture rosaries from the olive stones.

The Greek Church claims that this is not the true site, and exhibits the "true" Garden of Gethsemane a short distance farther toward the summit.

We turned to the left of the valley of the Kidron to see the Tomb of the Virgin. The Greeks claim that this is the oldest Christian church in the world. Every morning, from seven to eight, a service is held, and during the festivals the building is open to visitors from morning to night. Unquestionably there was a church here in the fourth century, which continued until the fifth, but was destroyed by the Persians; nevertheless, when the city of Jerusalem was captured by the Mohammedans they found "another church of Gethsemane." This edifice is supposed to stand over the tomb, according to the general custom in oriental lands.

With the exception of the porch, the entire building is underground. The visitor descends by forty-seven marble steps; when twenty-two have been passed, the entrance to a side

chapel on the right is reached, in which are two altars and the tombs of Joachim and Anna, the father and mother of the Virgin Mary. Another chapel contains the alleged tomb of Joseph, the husband of Mary. The supposed tombs of her father and mother were in the Church of St. Ann until the third or fourth century. The known antiquity of the church inspires reverence even in those who doubt whether any of the persons were originally buried there or whether any of their relics exist.

Sometimes the Mount of Olives has been described as resembling one of the Alps. Other writers, content with simply giving its height, have made an equally misleading impression. Its highest point is twenty-seven hundred and twenty-three feet above the level of the sea; at its center it is about ninety feet lower. When we consider that the highest elevation in the city of Jerusalem is twenty-five hundred and fifty feet, and that the temple itself is twenty-four hundred and forty-one feet above the level of the sea, the central point of the Mount of Olives can only be one hundred and ninety-six feet higher than the temple plateau. But it must be remembered that the valley of the Kidron, five hundred feet deep, exceedingly steep, not more than a hundred feet in greatest width at the bottom, intervenes between Jerusalem and the mount. This produces the effect of much loftier height than exists, besides requiring a precipitous descent and a laborious ascent either going to the Mount of Olives from Jerusalem or returning to the city. From the Tomb of the Virgin to the top of Olivet did not require a walk of more than twenty minutes.

The base of the mountain is limestone, its surface not being very irregular, though not destitute of depressions. It was fresh with the grass and flowers of spring. The olive, fig, and carob trees were in leaf, and there were a few pines and hawthorns. The paths are stony, and the climb in the afternoon sun was exhausting on account of the peculiar quality of the heat. Indeed, pedestrianism in that country is much more fatiguing than at the same temperature in Europe or the United States.

To obtain the best impression ascents are necessary at

Mount of Olives.

different hours of the day. The names applied to the mount are noteworthy. It is the "Mount of Olives" in Zechariah; in other parts of the Old Testament, "the ascent to the Olives," "the mount facing Jerusalem," "the mount which is on the east side of the city;" in the New Testament, the "Mount of Olives," the "mount called the Mount of Olives," and the "mount called Olivet."

From the Mount of Olives Christ began the triumphal procession when a great multitude cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Upon the Mount of Olives he sat when his disciples came to him and asked what should be the sign of his coming, and of the end of the world. He stood on the slope of this mountain and wept over the city; and it is generally believed that he ascended from the Mount of Olives, though the two accounts given by St. Luke of the ascension do not seem to agree as to place. Luke (xxiv, 50, 51) says: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." But in the first chapter of the Book of Acts it is stated that the apostles, after having continued to gaze up into heaven for a time, and being addressed by the angels, returned "unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day's journey."

This is but a slight discrepancy when we consider that Bethany is only fifteen minutes' walk from the top of the Mount of Olives. It is not steep on that side; it is in the highest degree possible that the apostles and our Lord were walking as they conversed, and that the ascension did not take place in the village of Bethany, but in the suburbs toward the Mount of Olives. Hence, in view of the nature of the country, they would be spoken of as returning from the Mount of Olives. If so, Luke's observation in the gospel may mean that Christ led the apostles out to the Mount of Olives by the Bethany road. It is believed that the entire summit of the mountain was, in Christ's time, covered with buildings. There were many monasteries upon it when Jerusalem was taken by the Mohammedans. At present, among the buildings on the Mount of Olives, is the Church of the Ascension, which is sup-

posed to mark the site, there being near it a cave which tradition declares was frequented by Jesus for the purpose of teaching his disciples the mysteries of his doctrines.

The Russians have erected a tower from which is the finest view. Toward the east I saw the Dead Sea. It appeared near, but was many miles away and nearly four thousand feet below. Beyond the sea is a chain of mountains in the territory allotted to Reuben, and among them, though not positively identified, is Nebo. To the east and north are the mountains of Moab and Gilead and the valley of the Jordan, the dark green of whose vegetation contrasts strongly with the barren limestone hills on every side; Gibeah, where Saul was born; Ramah, the birthplace of Samuel; and Mizpah, the lonely mountain peak, his burial place; Nob, mentioned in the Old Testament from the earliest times; and the valley of the Kidron, extending almost from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea.

At our right was the hill Scopus, over which Titus led his forces; immediately beneath, the Garden of Gethsemane and the valley of the Kidron until its intersection with that of Hinnom; and opposite, rising out of the sheer abyss, Jerusalem, its sacred hills easily distinguished, its walls, gates, minarets, towers, domes, making an imposing view, the only one worthy of the fame of the city. When Lieutenant Lynch, to whom modern exploration owes so much, coming from his explorations in the Jordan valley, obtained a glimpse of the city, no language could describe the impression which this view made upon him. A noted traveler, who speaks disparagingly of the view from the north, west, and south—and not unjustly—declares that no one can be disappointed who first looks upon Jerusalem from the east.

Those who have visited London know that it is impossible to realize the grandeur of St. Paul's without leaving the mass of buildings which surround it, and viewing it from across the Thames. The cathedral at Cologne seems more imposing a half a mile up the Rhine than in the city. So is it with a number of the finest buildings in Jerusalem, notably the Mosque of Omar.

Descending from the Mount of Olives, and proceeding to the northwest around the city walls, the Tombs of the

View of Jerusalem from Mount of Olives.

Kings were reached. They were carefully constructed, and are genuine rock tombs, but improved externally by skillful architectural constructions. There is no evidence that they existed prior to the Roman period, or that they ever had any connection with Old Testament characters or times. More interesting are the Tombs of the Judges, but everything which relates them to the remote past is mythical; even the legends are of recent origin.

The tomb and grotto of Jeremiah consist of a series of rock tombs, cisterns, and other curious antiquities in the possession of the Mohammedans, who maintain a sanctuary. Having passed through a yard containing fruit trees, broken pieces of columns, and other ruins suggestive of earthquake and siege, we came to the caverns, which are more than a hundred feet long, and were used hundreds of years ago as a retreat for Mohammedan monks. It is such a place as a gloomy prophet might desire in which to meditate. As we entered what is called the Tomb of Jeremiah, and in which he is said to have written his Lamentations, we were saluted by the sonorous bray of a donkey.

In the neighborhood are subterranean quarries of unknown depth and equally unknown date. So vast are the excavations that it is not improbable that they were begun before the time of Solomon, and that the stones used in the temple, which were prepared so that there was neither hammer nor noise of any tool heard in the house while it was building, were quarried and polished here. It was but a few hundred yards back to the point of departure, the Jaffa Gate.

In this tour around the outskirts of Jerusalem we were constantly within sight of the city wall, the entire length of which is a little over two miles and a half. The average height is thirty-eight and a half feet, and above it rise thirty-four towers. These were undoubtedly built before gunpowder and cannon came into use. In the wall are seven gates. The Jaffa was but two hundred yards from our hotel. The Arabs call it the Gate of Hebron, as all travelers to Hebron pass through it. This is the only gate opening to the "west." On the "north" is the Damascus Gate, irregular, having several pinnacles, and known as the "Gate of the Columns,"

from slender columns covered by a gable. It is the custom of travelers to listen for the rushing of an ancient water course beneath the gate, which at certain seasons can be plainly heard. This is the only really handsome gate in Jerusalem. Herod's Gate is between the northeast corner of the wall and the Damascus Gate; has been known as the Gate of Herod only about two hundred years, and for fifteen years had been kept closed, but is now opened for a few months in each year.

The road to Samaria and Damascus leads through the Damascus Gate, and the path to Olivet and Bethany through the Gate of the Tribes, otherwise known as St. Stephen's. The Gate of the Western Africans, which has another name indicating the fact that the offal of the city is carried out through it, is also on the south; the road passing through it leads to the village of Silwan. The Zion Gate, or "Gate of the Prophet David," near the alleged site of David's tomb, and the Golden Gate complete the seven. The Golden Gate has long since been walled up by the Mohammedans on account of the tradition held among the Christians that when the Saviour returns to earth a second time he will make his entry into Jerusalem through this gate and take the city from the followers of the Prophet. Another tradition is that it is the Beautiful Gate of the temple, where Peter and John healed the lame man; but there is no ground for this belief. Another tradition says that Christ entered the city through this gate on Palm Sunday; accordingly the Crusaders opened it for a few hours on that day, and the patriarch rode upon an ass, while the people spread their garments along the road.

Within these walls is inclosed the modern city of Jerusalem.

The Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Sacred Places.

The Haram Esh-Sherif—Herod's Temple—Mosque of Omar—Mosque El-Aksa—Wailing Place of the Jews—*Via Dolorosa*—Church of the Holy Sepulcher—Identity of Site.

The Haram Esh-Sherif is in the southeast quarter of the modern town, surrounded by walls in which are eight gates. The moment we entered our attention was attracted by two edifices of imposing aspect on the summit of Mount Moriah, which many believe to be the spot where Abraham offered up Isaac, but this belief is not universal among scholars. Probably very near this spot David erected an altar, and the evidence that Solomon built the temple here is almost conclusive, though some place it in the southwest and others in the southeast corner.

Many suppose that the temple stood in the very center, elevated above the surrounding ground upon foundations constructed for that purpose. Not a trace can be discovered of the second temple erected by the Jews after their return from captivity.

I examined the ruins of Herod's temple. On the south side are massive foundations, and in every direction underground excavations have proved that walls existed. Disputes have arisen and continue concerning the site of Solomon's Porch, of which John says: "And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch."

This temple, one of the most magnificent works, adorned with plates of gold, was protected by a castle to the north, from which Titus watched the destruction of the building, over which he is said to have expressed regret. The columns the Jews had already destroyed, but the foundations remain.

So bitter was the animosity between Christians and Jews that when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Mohammedans,

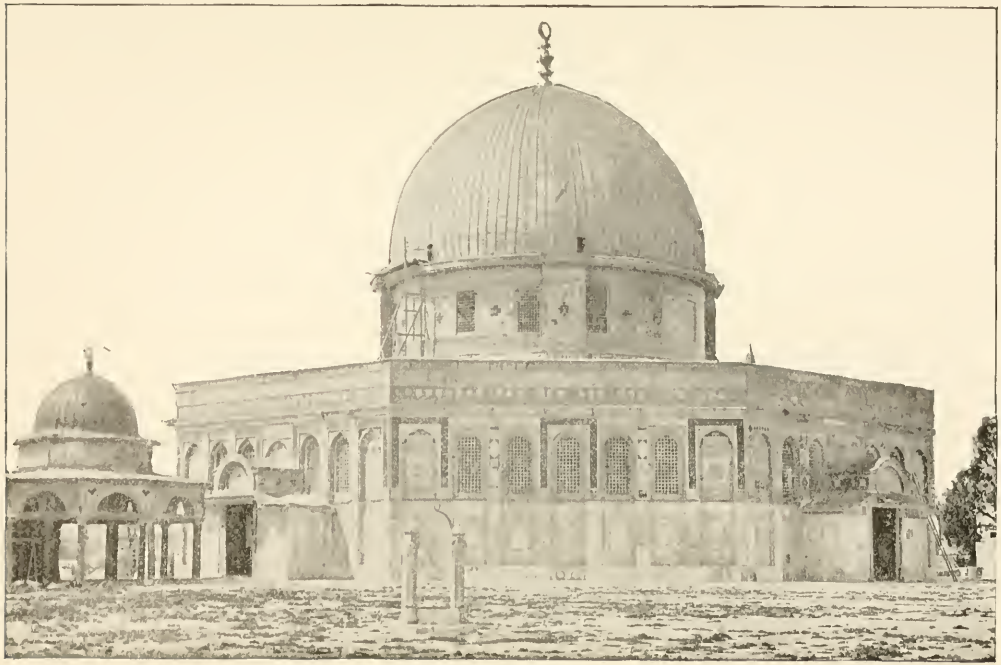
and the Caliph Omar requested the patriarch to conduct him to the spot where the Temple of Solomon stood, he found it covered with rubbish, which the Christians had scattered in contempt of the Jews. Till forty years ago both Jews and Christians were excluded from this whole territory, few exceptions being made. Since then no serious obstruction has been placed in the way of properly accredited explorers.

Mohammedan traditions are numerous. The Koran declares that God conveyed the prophet from the Temple El-Haram, in Mecca, "to the most distant temple whose precincts we have blessed"—that is, the Mosque El-Aksa within this quadrangle—and because Mohammed claims to have been here in person the Mohammedans consider it the holiest of all places after Mecca.

The Mosque of Omar, built over the rock and often spoken of as the Dome of the Rock, is a splendid building, octagonal in shape, each side being sixty-six feet long, having gates facing each of the points of the compass. On entering I gazed about me with awe. The light came dimly through thirty-six stained-glass windows, when suddenly the sun, emerging from a cloud, lighted up the dreadful gloom which oppressed the mind and pained the eye, and the long cloisters appeared. We stood upon a pavement of elegant marble mosaic, and above us rose a dome to a height of ninety feet, having a diameter of sixty-six feet. The walls are covered with tiles of every hue, of priceless value, and the frieze consists of tiles which bear written inscriptions from the Koran. Below these, which were laid three hundred years ago, the building was covered with marble.

Inscriptions in the building definitely state the issue between Mohammedanism and Christianity. These are specimens: "The Messiah, Jesus, is only the Son of Mary, the Embassador of God and his Word which he deposited in Mary. Believe, then, in God and his Embassador, and do not maintain that there are three." "Praise be to God who has had no son or companion in his government, and who requires no helper to save him from dishonor; praise him!"

But beyond everything else in interest is the Holy Rock. From early times the Jews have believed that Melchizedek and



Mosque of Omar.

Abraham offered sacrifices here. The Ark of the Covenant stood here, and it is believed to have been hidden by Jeremiah, and to be buried beneath the rock. For ages it was thought to be the central point of the world, and on it was written the great and unspeakable name of God. It is fifty-seven feet long and forty-three wide, and rises six and a half feet above the pavement. The Mohammedan notion is that it hovers over an abyss without support. Descending to the cavern we found that there are various supports, but "the earth rings hollow from below."

The guide showed us the spots where David, Solomon, Abraham, and Elijah were in the habit of praying. According to the Prophet one prayer made in that spot is worth a thousand elsewhere. The claim is that after Mohammed had prayed he was translated to heaven riding on the back of his famous steed, El-Burak. As he went by the directest route, he knocked a hole in the ceiling, which is still pointed out. They affirm that the rock opened its mouth, and so a tongue is depicted over the entrance. Another thing they tell is that the rock made desperate efforts to follow Mohammed to heaven, to prevent which the angel Gabriel held it down, the prints of his hands being plainly visible! The greatest legendary curiosity is a slab of jasper set in the ground in front of the northern entrance. It is alleged that Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails into this; at the end of every great epoch one nail falls out, and the day of judgment will come when the last nail is gone. The time must be near, for the devil succeeded in surreptitiously destroying all the nails but three and a half. The angel Gabriel interfered at that point. I saw that there are but three and a half nails left, and what better proof of the truth of the whole story could one desire? Ancient copies of the Koran, hairs from the beard of Mohammed, and other curiosities may be seen, but not touched.

The Mosque El-Aksa is also a notable building, but is not connected with either Jewish or Christian antiquities. "Solomon's Stables" are singular, being within the precincts of the Haram, and consisting of vaults twenty-seven feet high, standing on a hundred square piers. Whether they date from

the time of Solomon may well be doubted; but, as his palace was near here, "they may have been built upon the ruins of his stables." From the walls of the Haram imposing views are obtained.

On leaving the Haram we went direct to the wailing place of the Jews, the most melancholy spot in this melancholy city. Against this old wall, regardless of the weather, Jews lean, and from time to time kiss the stones and burst into uncontrollable weeping. Here Jews of all nations assemble; on Friday especially and on festival days the number is great. Here they lament over the calamities which have befallen them, and their litany is so beautiful, and expresses so fully their spirit, that I give a specimen:

Leader. For the place that lies desolate:
Response. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For the palace that is destroyed:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For the walls that are overthrown:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For our majesty that is departed:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For our great men who lie dead:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For the precious stones that are burned:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For the priests who have stumbled:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.
L. For our kings who have despised him:
R. We sit in solitude and mourn.

The most profoundly interesting object in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. We approached it through the *Via Dolorosa*, "The Way of Grief." Leaving the Garden of Gethsemane, crossing the valley of the Kidron, and ascending the hill, we came to St. Stephen's Gate. The iron doors are open; the guard who stands there is ready to exhibit, for a small fee, a footprint of Christ. Once within the gate we cast a glance at the Church of St. Anne, which was presented to Napoleon III by the Sultan at the close of the Crimean War. It is an old Crusader's church, in good preservation, and under French protection. The Chapel of the Scourging did not de-

Wailing Place of the Jews.

tain us, for the event commemorated has been located in so many different places that we had lost interest in the unimportant question of the site, while more than ever impressed by the fact. Beneath the altar in this chapel is a hole where the "Column of the Scourging" is said to have stood.

At the entrance to the Turkish barracks begins the traditional route over which Christ bore his cross to the place of his crucifixion. It puzzles one to decide how much to say of the myths, legends, conjectures, reasonings, and positive statements of often conflicting authorities, with which this whole region is covered as deep as the original sites must be by the débris of successive destructions.

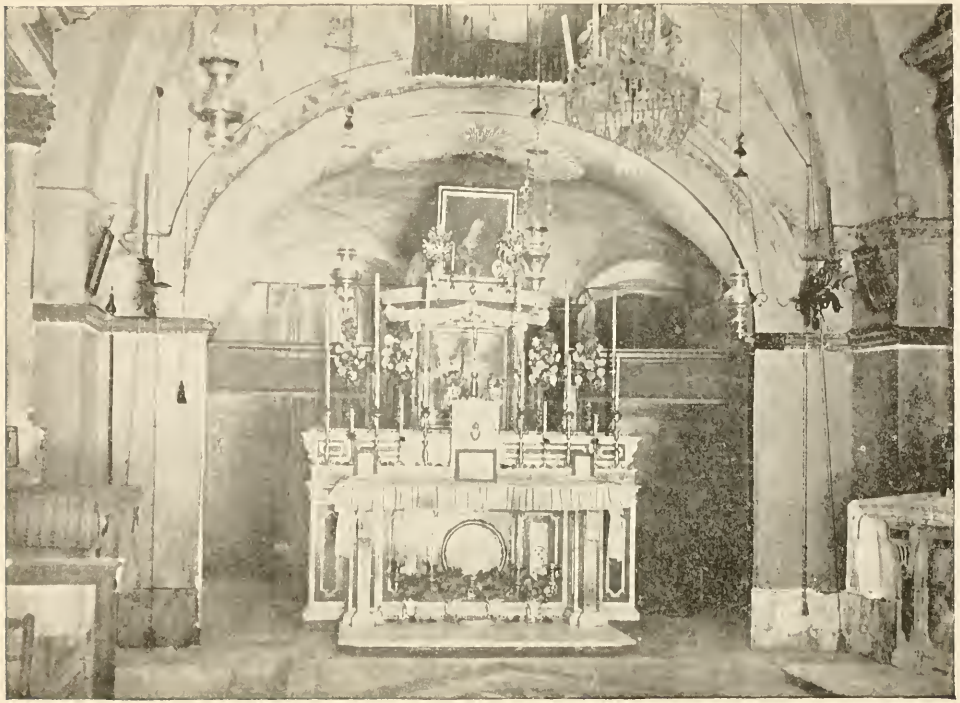
As our Lord was taken from the Pretorium, the route must depend upon its location; but about the spot there has been endless dispute. In the early Crusades it was placed in the upper part of the town, on the west hill. Afterward it came to be believed that the Turkish barracks, on the site of the Castle of Antonio, are where the Pretorium stood. When that decision was made, the so-called "holy steps," of which much is made in Rome, were taken to the Church of St. John Lateran in that city. Though hundreds of Jews and pilgrims annually walk and weep along this route, from every Catholic and Greek country, it has been established only a few hundred years. We paused at each station, skeptical as to their accuracy, but not destitute of sympathy with the pilgrims, nor without reverence for thoughts awakened by a comparison of the Gospel narrative with the announcements.

The first regular station is in the chapel of the Turkish barracks, it being claimed that it occupies the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall. The next, a few steps distant, is that of the binding of the cross upon the shoulders of Christ. A little farther is an arch, not one of the regular stations, known by the name of the "Ecce Homo" Arch, and also Arch of Pilate. When Jesus came forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robes, Pilate said, "Behold the Man;" this arch, they say, was erected to mark that spot. It is believed that this is a Roman structure of the time of Hadrian. The third station is indicated by a broken column. The preponderance of sentiment connects it with our Lord's sinking

under the weight of the cross. The fourth station is fixed at the place where they teach that Christ met his mother. The fifth is where Simon the Cyrenian is said to have taken the cross from Christ. In the next house there is a stone built into the wall in which is an indentation asserted to have been produced by Christ's shoulder as he leaned against it to rest. The sixth station is near the tomb of St. Veronica. Her bust is carved in stone. This is the spot where she is alleged to have wiped the sweat from the Saviour's brow, and the miracle was wrought whereby his image was indelibly imprinted upon her handkerchief. In the Garden of Gethsemane one of the pictures represents that fanciful scene in a frightfully realistic manner, St. Veronica being shown in the picture holding up her handkerchief with his face upon it. The seventh is known as the Porta Judiciaria. The eighth is placed where Jesus said to the women: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." The ninth station represents Jesus as sinking again under the weight of the cross, notwithstanding Simon was at that time bearing it.

We now reach the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, within which are the five remaining stations. Thomson remarks, in *The Land and the Book:* "That whole street, with all its sacred places, I give up at once, as no plausible evidence can be deduced for the identity of any of its stations." Ancient traditions say that this church covers the site of our Saviour's crucifixion; but powerful considerations seem to prove that it does not. To-day an influential party of explorers, chiefly from the United States, are inclined to locate Golgotha outside the present city walls, near the Tomb of Jeremiah.

We visited the spot and compared it with the Bible narrative. The Scriptures plainly say that Jesus was crucified outside the city. John says: "He . . . went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha." Then follows a description of the title which Pilate put upon the cross, and the gospel says: "This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." The Epistle to the Hebrews says that "He suffered without the gate."



Chapel of the Scourging.

The bulk of evidence shows that the present Church of the Holy Sepulcher is outside the second wall, and therefore outside the city in New Testament times. From the year 326 the uniform tradition of the Christian Church has been that this is the spot. It was based on the history of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, who came to Jerusalem when she was seventy-nine years old, to find the true cross. The legend is that she had definite instructions where to dig. The place was covered with rubbish by the heathen, but after long digging three similar crosses were found at the bottom of a cave. Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem, laid two crosses on the sick, which did not make them a whit the better; but when the third was applied to a woman supposed to be at the point of death she was immediately healed. That settled the identity of the cross, and at the same time the Holy Sepulcher was discovered. This is certain, that from 326 till now there has been a continuous chain of belief that in this vicinity the holy events occurred, though the place of the finding of the crosses is not held to be identical with Golgotha.

Dr. Robinson says: "In every view which I have been able to take, both topographical and historical, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion that Golgotha and the tomb now shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are not upon the real places of the crucifixion and the resurrection of our Lord." The arguments in favor of the site near the Tomb of Jeremiah are stated in a pamphlet by Fisher Howe. It is claimed that the isolated skull-shaped hill near the Tomb of Jeremiah, not far from the Damascus Gate, meets all the conditions. It was "without the gate of Jerusalem, nigh unto the city, noticeably skull-shaped, near to one of the leading thoroughfares of the city, eminently conspicuous, nigh unto the gardens and sepulchers." There are other points in the vicinity of Jerusalem which, with the exception of the resemblance of this point to a skull, answer these descriptions. Nor is it certain that the spot where the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and the tomb now are is precisely what it was at the time the events commemorated took place.

Visitors to Jerusalem will find the advocates of the respective theories of the location enthusiastic and positive; but the

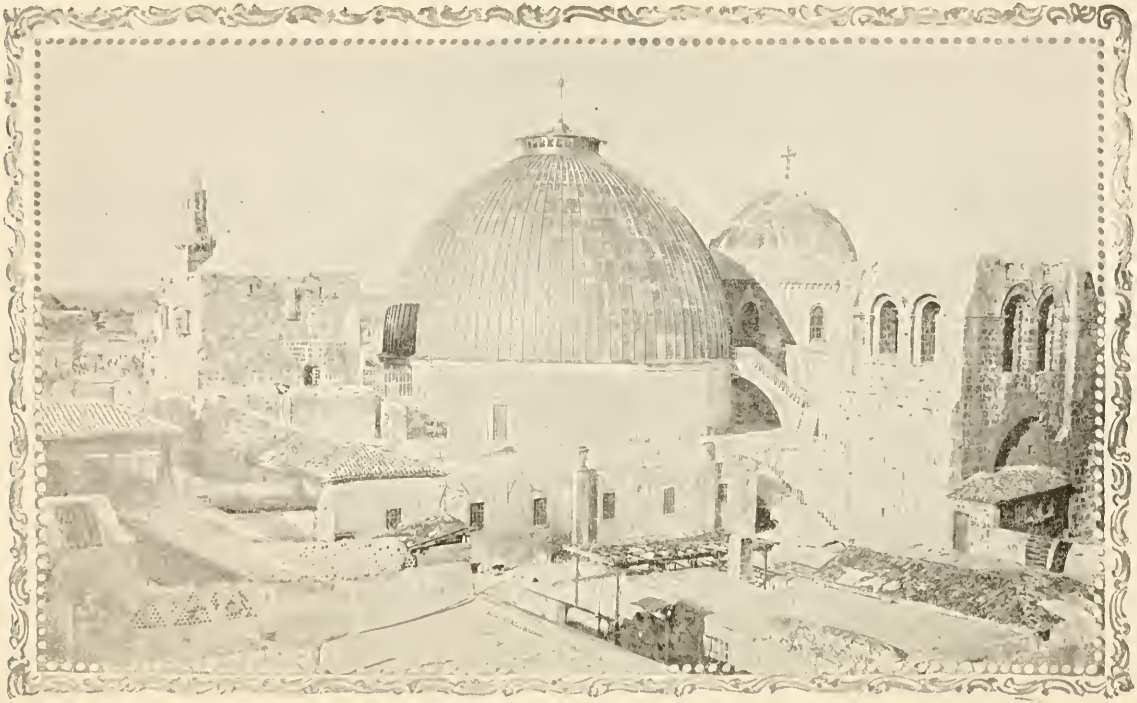
present site has nearly one thousand six hundred years priority of possession, and it is difficult to see how individual opinion, though strong or well-sustained by reasoning, will ever make a change in the general belief of the Christian world concerning the location.

I entered the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in a calm frame, determined to allow the scriptural narratives to have due weight and to observe what the monks had to say, as one might read a work of fiction founded on fact. Several visits are necessary to survey the situation intelligently.

Services are progressing the greater part of the time, and the sound of solemn music falls upon the ear almost continuously, now loud and near, then soft and distant, and again reverberating, in tones of thunder, among the corridors, columns, and chapels.

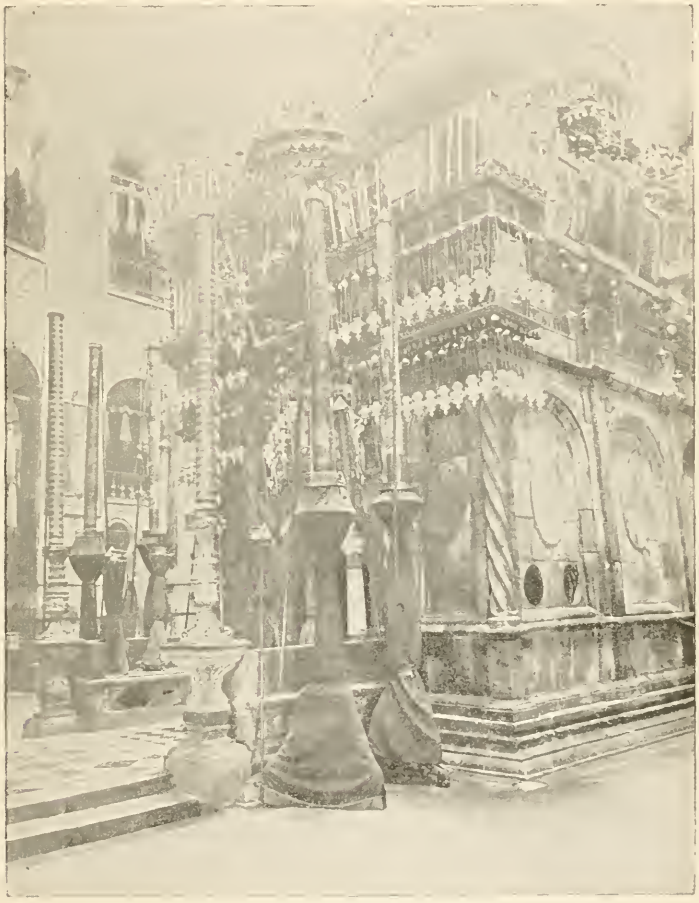
We entered through that part of the church under the control of the Greeks. In the center is a hollow which shows the spot where Abraham attempted to sacrifice Isaac. This has been the tradition for about one thousand three hundred years, before which it was located elsewhere. Not far from this spot is an Armenian Chapel, and next to that a Coptic Chapel of the Archangel Michael; gloomy places. The Greeks have built a chapel, which they call The Chapel of the Egyptian Mary, to commemorate the alleged fact that Mary, an Egyptian, endeavored to enter the church in 374, and some mysterious invisible power drove her away, but she prayed to the Virgin Mary, and was able to resist it. Mary Magdalene is honored by a chapel built upon the place where Christ appeared to her for the third time.

The church and sepulcher extend from east to west; and the first object before which we paused was the Stone of Anointment. This, it is alleged, is the stone on which the body of Jesus lay when it was anointed by Nicodemus, according to the gospel of John. The stone has been moved several times; and the Copts, the Georgians, the Latins, and the Greeks respectively have owned it. The present is a comparatively new stone. For ages the pilgrims measured the stone in order that they might have their winding sheets made of the same length!



Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

For a few centuries the Chapel of the Syrians has been represented to be above the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Chapels are built to commemorate almost every event in the Gospel history.



Interior of the Holy Sepulcher.

The Holy Sepulcher is in the center of the rotunda beneath the dome. We approached through the Angel's Chapel, a vestibule five or six paces long. In the center is the stone (?)

which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the sepulcher, and on which he sat; it is set in marble. Fifteen lamps constantly burn in this chapel, five belonging to the Greeks, five to the Latins, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts. The Chapel of the Sepulcher, to which this vestibule leads, is so small that only three or four can enter at once. Forty-three lamps hang there. The Armenians, Greeks, and Latins having thirteen each, the Copts the remainder. The roof is supported by marble columns; every day mass is celebrated, and the marble tombstone used as an altar. Since for a thousand years the natural surface has been covered with marble, no opportunity has been given for the critical examination of modern scholars as to whether there is any probability that a tomb exists. The chief chapel of the Roman Catholics, everywhere in the East called the Latins, is that of the Apparition. There is a chapel in honor of Saint Longinus, erected by the Greeks; but the Latins will not pause before it in their solemn processions. Longinus is claimed to be the soldier who pierced Jesus' side, the myth saying that he had been blind in one eye, but when the blood and water reached that eye he recovered sight, whereupon he repented and became a Christian. The Chapel of the Finding of the Cross is recent. In one of the chapels is an altar dedicated to the memory of the penitent thief, and it was believed, down to within eighty years, that the columns of this chapel shed tears. The Chapel of Adam is supposed to be over his burial place, but an old tradition runneth to the effect that when the Saviour's blood trickled through the cleft in the rock it restored Adam to life.

Previous to the time of the Crusaders there was a chapel over Calvary, but since it has been included within the church. The site of our Lord's crucifixion is covered by the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross. The sites of the crosses of the thieves are in the corners of the outer space, only five feet from the cross of Christ. A cleft in the rock is exhibited, six inches deep, covered with a brass slide. Matthew (xxvii, 51) says: "The earth did quake; and the rocks were rent." All kind of extravagant stories have been told about this cleft; one that it reaches to the center of the earth.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Bethlehem and the Convent of Mar Saba.

An Ancient Guide—"A Vain Thing for Safety"—Tomb of Rachel—Situation and History of Bethlehem—Birthplace of Christ—Church of the Nativity—Tomb of St. Jerome—The Weird Convent of Mar Saba—History—Rules of the Order of Monks.

In Jerusalem arrangements had been made to secure an excellent guide, and a fine outfit of horses and accouterments for a journey to the principal objects accessible in a few days' ride from the city. At the last moment we were disappointed. The demand for horses for more extensive tours, and for our guide, who had had a previous engagement contingent upon the arrival of a party, which had lost its connections by being carried unexpectedly from Jaffa to Beyroot, compelled us to take what was left. Our guide, therefore, was an ancient man, Moses, a Jew of long—altogether too long—experience in Palestine, Turkey, Armenia, and other parts of the oriental world. He had a good reputation as a man, but was too nearly wornout for the work.

With one exception the horses were such as in America would be employed in carting ashes. Of these the guide had the least bad, Dr. Bancroft the next, and the animal upon which I was placed would by contrast have made the reputation of Don Quixote's "Rozinante" as a noble specimen of the genus *equus*. He was an incomprehensible beast—not fat, yet so broad across the back that my legs were much nearer being at right angles with the trunk than parallel with each other. The saddle thus projected the flaps in such a way that they cut like knives into the calves. But this was not the worst. The animal's motion was neither trot, canter, walk, pace, nor "single foot;" the St. Vitus's dance alone can give an adequate conception of it. Moreover, he stopped at intervals of about two hundred yards. If whipped, he threw back his ears, and pawed the ground. If not whipped, he looked

around, as if to say, "If you are pleased, I am; if not, help yourself if you can."

The guide and Dr. Bancroft were soon out of sight. In despair of overtaking them if I remained on the horse's back, I dismounted to pull him along. He then refused to stand to be mounted. I took him by the tail and by the bridle at the same time, and jumped into the stirrup. This seemed to confuse his understanding, for while he was gathering himself for battle *a posteriori*, his attention was diverted to his head. The next struggle was caused by his mutiny at a bridge. Over this I led him, thinking of Mr. Pickwick's words under similar circumstances: "It is like a dream, a hideous dream! The idea of a man's walking about all day with a dreadful horse that he cannot get rid of." By this time I felt that the only thing left was to master that horse, and as relief to my feelings, after I had succeeded in mounting again, I stood up in the saddle and stimulated him. He made strenuous efforts to unseat me, but, failing in this, started to run. Each leap threatened to dislocate every joint in my body, but it took only ten minutes of this misery to bring me in sight of the guide and Dr. Bancroft. We held a council of war, and decided that as the only man who was making money out of the trip was Moses, he should trade horses. He did not in words object, but, in a few minutes after he bestrode the animal, gloomily observed to the doctor: "This horse will be the death of me." He was "a vain thing for safety," and for travel not "an unthinking horse," but one that understood himself perfectly.

The road to Bethlehem is delightful; the distance not more than seven miles. We went down into the valley of Gihon, then up the hill toward the southwest. Here is the tree on which Judas hanged himself! Our route then ran across an elevated plateau where David defeated the Philistines. The ascent is gradual; the air was clear and the sky as bright as that of Egypt. Beside this road an old ruin existed, which has recently been restored, and is declared to have been the house of Simeon.

There is nothing so permanent in all Syria as wells, except the rock tombs; indeed, Stanley makes the tombs less

authentic than the wells. Accordingly, excellent authorities believe that the well which we passed on that road is the spot where the wise men saw the miraculous star in the east after they departed from the king.

An amusing legend is that of the field of peas. It is to the effect that Christ, passing along, asked a laborer what he was sowing; he insolently replied, "Stones." The field, therefore, brought forth stone peas, some of which are to be seen on the spot—small, pea-shaped stones, of which millions of bushels can be found in certain localities in the United States.

By far the most interesting object is the Tomb of Rachel. This is one of the few points where the probability of correctness becomes almost a certainty. Rachel had come from Bethel on her way to Bethlehem. Gen. xxxv, 16 says: "There was but a little way to come to Ephrath." There her child was born, and there she died, and "was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; when the Pentateuch was written, that monument was described as "the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day," and the Jews through all their history so identified and revered it. There has never been any other tradition. Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians have united in the belief for a thousand years, and no Jew goes to Palestine without visiting this tomb, which was marked by a pyramid of stones. The only doubt raised is because of a passage in Samuel which locates the tomb of Rachel in the border of Benjamin. There is so much uncertainty about border lines, and the statements in Genesis are so explicit, that this does not overthrow the presumption of the truth of the tradition.

Bethlehem is on a long hill, twenty-five hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, and there is great similarity between its situation and that of Jerusalem, except that the descent is more abrupt from the Holy City. The manufacture of rosaries, crosses, images, and other religious objects is carried on extensively. We were constantly beset by natives with olive-wood rosaries strung above their heads and around their necks and arms.

We are now at the scene of the beautiful story of Ruth, the great-grandmother of David. It was to Bethlehem that Samuel

was sent to make examination of the sons of Jesse to find whom the Lord had chosen. Among these hills, near by, David had kept his father's sheep, and there he slew the lion and the bear.

The transcendent, unquestioned fact is that in Bethlehem Christ was born. The scene of this event is supposed to be within a mass of buildings known as the Church of the Nativity, and the Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents. This series of ecclesiastical edifices extends from west to east on the summit of the hill; nor did I see while in Palestine so imposing a spectacle of human creation. The Latin convent projects from the church to the northeast, the Greek to the southeast, and the Armenian to the southwest, while the village straggles to the westward.

As we ascended the hill the venerable building towered like a fortification. Justin Martyr, in the second century, speaks of Christ's being born in a cavern near the village. Stables in Palestine—a rocky country, where wood is scarce—were usually caves or artificial excavations in the rocks. To this day it is so wherever the configuration of the country is favorable. Justin Martyr in the second, and Origen in the third century, make the same observation, and all the Apocryphal gospels so represent.

This, of all the existing local traditions of Palestine, Stanley thinks, is the only one which indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Here Constantine erected a magnificent church, and the best critics maintain that the present church is the original structure. Cedars of Lebanon were used in the construction of the rafters, but in the time of Edward IV they were repaired by the use of English oaks, given by the king for the purpose. The presumption that this is the original church is strengthened by the fact that, from the Middle Ages, in all the accounts given by pilgrims, there is "a remarkable unanimity regarding its situation and architecture."

The church is simple in construction, ornamented by mosaics, most of which are now imperfect, and embellished with paintings from scriptural scenes, grand in effect, but badly mutilated. The five rows of marble columns of the Corinthian order are striking, and tradition alleges that they

once formed part of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. This is possibly true, because of the habit in the East of building columns from famous monumental edifices into new structures.

Permission to use the nave is given to all sects, and for this reason it is neglected as to adornment, but interesting because "in all probability the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in the world." Beneath the great choir is the crypt. By staircases we descend to the Chapel of the Nativity, and the spot is indicated by a silver star set in the marble pavement. This inscription is near: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est*" (Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born). By three steps more we descended to the Chapel of the Manger, and an old tradition is that the original wooden manger was there discovered. It was supposed to be found and taken by the Empress Helena to Rome, deposited in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, and at Christmas, with the authority of the pope, it is exhibited to reverent and curious crowds.

All about were memorials of the Gospel history, and various altars—one devoted to the Magi, another to the shepherds, and another to Joseph—on the spot where they had adored the Holy Child, or received divine commands. I relinquished myself to the reverential emotions which the belief that I was in the spot where the infant Saviour lay would naturally inspire in the heart of a Christian.

The Chapel of the Tomb of St. Jerome receives much attention from Christian pilgrims of every sect. He is the most eminent pilgrim to the cave of Bethlehem; "the only one of the many hermits and monks from the time of Constantine to the present day sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has traveled beyond the limits of the Holy Land." He came from Rome to Syria, accompanied by Paula, a Roman lady, and her daughter, and retired to this cell where he remained alone for more than thirty years, producing letters, commentaries, and the translation of the Bible still used in the Latin Church. In 420 he expired in this cell. Both Paula and her daughter were eminent for learning and piety, the mother becoming the head of a nunnery in Bethlehem, and dying within its walls.

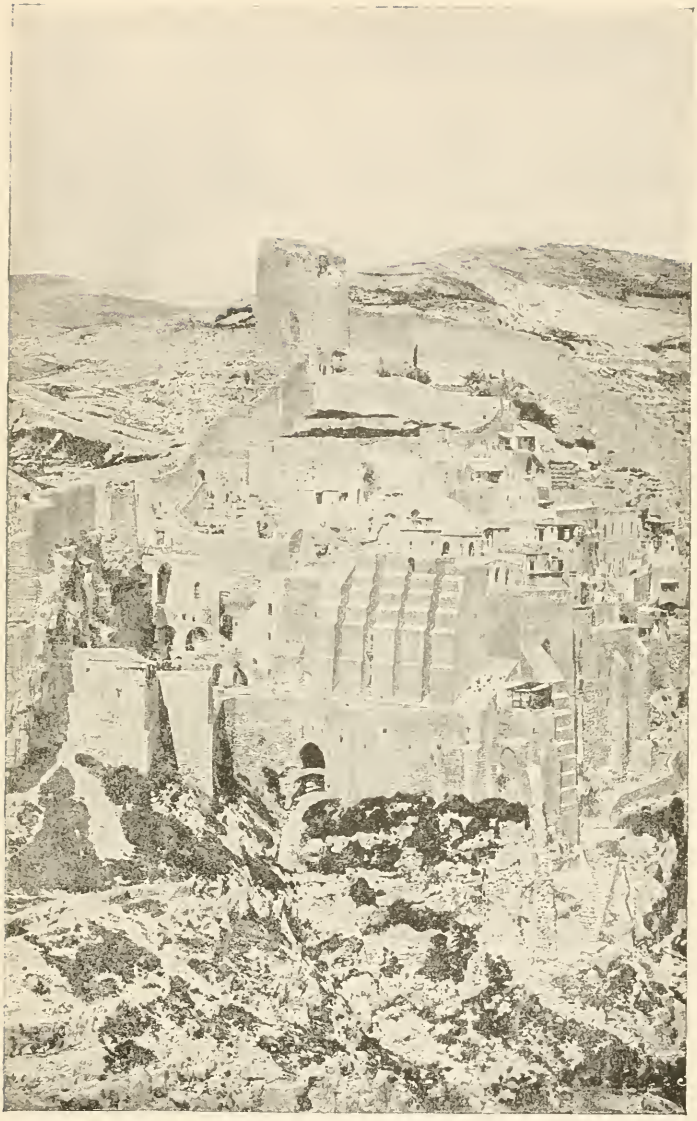
We ascended to the summits of the various monasteries, and

enjoyed the dissimilar and beautiful views. The sole reason why there are not more traditional sites in the Holy Land is that inventive genius cannot find names for them. They make nothing of showing the house in which Joseph lived and had his dream.

There is a tradition, which dates at least from the year 620, concerning the place where the angels appeared to the shepherds. We found the field inclosed by a wall, within which are some very fine olive trees. For centuries there was a church and monastery here. The ruins remaining are supposed to belong to the mediæval Church of *Gloria in Excelsis*. The Grotto of the Shepherds, in which they are supposed to have dwelt, is fitted up as a church, and has been under the control of the Greeks since the time of the Crusades. I am sorry that there is not better authority for it, since the situation would harmonize well with the narratives. Moses, being a Hebrew of the Hebrews, had little to say; all he could do was to point out the place and give the name by which it is known. Obviously he did not believe there ever was any such vision. At the same time he thought that Christ was a Jew who was misunderstood by the people, and who failed to comprehend himself.

We rode over the hills for about three hours to the Convent of Mar Saba. After the first hour, from an elevated hill, we took the last view of Bethlehem. Descending, we followed a path gloomy and barren; but, like many other desolate prospects, it was more terrible in the seeming than in the reality; for on approach the roughest places became comparatively smooth, the ascents and descents being gradual, and the path proving wide enough for safety. There was absolutely no population; not a human being to be seen hour after hour, except the Bedouin escort whom we were obliged to employ; for in none of these excursions in the Holy Land is it safe to go without an officer. Our Bedouin was physically feeble, and carried the oldest specimen of a gun outside of a museum of antiquities; he represented, however, the Turkish government, and was a sufficient protection.

The Convent of Mar Saba surpasses in weirdness anything imaginable. Not amid the ruins of Karnak or Philæ, at



Convent of Mar Saba.

the base or within the dark caverns of the Pyramids, was the sensation so peculiar as here. Women are never admitted. Years ago one accidentally passed the outer gate, causing more consternation than would have been produced by the evil spirit. When ladies, ignorant of the rule, come with their friends, they are obliged to pass the night in a tower which stands upon a hill at some little distance. Above the gate rises another tower where is stationed a watchman, who surveys the expanse of mountains and ravines, on the alert to discern hostile approach. This precaution is necessary to this day.

One thousand three hundred years ago a settlement, known by the peculiar name of a *Laura*, was established here by St. Euthymius. Growing very wealthy, it was robbed from time to time, beginning with the Persian hordes of Chosroes in 614, which led to its being fortified; but it has been attacked several times, and as lately as 1834. It is now under the patronage of the Russian empire, and fifty years ago was enlarged and restored. On announcing that we desired to remain over night, we were shown into a room capable of accommodating twelve persons. Fortunately there were no other strangers. A good meal was served, though the fastidious would have seen something to criticise in the not very cleanly attire of the monks who waited upon us.

Human ingenuity never prepared another such place of abode. A series of houses has been constructed upon the ledges of the rock, and from the lowest point it appears as though dovecots had been built in stories. Artificial battlements and buttresses have been made, the foundation and inner wall in every case of natural rock. These are reached by labyrinths, passages, and small courtyards, and every spot is occupied by the cells of the monks. "You see men walking upon these ledges of rock, and turning into these holes in the wall; and you look upon a little garden hanging in the air, as it seems, with a solitary palm tree looking wonderingly down into the chasm, in which are more buildings and chapels and cupolas." Sixty-five or seventy monks dwell in the convent, besides a few lunatics, of whom they have charge. We visited all the terraces and entered into the sanctuary, originally a grotto. Behind a grating were the skulls of martyrs slain by the

Persians twelve hundred years ago. Moses, after conversation with the monks, described the rules of the order. Some invariably arise to hold a service at 2 A. M. They fast much of the time, and when they eat have little besides vegetables. Not a human being resides in the neighborhood; so these men, deprived of the loving smile of wife, mother, daughter, sister, live on year after year, grow old and die; but are fain to make friends with the animal creation, taming the wild birds, that fly over the hills, so that they come and eat from the hands. The monks appeared to be industrious; every spot of earth is cultivated; and the convent is famous for its fine figs which, owing to the heat of the sun, ripen earlier than in the vicinity of Jerusalem. In the night we heard the music, but did not rise to attend their service. The library is famous, but the key is kept by the patriarch, in Jerusalem, and the monks do not have access to it.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Dead Sea, The Jordan, Jericho, and Bethany.

Wilderness of Engedi—Tomb of Moses—Beautiful Views—Peculiarities of the Dead Sea Explained—Pillars of Salt—The Jordan—Ancient Gilgal—Russian Pilgrims—Bethany—Tomb of Lazarus—Tower of David in Jerusalem.

At an early hour the next morning we began a ride of five hours to the Dead Sea. The way lay along the valley of the Kidron, several hundred feet precipitously beneath us. After a time we made the ascent, and on reaching the summit beheld the wilderness of Engedi stretched out before us. The heat was almost tropical, and more depressing than that of Egypt. Down the long slope we traveled, meeting occasionally a Bedouin who looked at us in a semi-savage way, and in sight upon the hills were three or four of these wanderers of the desert and the mountains. A mile and a half away to the left of the road rises the minaret of "Neby Musa, the Tomb of Moses." The Mohammedans pay no attention to the Bible narrative, and assign the tomb of the leader of Israel to this spot, to which they come annually in multitudes, but no Christian or Jew accompanies them.

As we proceeded wonderful views burst upon us. Moab, which we had seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives, now appeared much nearer; the long valley of the Jordan, the region in which is Mount Nebo, and the supposed peak of Pisgah were in plain sight. Without these views it would have been tiresome to ride so long with the Dead Sea apparently but a few hundred yards from us—an optical illusion, which was increased by the irregular surface of the country.

One pervaded with the prevalent ideas concerning Sodom and Gomorrah, on examining the Bible, would be astonished to find how little there is to support the notion that the Dead Sea was formed by the catastrophe that swallowed up those two cities, and that their ruins are submerged beneath its waters.

We could survey almost the entire length of the Dead Sea from the shore, but obtained still better views from the summits of the mountains. It is about forty-six miles long, and a little over ten miles wide. It is now known that the level of the Dead Sea is 1,293 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, but up to sixty years ago no one knew that it was below it at all. The Dead Sea at its greatest depth is 1,310 feet. Since Jerusalem is 2,494 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, that city, not more than fifteen miles away, is 3,787 feet above where we stood.

The credit of resolving most of the doubts and difficulties and dissipating many of the superstitions formerly connected with this abyss belongs to the United States, which in 1848 authorized an exploring expedition commanded by Lieutenant Lynch. He conveyed two metal boats from Acre to the Sea of Tiberias, and in them his party went down the Jordan, and spent twenty-two days cruising around the Dead Sea.

In his report Lieutenant Lynch says that during a storm the heavy waters, nearly a sixth heavier than that of the ocean, "lashed the sides of his boats like hammers," but the subsidence after the storm was much more rapid than of the waves in other waters.

By the facts which they established it is easy to explain most of the peculiarities which before were perplexing. As the whole volume of the water of the Jordan, estimated at six million tons daily, is poured into it, and the sea has no outlet, the evaporation is extraordinarily rapid, and leaves the water full of mineral substances, especially salt, which is dissolved from the bank. About a quarter of the bulk of the sea consists of minerals, half being salt, which is extracted and sold in the markets of Jerusalem and elsewhere. The same process has been going on for ages at the Great Salt Lake in Utah.

The ancient conceit that it is death to swim in the Dead Sea has been exploded. Dr. Robinson could swim nowhere else in salt or fresh water, but here found no difficulty in swimming or floating. A more modern fancy, that it is impossible to sink therein, has been dissipated by the experience of many travelers. Professor Henry M. Harman, a man of gigantic proportions, states in his *Egypt and the Holy Land* that he found no difficulty

The Dead Sea.

in sinking. Travelers often bathe in the Dead Sea, and Dr. Bancroft imitated the Mohammedan custom of washing his feet in its waters, but I was content to immerse my hands. The water left a peculiarly oily feeling. It is not true that the Dead Sea is the saltest water in the world. According to the scale given by Stanley, the purest of all water is rain water; then fresh-water lakes, the Baltic Sea, Sea of Azov; then the ocean, then the Mediterranean, then the Caspian and Aral, then the Dead Sea, and last the Lakes of Elton and Urumia.

The Dead Sea contains neither shells nor coral, and fish placed in it soon die, though it is alleged that some inferior organizations can be found. The representation that birds die if they attempt to fly over it is incorrect. Snipe, partridges, ducks, and nightingales live along its shores. The sides of the basin being perpendicular, the heat of the sun is almost unendurable, and there are few flowers or trees.

The wildness of the region, the desolation of the shores, the greenish hue of the water contrasting with the blue of the more distant prospect, made a picture in viewing which one might easily oscillate between sensations of loneliness and misery and of brightness and beauty. Isolate the sea from its gloomy surroundings and it would rival the most beautiful lake in the world. The silver sheen in the morning light as we had seen it for hours in our early ride from the convent was transformed in the middle of the day into burnished gold; but, because of their peculiar juxtaposition, not the slightest reflection from the surrounding mountains was depicted upon the waters.

Along the shores are numerous pillars of salt; in fact, they are continually forming in different grotesque shapes. Lieutenant Lynch says: "Everything stated in the Bible about the Dead Sea and the Jordan we believe to be fully verified by our observations. The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain, sunk and overwhelmed by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of the sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the former thirteen and the latter thirteen hundred feet below the surface." I also believe all that the Bible affirms concerning the destruc-

tion of Sodom and Gomorrah; but know of no passage which either asserts or intimates that the Dead Sea was formed by the catastrophe which overwhelmed the Cities of the Plain. The probable and generally accepted hypothesis is that these cities stood in the plain of the Jordan, on the north of the Dead Sea; that the valley is a part of a prehistoric upheaval and depression; and that the sea and the Jordan are what they were when the first inhabitants of the world gazed upon them.

Having remained on the shore, listening to the reminiscences of Moses and endeavoring to identify the mountains, until sufficiently rested, we remounted and began a fatiguing journey across the plains to the Jordan. The mounds and little hills for a considerable distance from the water, incrusted with pure salt, are white and dazzling. The river was easily identified by the foliage along its shores, illustrating many biblical references. A grove of trees was pointed out by Moses as a famous bathing place for pilgrims. We could perceive the reason for the scriptural figure, the "swellings of Jordan," for the current is so rapid as to make it dangerous to bathe or attempt to swim. Many have there been drowned as a result of recklessness, among them the brother of a distinguished American college president, then a young man of twenty-one, who, disregarding caution, leaped into the river.

The feet of pilgrims have worn numerous paths, and the scene was suggestive of striking incidents in Bible history. In this vicinity Lot saw the plain of the Jordan, and it was even as a garden of the Lord. Near here is probably the spot where the children of Israel, after their forty years' wanderings, came across dry-shod, "right over against Jordan." Nor was it far away that Elijah took his mantle, wrapped it together, and smote the waters, so that he and Elisha went over on dry ground. It was in this wilderness that John the Baptist preached, and to him went out great multitudes, as he cried, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Here he baptized them in the Jordan, they confessing their sins. Here, too, our Lord was baptized of John. There is a concurrence of traditions locating most of these events in the immediate neighborhood.

The Jordan.

A lofty and precipitous hill, which we saw for hours as we journeyed, has for eight centuries been celebrated as the scene of Christ's temptation and forty days' fast. We did not climb it, but could almost discern the caverns and hermitages. It was peculiarly adapted to anchorites, and from early ages they resorted thither, dwelling in solitude and imitating their Lord, without the reason for it that he had. Incredible stories are told of impossible fasts and almost miraculous longevity.

Thousands of Greek Christians resort to a certain place and bathe in the river, while the Latins go farther to the south. We bathed our feet in the Jordan, and refreshed ourselves under the shade of the oleanders and other flowering bushes and trees; after luncheon, beginning the journey to Jericho, making our way across the plain to the modern town of Reha. This is the site of ancient Gilgal and modern Jericho.

Here the Israelites pitched their camp, set up the twelve stones, and celebrated their first passover in the Promised Land; and here were circumcised the children born in the wilderness; Saul was made king, and Elisha received Naaman the Syrian.

The village is a wretched place, full of thieves and vermin, and infamous for all kinds of iniquities. There is nothing left of ancient Jericho. We spent the night in a decent hotel, recently erected, resembling the ordinary two-story frame buildings in this country.

At sunset the landscape was magnificent; the waste of mountains over which we had traveled, the Dead Sea, the plain, and the range of mountains beyond us, being gloriously illuminated.

From Jericho we began the journey to Jerusalem, a route famous many years ago for difficulty and danger; but a Wallachian princess, having met with an accident, gave a thousand pounds for the making of a new road, that the pilgrims from her country might not fall over the precipices. Therefore the road is now perfectly safe for pedestrians and for horses. Carriages, however, of the usual sort, could not traverse it, though we saw a queer-shaped vehicle dragged slowly along. Even this could not have been done by any temporary expedient until these changes were made.

We rode for two or three hours, meeting tourists going from Jerusalem, and falling in with several hundreds of Russian pilgrims who had been down to bathe in the Jordan, and were toiling back to the sacred city. They were dressed in the extremely hot and uncomfortable attire of Russia, and were frequently overcome by the heat so as to fall upon the ground and breathe like panting animals. At the khan where we took dinner they were lying about like hod carriers, at the rest hour, on the hottest days of summer.

We passed another old khan which is the traditional scene of the parable of the good Samaritan.

Bethany is one of the points universally accepted. Its name—House of Poverty—is supposed to have been derived from its situation on the borders of the desert, though some claim that lepers formerly dwelt there. It was at Bethany that Simon the leper lived, in whose house the contents of the alabaster box were poured upon the head of the Saviour; and there resided Mary and Martha. The modern Arabic name of the place is derived from Lazarus. There are only forty or fifty miserable houses, and the inhabitants are Mohammedans. The place is picturesque because of the number of olive, mango, and fig trees interspersed among the buildings. The Tomb of Lazarus attracts the attention of visitors, and some recent travelers have been convinced that this is the genuine tomb. I did not see anything to suggest even presumption that it was the original place of burial of one who lived and died more than a thousand years ago.

But this is certain, that Christ must "have come up from Jericho by this route."

Having again enjoyed the view from the Mount of Olives, we descended its long slope to the valley of the Kidron, and on Saturday entered the city by St. Stephen's Gate. Moses acted strangely as we drew near the gate, and at last dismounted and asked us if we would have the kindness to lead his horse into the city. On asking the reason, he answered: "I am a Jew. For me to be seen entering on this day with a party of travelers would affect my standing among my people." To gratify him we led his horse into the city, while he, with an air of demure piety, entered on foot. To do this did not

Bethany.

disturb him, but to have others know that he did so—he was too "conscientious" for that.

The only point of importance in ancient Jerusalem not yet described is the Tower of David. It consists of five towers, formerly surrounded by a moat, and forms part of the citadel. Owing to its position it affords a comprehensive view. Mr. Gilman, the United States consul, thinks that the foundation was laid by the Jebusites, and that after David stormed the fortress he erected this tower. The ancient foundation, which rises to a height of thirty-nine feet, consists of stones of such size as to remind one of the Pyramids. In the various sieges to which Jerusalem has been exposed, the upper parts have often been destroyed and rebuilt.

Turkish soldiers were upon guard, and we were detained a considerable time before even the consul of the United States could secure admission to such points as he thought it desirable to show us. But the obstacles were finally overcome; we ascended to the summit, visited the interior of the citadel, and saw many evidences of the antiquity of the remains. If it were built by David, or even by Herod, of course it might have been standing when Christ was in Jerusalem.

Along the east side is Zion Street, which conducts us to Zion Gate on the apex of the ridge of Zion. Unquestionably we are now where David built his house, and where the tent was pitched for the Ark of God. Close by the gate is a building known as the Palace of Caiaphas, now a cemetery for Armenian patriarchs. Here tradition becomes ludicrous. They pretend to show the pillar on which the cock crew to warn Peter! That the tomb of David is near, there can be no reasonable doubt. Nehemiah says that the sepulcher of David was opposite a pool; and the supposed tomb of David stands opposite the Pool of Gihon. Peter says: "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulcher is with us unto this day." Josephus also refers to it. Mohammedans and earlier Christians unite with the Jews in regarding the spot as identified; but though the tomb of David must have been in this vicinity, in regard to its exact site there is much ground for dispute.

CHAPTER L.

Peculiarities of Modern Palestine.

Jews—Greek Church—Visit to the Patriarch—Russian Church and Pilgrims—Armenians—Copts—Abyssinians—Roman Catholics—Protestants—Places of Amusement—Society—Sect of the "German Temple"—Lunatics—The "American Colony"—Lepers and Leprosy.

MODERN Jerusalem is a study in human nature. There the Jews make an unfavorable impression. With due allowance for a minority there for business purposes or from religious considerations, they are filthy, superstitious, and fanatical, many being practically paupers. In the Polish synagogue I saw ancient men at their early service. Their howlings were dissonant; hair and beards unkempt; skin clammy and cadaverous. In the intervals of reading they took snuff, exhibiting large capacity, the result of decades of assiduous practice; but failing to absorb all, their hideous aspect was even more defiled. This was the lowest point, as respects worship, which I touched. Matters are better in some of the synagogues. Thousands, many of them being sent by charity, have come to Jerusalem solely to die in the Holy Land. An excellent system has been devised for taking care of them. So soon as a Jew arrives he is registered in the synagogues of his own nationality, and funds are collected throughout the world for the support of these poor Jews. Sir Moses Montefiore constructed a system of tenement houses, which are rented at low rates to Jews; and the Rothschilds have built hospitals for them.

How much importance is to be attached to the supposed rapid return of the Jews to Palestine? Those whose views of Scripture prophecy lead them to believe that the Holy Land will finally be occupied exclusively by Jews find encouragement in this tendency. But my inquiries led me to think that, in view of the character of the Jews migrating thither, nothing of significance is indicated.

The Greek Church is the most powerful body of Christians in Syria. They have many churches, schools, monasteries, and other institutions. The convents of St. Theodore, St. Spiridon, St. Michael, St. Katharine, Caralombos, John the Baptist, Demetrius, St. Nicholas, and Spirito, will accommodate three thousand pilgrims; several five hundred each, and the rest from fifty to three hundred. I visited two of these: no one need starve, and pilgrims are not fastidious.

Dr. Bancroft and I called upon the patriarch, who is of imposing presence and received us with honor; Father Stephanos, who formerly lived in the United States and speaks English well, acting as interpreter. It was impossible to make the patriarch realize that Dr. Bancroft is only a distant relative of the historian George Bancroft, with whom he was determined to confound him. The conversation was formal; the tones of the patriarch as deep and heavy as the pedal notes of an organ, and his utterance correspondingly slow.

Large sums of money have been expended within a few years by the Russian government for the Russo-Greek Church in Jerusalem and other parts of Syria. Outside the wall is an elaborate system of buildings and a fine church. How many thousand pilgrims could be accommodated there I could not ascertain; but I attended service in their church on my last Sabbath in the city.

The Russian pilgrims, in outward demonstration, are devout; and their natural expression being as stolid as that of a bronze statue, the effect is intensified. So liberal are they, and so many taxes does the Church put upon them, that, if not restrained, they would give away all the money they have, and be unable to get back to Russia. On arriving they report to the Russian consul, who takes away from them enough money to pay their expenses home. When their pilgrimage is over usually they have nothing but that on which to depend.

I visited the Armenian monastery behind the Tower of David, near the Zion Gate. It is a large institution in which live several hundred monks and brethren, and which can entertain twelve hundred pilgrims. The patriarch resides in the monastery. We caught a glimpse of him passing through one of the chapels. Priests can be distinguished from the Greeks by

long pointed hoods, the others wearing round caps, not dissimilar to the traveling caps used in this country, but higher in the crown.

The old Armenian Church has a character peculiar to itself; standing midway between the Greek and Latin Churches, but maintaining its independent position ever since the sixth century, when it practically cut itself off from Rome. Armenian ecclesiastics are a fine-tempered, dignified, exceedingly gentlemanly body of men, with little of the stoic in their compositions, or natural inclination to monkish forms. The services are conducted with dignity and splendor, though the musical part is not equal to that of the Russian Church.

The Copts have a monastery and chapels, and jurisdiction over a part of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where two Coptic priests are continually shut in to conduct services night and day.

The Abyssinians have a monastery near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, but, not satisfied with their treatment and position, for several years they have been erecting a church behind the Russian establishments, and outside the wall. It occupies an imposing position.

I had noticed in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher a dignified-looking priest performing his devotions. He was so dark that I made inquiry concerning his nativity, and found that he was an Abyssinian. On a visit to the new edifices I met him coming out of the dormitory, and induced him by signs to show me about the buildings, not dreaming that he was the head of the establishment. When I informed Dr. Bancroft of the visit he proposed another. This time we were accompanied by an interpreter, and I had an interesting conversation with the representative of, perhaps, the most peculiar form of Christianity in the world.

The Abyssinians are but a half-civilized people. When we had entered Nubia we were separated from their country by but a comparatively short journey. Accounts of Abyssinian Christianity by travelers represent it as intolerant, and formal to an astonishing degree.

They are required to fast even oftener than the Greeks, the number of regular days being more than two out of three in

the whole year, besides special fasts, and they have to abstain from drink as well as food, but have plenty of feasts. Ceremonies on funeral occasions and marriages are barbarous.

The ecclesiastical connection is with the Copts of Egypt, the chief hierarch being elected at Alexandria. They call him an Abuna; next in importance are bishops; then the Alaka, who takes care of the money; and finally priests and deacons. Their services are so elaborate that it requires twenty priests and deacons for one church. The head priest told me that the war between Abyssinia and Italy prevented their getting funds, and in consequence of this they cannot complete the building, and suffer many privations. They seemed devout, and the one with whom we talked was very gentlemanly.

Before leaving we drank with him a glass of sherbet, a sweet, unintoxicating fluid, resembling raspberry syrup. Coffee also was served. An exciting incident of the conversation was his account of being captured a few years before, while endeavoring to reach Abyssinia, to make a statement to the king of the progress of the enterprise. The interpreter, who had often heard the Abyssinians perform, and who was a Catholic, declared that they were a barbarous people, and would strike the floor with their staves, and howl at certain parts of the service.

Roman Catholics are increasing in Jerusalem, but are inferior in numbers and power either to the orthodox Greeks or the Russians. The Franciscan monastery occupies a commanding situation, and the services conducted by the Latins are performed with more than their usual attention to details. The absence of any one government disposed to appropriate large funds to maintain the honor of the Church in Jerusalem accounts for their inferior position. It is an occasion for wonder that the Vatican, with its immense receipts, does not pay more attention to Jerusalem.

Protestantism is doing little in the city, though it is the seat of a bishopric. Theoretically this bishopric is supported half by Prussia and half by England. There have been three incumbents: Bishop Alexander, Bishop Gobat, and the present Bishop Blythe. We were introduced to Bishop Blythe by our

consul, who attended his services, and learned that it is a bishopric of no special importance.

Christ Church, nearly opposite the Tower of David, on Mount Zion, is a fine building. There are various schools supported by the mission, one in which the services are entirely in Arabic. The funds of the mission have much to do with supporting the outward show of work. The Germans sustain several orphanages and a fine hospital under the charge of the deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, similar to that already described.

There appear to be in the holy city very few places of amusement, of the kind ordinarily found. Society is divided into cliques. Some of the missions are battlefields; charges are bandied about against members, and scandal is afloat. Of course, in a general statement of this kind, allowance must be made for exceptions. There, as everywhere, scandal makes notoriety, while private virtue is unnoticed: yet the conversations I had led me to think that there is more backbiting and retailing of personal gossip among the foreign residents of Jerusalem than in any other city of its size.

One of the Protestant colonies is near Jaffa. It is twenty-three years old, founded by the Wurtemberg sect of the "German Temple." They hold a peculiar doctrine, based on the prophecies, that Christians are obliged to settle in Palestine.

In 1866 an American colony, led by one Adams, settled there. The majority were sincere Christians, deceived and swindled by fanatical leaders and their dishonest employees. Their hardships were equal to those endured by the early settlers of Massachusetts, and incredible sufferings, followed by many deaths, occurred. When the *Quaker City* visited Jaffa, it benevolently took away the starving people to Egypt, whence they were helped back to America. Rollo Floyd, the guide, is one of the survivors.

Lunatics come to Jerusalem from all parts of the world. One was in the habit for years of walking about carrying a heavy cross. A woman came with the revelation that Christ was to descend to the Mount of Olives, and she was to make the first cup of tea for him; several times she ascended the mount for the purpose. Her lunacy now is of a mild form.

Tower of David.

A conspicuous household of an eccentric character now existing in Palestine is known as the American colony. It consists of a number of persons, chiefly from Chicago, who went there some years ago, under the leadership of Mr. Spofford and his wife. We spent a Sabbath evening at their residence, listening to their singing, and conversing with them concerning their principles. From some points of view they make an excellent impression, being active in benevolent work, self-denying, sweet in spirit, and having unusual facility for securing the affections of their beneficiaries.

Their singing is charming, their spirit devout and trustful, and their bearing toward each other not such as to suggest anything evil; but it requires only a fair measure of discernment to see that a dangerous fanaticism lies beneath the attractive surface, which will make impossible the permanent success of the colony and prevent the fulfillment of the enthusiastic hopes which originally inspired it. They act upon the faith cure, anti-medicine theory, and the number of deaths since the colony was founded is considerably in excess of the average number of persons dying of the same age in an ordinary society. They eschew matrimony, and are theoretically Shakers. They also profess to be guided in all particulars by direct revelation from God. Financially they have been in difficulty so often that only the interposition of the American consuls has prevented their being dispossessed; but they claim to have property enough in the United States to pay all bills, which property they allege is kept back by relatives on the ground that they are insane. Some who have recently joined the society obviously dwell in the borderland between sanity and mental aberration.

I am glad that Jerusalem is under the control of the Turks rather than that of the Jews, or of the Greek or Latin Christians. The Jews would care little for Christian antiquities, the Greeks and Latins would be exclusive, the Mohammedans are impartial, and their forces often needed to suppress disturbances between rival sects of degenerate Christians in the very precincts of the sacred places. I went away thinking more of the new than of the old Jerusalem, but abundantly repaid for the visit.

Jerusalem lepers are almost ubiquitous on account of their habit of sitting by gates and in thoroughfares begging. Their horrible aspect fortunately defies description, while the piercing cry, "Leprous! leprous!! leprous!!!" must echo for months in the memory of every traveler. Some are blind, and with their faces upturned toward the sun, the last vestige of the eye gone, arms, hands, and necks covered with hideous sores, they excite pity mingled with disgust.

Hospitals have been built, but they will not stay in them if they can avoid it, preferring to beg and to enjoy the liberty of travel and domestic life. Different views have been held as to whether modern leprosy is identical with that described in the Bible.

An attack of modern leprosy is preceded for some months by languor, chills, shivering, and irregular attacks of fever. The spots upon the skin, generally the first visible symptoms, are reddish and rapidly pushed outward by dark lumps, which in time form clusters "resembling bunches of grapes." This is followed by general deterioration of the tissues. Sight, hearing, and speech are interfered with, and last of all come dreadful festering sores. These from time to time heal and appear elsewhere. There is another sort called "smooth leprosy," in which the patches are inflamed, but do not swell. Such is the vital tenacity, however, that many of these horrible cases linger on from ten to twenty-five years. The disease is generally hereditary, and the children of lepers are usually attacked by it; yet I visited a quarter where they live together and marry, and are thus perpetuating this frightful scourge.

The disease is spreading throughout the world, and English magazines have of late been considering it. Sir Morell Mackenzie had an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Dreadful Revival of Leprosy." The New York Academy of Medicine discussed the subject, and a distinguished physician and traveler gave an account of what he had seen in various parts of this continent and in the Sandwich Islands. He considers that there are millions of lepers; shows how the Chinese took the disease into the Sandwich Islands about forty years ago, and declares that some also carried it to Australia

and California. According to an official report there are one hundred and thirty-five thousand lepers in India.

About twenty-five years ago the London College of Physicians decided that the disease is not contagious, and not necessarily hereditary; but Sir Morell Mackenzie denies both propositions, as do other eminent authorities, all of whom appear to agree in thinking it incurable.

CHAPTER LI.

Leaving Jerusalem.

Description of the Caravan—Shafut—Ramallah—El-Bireh—Bethel—Ai—A Slave Lost—Robbers' Glen—Caravan of Camels—A Night of Storm and Terror at Sinjil.

THE time had now come to depart from Jerusalem. We designed to visit every sacred spot in the manner best adapted to allow close examination, vivid impression, and the greatest amount of familiarity with the people and country. Our preparations took some days. The first essential was a dragoman, who selected a cook with one or two assistants, a waiter, a muleteer, and several subordinates; six mules and four horses. Our tent was large, supplied with iron bedsteads, good mattresses, a table, washbasin, Persian rugs, and a partition which transformed the front part into a dining room and parlor. There were other tents for the men. The tents with their poles and cords, stove, fuel, food, furniture, bedsteads, etc., had to be carried upon mules.

Our dragoman, Selim, who proved to be guide, philosopher, and friend, was the supreme authority. The time for breakfast was fixed each night on retiring, and half an hour before it was ready we were aroused. Before we had finished dressing, breakfast was announced, the men began to take down all the tents but our own, and while the cook, his helper, and the waiter were washing the dishes, everything else was made ready for an early start. Luncheon was put up, and the dragoman, accompanied by one man and a mule, went with us on our various tours of exploration, while the rest of the caravan went by the directest route to the spot agreed upon for the camp. We usually rested from one to two hours at the lunching place, and found—unless the journey for the day was very long—the tents pitched and dinner being prepared on arriving in the evening.

We had been warned that we were starting rather too early

in the season, and would be likely to encounter severe storms. The "former rain" of the Bible occurs late in October and early in November; the "latter rain" falls in March and April. But my experience has not been favorable to postponing the starting on long journeys by sea or land on account of weather.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning our cavalcade, nearly a hundred yards long, was formed; the dragoman riding at the head, and Dr. Bancroft and I immediately following. We had learned that three tourists had started in advance of us, without tents, having only a dragoman and intending to lodge at night at the khans and convents. Drops of rain soon compelled us to cover ourselves with rubber blankets and coats procured in anticipation of a storm. While attempting to make this change the wind rose to the proportions of a blizzard, and it was with extreme difficulty that we kept our seats. Fortunately the clouds were high, so that the view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country was not seriously obscured. We were now above the city and could clearly see its position and relation to the Mount of Olives, to Bethlehem and the Jaffa road, and to other features of the country.

The road descending rapidly, we saw Jerusalem no more. Following the caravan route, we rode due north, and soon reached Shafut, built of fine old materials, the ruins of former fortifications and houses. It is believed by the best authorities to be the ancient Gibeah, where was committed the frightful crime that almost caused the annihilation of the tribe of Benjamin. It was here that the seven sons of Saul were hanged, and that afflicted Rizpah sustained her unparalleled vigil.

Ancient villages and ruins of walls were numerous. Instead of farmhouses scattered over the cultivated plain, as in the countries with which we are familiar, insecurity of life and property is so great, on account of wandering bands of marauders, that the people dwell, as in former times, in villages; and only the houses of watchmen can be seen upon the plains or in the fields.

Ramallah, at a little distance from the road, is inhabited chiefly by Christians. Both the Greeks and Latins have

monasteries there, where travelers can be entertained, and the Protestant missionaries keep a school.

We tarried first at El-Bireh, identified with the Bible Beeroth. There has been a tradition for some centuries that this is the spot where Joseph and Mary, when they were departing from Jerusalem, first noticed that Jesus was not in their company. It is certain that they were traveling by this route.

Half an hour later we reached Bethel. The very huts of the people are built out of materials plainly used in edifices in ancient times. Sitting on the wall of an old cistern, built in a costly and careful manner, we talked of the wonderful events which had taken place at Bethel. Here Abraham reared his altar and called upon the name of the Lord; here Jacob took the stones for his pillow, lay down to sleep, and saw the angels ascending and descending upon the ladder. He changed the name of the place from Luz to Bethel, "the house of God." Here Jeroboam set up the golden calf, as described in the First and Second Book of Kings. Says a writer: "Here or hereabouts there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare the forty and two children who scoffed at Elisha." The modern name of Bethel is Betin. Only about four hundred persons now live there.

The pond, of which the spring is in the center inclosed in a circular basin, is one hundred and five yards long and seventy-two wide, the whole inclosed in solid masonry. The view of the undulating valley was beautiful, now and then glorified by rays of sunlight piercing the heavy clouds which had hung dark over the mountains and plains all the morning.

Within sight of Bethel is Ai, which Joshua besieged with thirty thousand mighty men of valor, but so strong was the place that this force was not able to conquer it without the use of stratagem. A shrewd subterfuge it was, having been intentionally paralleled by several of the greatest generals of the world: "And Joshua and all Israel made as if they were beaten before them, and fled by the way of the wilderness." The inhabitants of Ai rushed forth to pursue, but an ambush provided for the emergency arose and entered the forsaken city.

For a while after departing from Bethel the route was toilsome, but like most regions in Palestine, amazing desolation leads by constant surprises to equally astonishing fertility. Where there is no irrigation the sun's fierce heat makes the land but a heap of ashes; but the same sun, with water to cool its parching rays, reproduces the Garden of Eden in every valley and on every hill, where even a thin covering of soil affords a place for the seed of the sower or the germs of life carried by birds and winds. A land of vineyards and orchards was before us, illustrating the blessings pronounced upon Joseph: "The precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fullness thereof."

A man, dressed in a somewhat distinguished manner, and mounted upon a horse finer than any we had seen in Syria, riding rapidly across the plains and over the hills, turning aside to speak to everyone, attracted my attention. I said to Selim: "What is that man doing? Is he a superintendent of the district, a courier delivering messages, or an officer upon a search?" "I will find out for you," said Selim, and engaged him in conversation. It was a reminder in that far-off land of what for two centuries took place every day in every year in the United States. This man was an owner of slaves, and a valuable black woman, whom he had purchased from the Soudan, had run away. She had been gone half a day, and he was riding to and fro offering every man five pounds of English money as a reward if he should bring her back.

Ruins, of whose origin no satisfactory account can be given, were passed from time to time, but nothing to dispute the supremacy of the natural scenery. The walls of an old castle and a Byzantine church stimulated imagination. Olive plantations were numerous, and are always pleasing. The young trees are beautiful; the old, suggestive of hoary antiquity, are considered types of venerable age. Old men sitting under olive trees seemed to unite two forms of nature and gave life to scores of scriptural symbols.

We descended into a beautiful glen, known as the "Robbers' Glen," and proceeded to the "Robbers' Spring." The water is sweet, pure, and cool, the scenery exquisite, but the place has had a bad reputation for hundreds of years, and has not at all improved. Without a large force it would be dangerous to encamp there. A magnificent caravan of more than sixty camels was resting at the spring.

Four or five were riding camels, as different in shape and action from ordinary baggage camels as the finest saddle horses are from the slow-moving truck horses. Like all their race they indulged in growling, but some had a benignant look, and one displayed considerable affection for his rider, who used a code of signals understood by himself and the camel.

At six o'clock we encamped on a threshing floor near the village of Sinjil, and had the first real test of camping accommodations. The tents were set up with rapidity, our own fulfilling all the conditions promised, and a dinner was served in a style to gratify appetites sharpened by nearly ten hours' riding. But the heavens were ominous, and the wind made the cordage creak and snap like the rigging of a ship in a storm. Selim acknowledged that the prospect was not encouraging.

At 8:30 we went to bed, taking the precaution to spread our rubber blankets and waterproofs within reach. At half past ten it began to rain, and the night was one of horror. An old camper-out in the wilds of Maine, the Adirondacks, the Rocky Mountains, and the Sierra Nevada, I never experienced such a night. The amount of rain that fell, its violence, and the tempestuous manner in which it beat upon and into the tent, defy description. During the few moments that we lost consciousness, dreams of shipwreck, fire, earthquake, and volcanic eruptions terrified the mind. Selim and the muleteers were engaged in fastening down the tents the greater part of the night. Mud was six inches deep upon the hillside and plain. In the tent of the muleteers, a sticky mixture of water and clay was so thick that it would have been impossible for one wearing English shoes to take a second step without unshoeing himself. It was the longest night ever experienced by me on land, and I caution travelers through Palestine, in early March, to go prepared for such an experience.

CHAPTER LII.

From Shiloh to Gerizim.

A Day in a Mohammedan Village—Children and Dogs—A Mohammedan Cemetery—Shiloh—Bible Events Connected with the Place—Jacob's Well—Discovery Made by Bishop Barclay—Climbing the "Mount of Blessing"—Formation of the Summit—Ruins Found There.

When daylight came we found everything so wet that it was out of the question to dry the bedding, curtains, and tents, so as to make it safe to camp out the next night, and it was decided to spend that day in Sinjil, there being prospect of "drying" weather. Selim went to the village, and arranged with a Mohammedan to surrender to us his best house, which contained only one room. The building was of stone, plastered, and had a chimney and fireplace. Our beds were brought in and plans made to spend the day. This Mohammedan had several wives and a corresponding number of children; also several dogs; and the day, which would otherwise have been lost, gave us a rare opportunity of studying Mohammedan life. The houses are crowded together, as in Egypt and other Mohammedan countries. If a man is able, he has half a dozen houses, in one of which cooking is done. In sleeping, they crowd together more like beasts than human beings. Each little hut has its dog, which, though obedient to the owner and the members of his family, will fight furiously with other dogs, and keep a jealous eye upon strangers. It was some time before we dared venture more than a few feet from the house, on account of dogs perched upon the tops of smaller buildings, who threatened to descend upon us, after the manner of panthers.

The children were handsome and bright, and stared with large, round eyes, as if we had been animals from a tempest-shattered menagerie. We agreed to give them no money until going away, lest the entire village should besiege us. This resolution was adhered to for a few hours, but in an evil

moment we yielded, and from that time until our departure, except during the hours of sleep, they rivaled the beggars of Egypt. We expected extortionate charges in addition to what was paid by the dragoman as a part of his responsibility, but had no particular cause to complain.

Several occurrences during that day and night illustrated human nature, and I am sure that, if the doctor and I could have spoken Arabic, we would have found as many opportunities for pleasant and instructive conversation as if overtaken by such a storm in England, Germany, or any of the rural districts of the United States. Half a dozen short excursions gave us a good view of the village.

Our start the next morning was by no means so jubilant a proceeding as that of two days before. The horses and mules drooped, all the men had colds, and Selim, having had but little sleep either night, had to summon philosophy to his aid. The tents were not yet dry, everything smelled musty, but the air was keen and stimulating.

Passing by the Mohammedan cemetery we heard loud lamentations. Beyond the wall we saw a company of twelve or fifteen women wailing about the grave of one who had been buried ten days. Each successive day, for a certain period of time, those women assemble and mourn. There was little music, but all seemed solemn and did not cast a glance toward the passers. The sound was a monotone, with gusts of emphasis on certain words, and peculiar pauses, some rhythmical, others arbitrary. As they sang they gently swayed forward and backward.

The village of Seilun is upon the ground of the Shiloh of the Bible. There is little doubt of the authenticity of this site, though, from the time of St. Jerome to 1838, it was lost. It is described so perfectly in the Bible, that none can question it. A mass of stones, fragments of columns, and literally a heap of ruins, with a solitary tree hanging over the broken wall, it presents a sad contrast to its former glory. Here Joshua and the leaders assembled to divide the land among the tribes, and here the first tabernacle was erected. It was at this place that Eli dwelt. There Hannah visited her son Samuel, taking his little coat every year. Here dwelt the ark of the Lord, and

thence it was stolen by the Philistines. There Ahijah the prophet lived, and it was to that sacred place that the wife of Jeroboam went to learn the doom of her husband.

Ascending to the summit of a barren mountain we descended into another valley, and then rose to a desolate plateau, from which we saw the vast plain of Makhnaa and, beyond and around it, the mountains of Samaria. On our left was Gerizim, with Ebal opposite to it, and in the distant north snow-clad Hermon reared its massive head. A few miles from this point we came to Jacob's Well, upon which all traditions, whether of Jews, Samaritans, Mohammedans, or Christians, agree. Stanley says that this is the undisputed site of the well, with every claim to be considered the original well in which Jacob, according to the customs of Abraham and Isaac, marked his first possession by digging a "well to give drink thereof to himself, his children, and his cattle." It is at present a great cistern, a shaft cut through the rock, about three yards wide, and twenty-four yards deep. From the amount of rubbish which has fallen down it, it is believed to have been originally two or three times as deep as it is now. Once there was a church over it; this has fallen into decay, and many of the stones composing it have tumbled into the well.

Bishop Barclay, in 1881, made an interesting discovery—that of the circular mouth of this well, then blocked by a mass of stone. Securing the aid of men, the bishop and his wife managed to clear it, and the ledge was uncovered on which doubtless the Saviour rested. The grooves were found in the stone, caused by the ropes with which the waterpots were drawn up. Between 1866 and 1881, the bottom of the well had risen eight feet, on account of the débris therein accumulated. He who will turn to the fourth chapter of John, will find in a few master touches, bearing equally the impress of truth, simplicity, and genius, a perfect picture of the country as it now is, and of the well.

Abraham had built his first altar at this spot. Jacob died, but, with an undying love, bequeathed it to his favorite son, Joseph, saying: "I took it out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and my bow." When Joseph was dying he gave commandment concerning his bones, that they were to

be brought and buried there. They showed us the tomb of Joseph near the well, but it is obviously a comparatively modern structure. Yet near this spot Joseph was buried, and in his early youth he wandered around this field, looking for his brethren.

The woman of Samaria said to Jesus: "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain" (Gerizim). We passed from the well, through a beautifully cultivated valley, in which were fine olive groves. Mount Gerizim was now upon our left, and Ebal on the right. After riding up the steep path, so far as was convenient, we dismounted and climbed to the summit of the "Mount of Blessing." A beautiful spring gushes out about a sixth of the way from the valley to the top. The water was cold and clear, but sparkling, as though artificially charged. Halfway up is a plain, and just above is a spot, where, for indefinite ages, the Samaritans have pitched their tents at the Feast of the Passover. Gerizim is a true mountain, lacking but a hundred and forty-five feet of being three thousand feet above the sea level. It is a huge mass of limestone of the tertiary formation.

No traveler should be deterred from making the ascent. The summit is a broad table-land, affording the finest opportunities for comprehending the landscape—the blue line of the Mediterranean, the whole route over which we had traveled, the plain of Makhnaa, and the mountains of Gilead. Dean Stanley believed that this was the scene of Abraham's encounter with Melchizedek and the sacrifice of Isaac. He regards the smooth sheet of rock on the top, with the cave beside it, as the most authentic remnant of primitive worship now existing in Palestine. It was the sacred place of Shechem.

Jotham delivered his satirical parable from the top of the mount; and at the base of the mountain, and in the valley below, may be seen specimens of the trees which Jotham uses: "The olive tree," "the fig tree," "the vine," "the bramble."

Apart from its natural scenery, the summit of Gerizim is a surprise to the traveler, in the extent and number of the ruins existing there. The mountain does not culminate in a cone or sharp point, but in a flat surface, at one end of which are the ruins of an immense castle, square, and flanked with

towers. It is supposed to belong to the time of Justinian, but some maintain that the walls, nearly ten feet thick, are of later date. A large reservoir is to the north of the castle, and on the east side are several chambers; one has a Greek cross over the door. The old church was built in the time of Justinian, more than thirteen hundred years ago. There were chapels, and the building was octagonal. Long pavements extend from north to south, and the very stones of the altar erected by Joshua are pointed out.

I should have been glad to ascend Ebal, the "Mount of Cursing." Three hours would have been sufficient, but, having lost a day, we were content to view it from Gerizim. Over this valley, and on the hillsides, the whole host of Israel was gathered. The Levites stood on Gerizim to pronounce blessing upon the obedient, and from Ebal denounced curses upon the rebellious. Joshua (viii) tells when and how it was done, and Deut. xi–xiv gives the order by Moses for the ceremony. We tested the echoes from the slope of Gerizim, and brought back sounds that appeared to come from Ebal. Various travelers have stationed friends on both mountains, they themselves standing in the center of the plain, and have declared that they could hear distinctly what both said.

We lunched by the wayside, that day, not far from the spot where Jesus, being wearied, rested upon Jacob's Well, and had meat to eat that his disciples "knew not of."

CHAPTER LIII.

Shechem, Samaria, Jenin.

Events of Sacred History Connected with Nabulus—The Modern Town—Samaritans—Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch—Across the Valley of Samaria—Street of Columns—The Plain of Esdraelon—Jenin.

FROM Gerizim we had seen the beautiful valley of Nabulus, and our road now led through it. This is ancient Shechem, also called Sichar, Sichem, and Sychem. Abraham was the first biblical visitor to the place, and the land was then owned by the Canaanites. Jacob found it in the possession of the Hivites, and governed by Hamor, the father of Shechem. Simeon and Levi took it and murdered every male, for which they were cursed by Jacob on his deathbed. It must have been near here that Joseph was seized by his brethren. Rehoboam and Jeroboam met there and divided the kingdom, and then Shechem became the seat of Jeroboam's government. To Christians it is peculiarly interesting because, after the captivity, the Samaritans made this their sacred place. The woman who drew from Jacob's Well the water for Jesus lived here.

The place has about a thousand Christians, a few Protestant and the others either Latin or Greek; a larger number are Jews, but the majority of the people are Mohammedans. Down to a recent period the town was bitterly intolerant toward Christian visitors, whom they pelted with stones, at the same time crying "*Nozrani!*"

The buildings are solidly built of stone, and some are ornamented; but the streets are dirty and narrow. An extraordinary traffic in soap, the principal ingredient of which is olive oil, is carried on, there being more than twenty manufactories.

In Nabulus dwell all the Samaritans in the world, less than one hundred and fifty. They are of "noble physiognomy" and of magnificent physique. The men would attract attention anywhere by their proportions; and have so little of the Jewish cast that they would not be taken as belonging to that

race. On being introduced to the teacher of the school, a man fully six feet in height, we asked to see the ancient Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch, one of the oldest manuscripts in the world. The teacher solemnly assured us that he brought it forth, but, having been warned that an attempt is made to palm off a more recent copy upon travelers, we sent for the high priest and tried to ascertain whether we saw the original. In a few moments he acknowledged to Selim that the real original manuscript had not been shown. It was then brought forth and reverently kissed by the Samaritans. They say that it was written by a grandson or great-grandson of Aaron, which must be classed with the instances, so common in the Eastern world, of drawing the long bow. Nevertheless those competent to judge regard it as being nearly two thousand years old.

The high priest is handsome; and, paying him a compliment, we learned that he had his photographs, and was not above selling them. George Eliot, in *Middlemarch*, declares that none are so proud of their photographs, or give artists more trouble, than doctors of divinity who have renounced the world. When it is considered that a stock trade is done by photographers in Great Britain and the United States in pictures of ministers and of bishops in their prelatical robes; that peddlers of photographs of the successful revivalist follow him in his spiritual labors, and that a snug sum is derived from their sale, I will say nothing against this man, who, so far as personal beauty is concerned, had a better reason for putting his photographs upon the market than a majority of those who find so much pleasure in it.

A peculiarity of the Samaritans is scrupulous cleanliness. We were curious to see Jacob, a Samaritan who visited England a few years ago, and was suspected of dealing in false antiquities. He came forth, and was ingratiating in manner and of splendid physique. His countenance was indicative of high intellectuality; he spoke English, and is said to be learned in other modern languages.

A pleasant incident was the glimpse we had of the Samaritan children, for it is seldom that one can see the entire rising generation of an historic people.

The Samaritans fought against the Jews, Christians, and the Roman emperors. In the sixth century they were numerous and dangerous, and Justinian dispatched a great army against them. Some fled to Persia and others became Christians. For a long time after that they are not mentioned in history. There were a thousand of them in the twelfth century, but since then they have diminished to about one hundred and fifty, averaging three to a family. They believe in the Pentateuch, reject the rest of the Scriptures, worship one God, and hate idols. Three times a year they make a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Gerizim. At the Feast of the Passover they offer sacrifices. A Samaritan, when performing any service in the synagogue at Nabulus, looks in an oblique direction toward Mount Gerizim; and from that point the feet of successive generations of Samaritans, from the time of Nehemiah until now, have worn a path to the summit of the mountain.

They are as antagonistic to the Jews as were their fathers. Some day they will be reduced to one or two, who will have a fortune in that ancient manuscript of the Pentateuch, and probably in future ages it will repose in the British Museum, or some other endowed repository of antiquities.

I bought in Nabulus some sesame, grain much cultivated in the East, resembling oats, and often spoken of in oriental legends. In the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, in the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," when Cassim was in the cave, he forgot the magic words which alone would open the door. Vainly he tried "Open, wheat," "Open, barley." "Sesame" he could not recall, and so died for his curiosity and cupidity.

Nabulus stands on the great divide, and we saw brooks running eastward toward the Jordan, and westward toward the Great Sea. It took us nearly three hours to cross the charming valley which had been so long in sight. Then we began to ascend the hill of Samaria. The First and Second Books of Kings give an account of the history of this place, until the prophet Hosea declares that Samaria shall become desolate. The New Testament contains its apostolic history. Philip preached there. There was long a rivalry between Nazareth and Samaria; as the former increased the latter declined, and

is now a miserable place, but retains indications of its former grandeur. Tradition represents that John the Baptist, Obadiah, and Elisha were buried there. We went down into the Tomb of John the Baptist, and saw a stone door less than four feet high, said to be the door of St. John's prison. Josephus, however, says that John was not imprisoned there, but in a castle on the Dead Sea. St. Jerome is the first author whose works have come down to modern times who speaks of John the Baptist being buried there. On a point like this, I should be inclined to believe Josephus rather than any later writer, unless the latter could prove by contemporary evidence that the former had fallen into error.

A street of columns, of which a hundred whole or broken remain, with the ruins of others, was interesting. The original colonnade was about three fifths of a mile long. Some of the columns are buried beneath the soil. As Thomson says: "The entire hill is covered with rubbish, indicating existence and repeated destruction of a large city."

We rode rapidly across the plain to the place of encampment; but what a view burst upon us when we ascended a hill from which stretched away the plain of Esdraelon! About us were the gardens of Samaria, the place to which we descended to camp being on the boundary between those mountains and the plain. The path passed near the ruins of Dothan, where Joseph came seeking his brethren, and they sold him to the Ishmaelites. Elisha the prophet lived here, and Benhadad surrounded him with horses and chariots in order to capture him.

Before reaching Jenin we went through another of those glens famous as a stronghold of robbers. The traditions of many resemble wonderfully the tales of the robber castles and bands on the Rhine.

Jenin was one of the ancient boundaries between Samaria and Galilee. Beautiful gardens and clear springs abound there, but "we could tarry but a night."

CHAPTER LIV.

Jezreel, Nain, and the Cave of the Witch of Endor.

Figs and Palms—Jezreel—A Bedouin Camp—Dogs in Palestine—Fountain of Gideon—The Beautiful Village of Shunem—Caravan Route—Nain—An Elderly Appearing Boy—Endor and its Tragic History—Cave of the Witch.

IT was at the time of young figs, and we saw them in the groves of Samaria as plentiful as peaches in a fine season in the orchards of Delaware. No one who sees only the fig of commerce, packed and pressed, can form a correct idea of the appearance of the young fruit. Its greenness is a shade peculiar to itself; its shape somewhat like that of a small gourd. The stunted palms at Jenin reminded us of the scenes of Egypt; but the palm tree generally in Palestine is inferior to those found where the climate is more uniform.

From Jenin we went across the great plain of Esdraelon to Jezreel, now known as Zerin. This plain has several names: Jezreel (Hebrew), Esdraelon (Greek), the valley of Armageddon, spoken of in the Revelation of St. John, where Gog and Magog, figuratively used, are to fight a battle. It begins at the Mediterranean, between the head of Carmel on the south and Acre on the north, extending across Palestine to the river Jordan. On the north are the mountains of Lebanon, on the south those of Samaria.

It is equal to the smoothest lawns of the finest parks of the world, and has an average breadth of twelve miles. Over it wander marauding Arabs, so that there is little cultivation. This plain was a battlefield from the time of Barak to Napoleon. In 1868 the Bedouins were expelled, but within fifteen years they have once or twice overrun the plain. It will soon be extensively cultivated, and we saw the beginnings of several improvements. Storks and cranes were sailing majestically over our heads, or settling on projections, but scarcely a house was to be seen in the whole plain, except in the villages.

At Zerin we had a fine view. Near there is the field which Ahab wrested from Naboth, and there Jezebel lived. In the distance, through a romantic cleft in the hills, Mount Carmel and Nazareth appeared. Here Saul fought for the last time against the Philistines, and committed suicide.

Seeing a Bedouin camp near Jezreel, I went with Selim to look into it. They had several dogs, and one with an appearance of ferocity quite terrifying came out to attack us. As he approached and became irritating, our dragoman stooped and picked up a stone. Such a transition I never saw. Fancy a panther about to spring, each muscle stretched to its utmost tension, the mouth wide open, every tooth visible, the eyes red and almost leaping from their sockets; in a second the same animal cowed, its tail between its legs, its ears drooping, every muscle relaxed, moving away, and in another instant in a half-shamefaced way snuffing the ground as if nothing had happened. Selim said that all dogs in Palestine are afraid of a man, unless the man is afraid of the dog.

The Bedouin tents are protected on the stormy, but open on the pleasant side. The women were scantily clad. In one tent lay several children and dogs asleep side by side. The whole aspect was that of indolence, stupidity, animalism. They were the lowest sort of wandering Bedouins, and, had I been alone, would have fallen upon me, stripped me, and left me more than half dead.

From Zerin it is a short distance to the Fountain of Gideon, where the three hundred picked men lapped the water with their tongues as a dog lappeth; and we were within twenty minutes' walk of the spot where the cry was raised, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

We made our way to Sulem, the Shunem of the Bible. It is the prettiest small village in Palestine, is surrounded by a hedge of prickly pears, and near beautiful groves of lemon, orange, and citron trees. The traveler may tell of groves, but no proper impression of their beauty can be obtained till seen. This was the home of the Shunammite woman, and here Elisha raised her child from the dead. Sulem is full of beehives, and never did honey gatherers

have finer pasturage than the flowery plain of Esdraelon affords.

We saw the caravan route from Jerusalem to Egypt, traversed from long before David's time until now by an almost ceaseless procession. From our elevated view point upon the slope of the hill Moreh, near which the Midianites encamped the day before they were overthrown by Gideon, we could see several caravans winding slowly along; no better illustration of the old English phrase, "wending their way," could be imagined.

We traveled for two or three miles after passing Shunem in a northeasterly direction, leaving the hills on the left. The plain is well watered, and from time to time the road crossed small streams, conducting us finally to Nain, the scene of one of the most pathetic incidents in the New Testament.

This sacred site is on the slope of Little Hermon, around which we had traveled to reach it, and from its position commands a charming and instructive view. The place is insignificant and dirty, disfigured by heaps of rubbish and unromantic ruins, and has but a small population. On the west are ancient rock sepulchers. "Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her." To the Christian world this circumstance makes the otherwise obscure and worthless village a place of pilgrimage, a scene of interest, and a suggestion of divinity and immortality.

As we entered, a boy, gayly dressed, ran along by the side of our horses, singing in a clear voice and in excellent English: "Jesus loves me, this I know." He did not beg, but accosted us with familiarity, yet without presumption. His complexion was dark, and his face covered with the incipient down that we connect with eighteen or twenty years of masculine age in this country. I asked him his age, and he said "eleven years." Dr. Bancroft declined to believe that he was telling the truth, whereupon up sprang an argument between us concerning the probability of it, the doctor declaring that in his opinion no boy eleven years old ever lived as large and apparently as mature as this boy. I maintained

that I had seen some fully his equal. Not long afterward we had an opportunity to ask a woman who knew him his age. She hesitated, the boy addressed her in Arabic, and she said in that tongue to the dragoman: "He is eleven years of age." As I was about to rejoice, Dr. Bancroft asked the dragoman what the boy had said in Arabic. The answer came: "He told her to say that he was eleven." So the case remained unsettled. He told us, what we had no reason to doubt, that he learned English in a school in Jerusalem. This elderly boy adhered to us until we left, singing from time to time, "Jesus loves me;" whatever his age may have been, he was as peculiar a specimen of human nature as we met.

Nain has this advantage over many other sites of Scripture events: there is no doubt about its identity; and it is so situated that the very spot where the miracle was wrought is certain. There is a Greek church, commemorating the raising of the young man, which we found some difficulty in entering. It was at that time kept closed on account of trouble between the Greek patriarch in Jerusalem and the priest in charge, the latter having been removed.

From this scene of New Testament history, a ride of less than an hour down into the plain, across it, and over some rocky elevations, conducted us to the location of several tragic incidents of the Old Testament.

The authenticity of the site of Endor is practically undisputed. The consecutive history of the place identifies it, references to it being so frequent that tradition has never divided.

This is the probable site of the battle between Barak, Deborah, Sisera, and his host. Barak was encamped opposite on Mount Tabor. As Sisera and his host approached, a fearful storm raged. Barak swept down upon them and drove them back into the river Kishon, full of marshes and swamps. We had seen enough in Palestine to show us how this small brook in a few hours might become a river, "forming marshes and quicksands, into which one's horses sink knee-deep." As Barak's force pushed them, their nine hundred chariots of iron fled before him and his ten thousand men, and the next day Deborah sang the song of victory: "They fought from

heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." Sisera leaped from his chariot, and wandered across the country in search of his tents, and Jael slew him.

It was to this spot that Saul came years afterward to consult the woman forever to be known as "The Witch of Endor." The mountain of Gilboa, at whose base Saul was encamped, was not such a situation as to encourage him with the hope of success against the mighty armies which the Philistines had gathered; for they were above him. God had refused to answer Saul, and, led by his men, he resorted to the most celebrated witch of the time, who had maintained herself against his order that all such professed dealers in spirits should be destroyed out of the land. To reach her he had to travel about ten miles, for the Philistine camp was between his camp and Endor, and to reach the village he had to go around to the eastward of the hill Moreh, upon which we had been traveling.

I have seen attempts in prose and poetry to paraphrase the Bible narrative of this visit, but in simplicity and vividness, as a mere work of art, it immeasurably surpasses the best of them.

Endor is named from Dor, a spring. It is the dirtiest place that we saw in all Palestine, and the children are among the filthiest, and as much inclined to make nuisances of themselves as those in Egypt, crowding upon us like wild animals. In the hillsides are caverns, but only one seemed at all suited for the abode of a human being. It has an opening out of which smoke could pass, and is a cow stable; tradition points it out as the home of the witch, and subsequently inhabited for ages by human beings. We stood in the cave and recalled the narrative of the scene, and only needed a "secret, black, and midnight hag" brewing a charm within, and a giant, feeble, trembling, starving, worn with anxiety, with two men, climbing up the hill, and distant encampments, to typify the unavailing efforts of desperation.

Mount Tabor.

CHAPTER LV.

Tabor and Nazareth.

Views Ascending—From the Summit—Ruins—Vesper Music in the Russian Convent Chapel—Strange Flowerpots—Lost in a Forest—Nazareth—Population—Buildings—Mary's Well—Mounts of Precipitation—*Reliques of the Christ.*

Riding for an hour and a half across the plain from the cave of the Witch of Endor brought us to the foot of Mount Tabor. It was nearly sundown, and a council was held to determine whether we could ascend, descend, and reach the place of encampment before overtaken by darkness; but, the sky being clear, it was decided to make the attempt. Tabor is the most symmetrical of the mountains of Palestine, and the zigzag path gives a succession of fine views. The summit is only two thousand and eighteen feet above the Mediterranean, and it is but a little over a thousand above the plain.

From it we caught the first glimpse of the Sea of Tiberias; and saw the battlefield of Barak and Sisera, Mount Carmel, the far-off mountains of the Hauran covered by tall oaks of Bashan, and towering above all, as Mont Blanc above the other Alps, was imperial Hermon, the one snow-clad mountain.

Tabor is covered with ruins, and there are several monasteries upon it. For some time after reaching the top we did not see a human being, but as we drew near the Russian convent the sweetest strains of music fell upon our ears, and hastening in we found three sisters engaged in the evening worship. No one was in the chapel except the janitor and these women. Apart from the surroundings, and without reference to the spell which they would naturally throw over everything, we agreed that we had seldom heard sweeter music. The soprano was birdlike; the contralto almost as deep as a basso. The Russians do not allow instrumental music; the large chapel nearly empty gave an apparent strength to their voices which,

had the doors been closed, might have produced unpleasant echoes; but these being open, the music in that pure air was entrancing. So excellent was the discipline of the nuns, or so absorbed were they in their devotions, that they did not so much as cast a glance at us, though we tarried until the long service was finished.

Upon the roof of one of the monasteries were long rows of flowerpots. There is not a conjuror, who had not an opportunity of ascertaining the facts from some human being, who could conjecture from what those pots were made. Great is America! They were Pratt's Astral Oil cans, which illuminating fluid is used in various parts of the oriental world.

It is possible that Tabor was selected for beauty and Carmel for majesty, as well as for the points of the compass. "As I live, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of hosts, Surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come."

It was believed for ages that Tabor was the scene of the transfiguration, and as early as the sixth century the pilgrims erected three churches here. The scene of the transfiguration is now generally placed at a long distance from this point, though within a short time a strong tendency has appeared to return to the ancient tradition.

It was now nearly dark, and the descent was made as rapidly as possible. Soon after reaching the base, and passing through an olive orchard, we plunged into a dense forest, which the few lingering rays of the sun could not penetrate. Absolute darkness encompassed us. We continually lost our way and had difficulty and conflicts of judgment in finding it. An eccentric individual, named Hobib, who joined us at Jenin, had been over the route several times, but became confused and was so terrified as to be of little assistance. Meanwhile the whimperings and finally the howls of jackals made the night hideous. These whimperings are so peculiar that, on hearing them from the elevated height far above us, I said: "We are not far from a house; listen to those children." But in less than five minutes we knew that they were not human voices. At last Hobib became so terrified and so certain that we were lost, that Selim essayed to obtain informa-

tion from a house, the light of which we saw in the distance. A dialogue was carried on in Arabic, and we obtained sufficient directions to put us in the right road, and about ten o'clock entered the sacred city of Nazareth.

A new difficulty then presented itself. The camp was not where Selim expected to find it, nor were there any people about the streets to direct us. But after much wandering and several inquiries at houses, some of which owing to the lateness of the hour were not answered pleasantly, and our movements being watched and howled at by a number of dogs, we reached the camp.

Hobib, before leaving, presented us with a letter, which is here printed exactly as spelled in the document. It is a mixture of oriental shrewdness and simplicity. The frankness with which the signers state their desire to connect preaching with living in this world and "rest in their minds;" their invocations of the divine blessing; and their Uriah Heap-like humility are as remarkable as the orthography:

"To our Dear Breathern & Sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ. As we have the liberty to write you this petation to your mercy ful that we both are breathern from the Holy City Jerusalem and we are brought up in the English School of Pishop Gobat and after lefting the school we dwelt in Nablous which is called Schkem and one of us is born from his mothers womp in one hand and his wife from 3 months ago she left this world and now he has no pusnes enorder to get his daly food and he has 3 sons in the Latan School and the other Brother his handwark Shewmaker and in this Contry his work is not enough for mantaning us we two and therefore we thaught in our minds to explain to you our own history to be plained to your mercyfuly hoping from your great kindness and from the Lord Jesus to put his strong feeling in your harts enorder to take us in any part of Europe by putting us in any wark or in a College to learn that by and by may we be able to preach the warld of God amongst the peoble and be rest in our minds and in our living in this warld and the last of our peseeging you if our desire will not be fullfiled we hope from your great mercy as to help us in any kind of favour by giving us some money help

to our food because we are nedy and who do mercy with us God may keep in his going and comming and be with him from all any harm and give him at last the enharitans of the Kingdom of heaven your most opedent humble servent

"John and Hobib the
"Sons of Micheel Doorsy."

Nazareth rivals Bethlehem in the devotion of pilgrims, and surpasses it in connection with the life of Christ. It was to a

Nazareth.

city of Galilee named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, that the angel Gabriel was sent from God. From Nazareth Joseph went up to Bethlehem to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife. Thence, being warned of God in a dream, they fled to Egypt, and after the return resumed their former abode in Nazareth. There Jesus dwelt until he entered upon his ministry, and so it was fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: "He shall be called a Nazarene."

It was from Nazareth that he went to be baptized of John in the Jordan when he was beginning his public ministry. He then returned "to Nazareth, where he had been brought up;" but, though he returned unto his own, his own received him not. So he left that city and went to Capernaum and other places, going back to Nazareth once more, nearly a year later. But the people with whom he had lived twenty-eight years became enraged as he expounded the Scriptures in their syna-

gogue, and "thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."

Never afterward, as far as can be learned from the New Testament, did he visit the place.

From most points of view Nazareth seems far up upon the summit of a mountain, but it is really on the side and surrounded by hills, which "seem as if they had met to form an inclosure." Stanley counted fifteen, which he describes as gently rounded. When we were there they were covered with rich grass, and nothing more charming can be found in Vermont or in the lake districts of England than these green hills.

The views from the streets of Nazareth are beautiful. Glimpses are to be obtained of every part of the ground over which we had traveled, and of expanses which we were yet to explore. From the hills above the city we saw Tabor, Hermon, and Carmel, and enjoyed a fine view of the Mediterranean Sea. In ancient times its population was rough and a terror to surrounding villages. The proverb which fell from the lips of Nathanael, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" finds its explanation in its wild mountain situation and the corresponding strength and ferocity of its inhabitants.

We were here in the town in which Jesus lived for more than a quarter of a century, amid that half-savage population, isolated, obscure, quiet. So little is told of him that a single page might contain it all.

We had arrived at the time to behold nature in its brightest hue. The fig and olive trees, the cactus hedges, and all the flowers of spring wore their most beautiful garments. Fine opportunities for studying the different classes of population were afforded by the fact that the town is divided into three quarters—one devoted to the Latins, another to the Greeks, and the other to the Mohammedans. The Turkish officials put the population at ten or twelve thousand; others declare that there are not more than six thousand, and divide them thus: 2,000 Mohammedans, 2,500 Orthodox Greeks, 800 Latins, 100 Protestants, and two or three hundred of other sects. The Jews are so few in number as not to receive enumeration. We did not see more than five or six.

The largest buildings are the Latin monastery and hospital. The Church of the Annunciation is within the monastery. Between the altars are steps leading to the Chapel of the Annunciation, where is this Latin inscription: "*Hic Verbum Caro Factum Est*" (Here the Word was made flesh). The places are indicated thus: There is a round column called the column of Gabriel. This is supposed to mark the spot where the angel stood. Eighteen inches distant, hanging from the ceiling, is a fragment of a column which is said to be miraculously supported, and to distinguish the spot where the Virgin sat when she received the communication of the angel. Here also is the spot where the house of the Virgin is said to have stood. According to the claim of the Roman Catholics, the house is in Loretto, Italy. The tradition is that on May 10, 1291, angels carried off the building to prevent the Mohammedans, who had captured the city, from profaning it. They took it first to Tersato, in Dalmatia; there it remained some years, and was then taken to Loretto. In 1471 the Church accepted the miracle and officially confirmed it. As the Latins cannot pretend to possess the house, they show the rock on which it rested. Stanley makes a dispassionate examination of the question, and shows that no pilgrim who visited Nazareth from the fourth to the sixteenth century alludes to any house of Joseph as standing or having been there within human memory, that the records in Italy contain no mention of it till the fifteenth century. He then confronts it, as it stands at Loretto, with the place as it appears at Nazareth, showing that the house in Italy, being 36 x 17, could not possibly have stood there, and that if it did stand where they say it did, it "would have closed up with blank walls the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected." He concludes that it is the most incredible of all ecclesiastical legends, and apologizes for attempting any detailed refutation of it because of the pathetic devotion of the Italian people.

The Roman Catholics also show us the workshop of Joseph; it has only been about two hundred years since the story arose. They claim to have the table on which Christ dined with his apostles both before and after the resurrection; it is a block of chalk eleven and a half feet long and nine and a half feet broad.

At the other end of the town is the Church of the Annunciation of the Greeks, and this in all probability, is in the right place, for the most ancient tradition is that the angel accosted Mary as she was drawing water.

There is but one spring of importance in Nazareth, and that from the earliest times has been called Mary's Well. It is near the Greek Church of the Annunciation. We came upon that well unexpectedly, and saw pilgrims bathing their eyes and heads, and many Nazarene women drawing water. Nothing in all Palestine is more certain than that the mother of Jesus, with her infant son, went to and from that spring. Nor is anything much more probable than that the scene which we witnessed was in all essential particulars similar to that which daily took place at the same abundant spring in all the years of Christ's life there.

The gardens of Nazareth are beautiful and kept constantly green by the use of water from the spring. Mary's Well, take it all in all, is the most beautiful and touching relic of Christ which the city affords. It is more than likely that our Lord's daily experience with that ever-flowing stream suggested the frequent references to wells of water springing up into everlasting life; for it was his custom to draw symbols of spiritual truth from the natural scenery with which he had been familiar.

The most darkly tragical of the reminiscences is the determination of the mob of his fellow-townsmen (who could not bear either his spiritual claims or his elevation) to cast him headlong over the cliff. We made no journeys to the different sites of supposed Mounts of Precipitation. We could see several from the city: though some one must have been meant, and at the time was preeminently appropriate and accessible, there are so many, any of which might have served the purpose, that no idea resting upon any probable basis can be formed. The Maronites have built a church near a hill which, in the opinion of some critics, is a much more likely place than the one generally pointed out, near which we passed when riding around the mountain of Endor.

I approached Nazareth with a spirit of hunger for something unmistakably connected with the life of Christ, a desire

beautifully described in a poem to be found in a little book, called *Reliques of the Christ*, written by Dr. Denis Wortman:

"I wonder if in Nazareth,
By heedless feet o'errun,
There lingers still some dear relique
Of work by Joseph's Son;
Some carvèd thought, some tool of toil,
Some house with stones grown gray,
A home he built who had not where
His weary head to lay.

"I visit Nazareth, ask each man,
Each mound, each stone, each wind;
'I pray ye, help some precious trace
Of your great Builder find;'
Alas! ye listeners to my plaint,
The startled silence saith:
'What once was false, is now too true—
No Christ in Nazareth!'"

While it is true, so far as any work of his hands there is concerned, there is nothing to satisfy the longing of the Christian, still one does not carry a dissatisfied feeling away, for he finds what he desires in the place itself. Nazareth never was a large place; the situation rendered it impossible. Walking, as we did, through all the streets and around the suburbs, over every point, our feet must have pressed the very spots over which he walked; but even that needs spiritualizing to make it preeminently strengthening to faith. It is not that the Bible relates so faithfully the facts of nature in Palestine that makes it a book for the soul, but that it describes man and supplies his deepest needs. As we take leave of Nazareth, where memories crowd so thickly upon us, and where, because much has been expected, there may be a feeling of vague disappointment that more is not found, we cannot do better than to quote another stanza of the poem above referred to, which has in it the exultant triumph of faith over sight:

"But, O my soul, why thus cast down?
A truer Nazareth scan;
What if thou find no time-spoiled work
Of Christ, the Son of man?

Joy yet to thee! lift up thy head!
Cast raptured gaze abroad,—
See in this vast Christ-builded world
Signs of the Son of God."

As we began to strike tents in the morning a motley crowd assembled, watching until we departed. The arrival, movements, and departure of travelers furnished the chief amusement of the idlers and urchins of Nazareth. Several tribes were represented in the crowd, and some of the children were bright, pleasing in appearance, less boisterous than European children, and more graceful and winning in manner than most who have an eye to reward. They could beg without seeming to do so, and the lowest were content to get the food which the cook would otherwise have thrown away. Nowhere did we receive so much attention from spectators.

CHAPTER LVI.

From Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee by Way of Cana.

Kefr-Kenna—Mount of Beatitudes—First View of the Sea of Galilee—Tiberias—Description of the Sea—History of the Town—Grave of Maimonides—Two Protestant Services on Sunday—The Protestant Mission in Tiberias.

ON leaving Nazareth we set out for Cana of Galilee, whose modern name is Kefr-Kenna. Passing by Mary's Well, in about an hour and a half we reached the village. Before doing so we passed the birthplace of the prophet Jonah, a genuine tradition with scriptural support. It is also one of the places which claim his tomb. Here is his supposed sepulcher on the hill, and visible at a considerable distance.

Is Kefr-Kenna the original Cana? For a long time there was no dispute upon the point. Every marriage ceremony recalls the fact that Christ performed his first miracle here, and at a wedding. This was the native place of Nathanael, "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Christ was here when he spoke the word which healed the nobleman's son who was sick at Capernaum; and here the nobleman exhibited a faith which made his name immortal, and forever an example and encouragement to all Christians.

Dr. Robinson denies that this is the site, and locates it at Cana-El-Jaeliel, about nine miles from Nazareth. Other critics, having considered all that Drs. Robinson and Porter have to offer, believe the claims to be about equally balanced.

In this town the children raised a cry which reminded us of the "Howadji" which we had heard so often in Egypt· "Hadji! Hadji!" With this cry they ran after the traveler, offering water and expecting a gratuity. In the Greek church they pretend to have one of the waterpots that were filled when Jesus turned the water into wine. Such pots have been shown all along, and the only thing probable is that from the

Cana.

unchanging customs of the country it may reasonably be inferred that the original pots were of this kind.

Passing on, the Horns of Hattin, a hill with two peaks, appeared. Its peculiar shape makes it very deceiving as to height. It is believed by many to be the Mount of Beatitudes; that here the Sermon on the Mount was preached, and the five thousand were fed. The Crusaders first affirmed it to be the spot, and it wonderfully agrees with the Bible narrative.

Near where we then were the last great struggle of the Crusaders took place, eight hundred and six years ago.

It was not far from the Horns of Hattin that the Knights Templars, with the Bishop of Lydda, who bore the holy cross, assembled; but they were all slain or captured by the victorious Saladin, since when, with occasional brief intervals, the sword of Mohammed has held the Holy Land.

Riding rapidly on across the plain, which gave us the best opportunity we had had since leaving Jerusalem of seeing what our horses could do, with the discovery that they were not equal to much, we began to have fine views of Hermon; the mountains of Galilee; and finally the whole Sea of Tiberias was spread out before us, a prospect very similar to that which we had after leaving the Convent of Mar Saba on our way to the Dead Sea. We continued to rise to the summit of the ridge, and then descended almost to the lake, which was more than a thousand feet below us when we had the first view of it. Our destination was Tiberias, which we reached before sunset, finding the camp already pitched along the shore to the right of the town and half a mile below it. This was Saturday evening, and where could we have had a more beautiful place for a Sabbath rest than the shores of the Sea of Galilee?

Our tents were close to the celebrated hot baths, which from ancient times have been in high repute for the cure of rheumatism and similar diseases. The reputation of Tiberias is not good in a sanitary point of view, the place being malarious, filthy, and verminous, so that travelers generally encamp at some distance from it. We were delighted with the situation chosen. Below, at a little distance, was a party of ladies and

gentlemen and children from Philadelphia, Pa., among them being two clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Their cavalcade was large, and they traveled with the greatest comfort and without haste.

Before retiring for the night we explored the little city, riding along the shore of the lake on an excellent road.

Some have gone into raptures over the charms of the Sea of Galilee, while others have disparaged it as not having any attractions which would make it noted were it not for its Scriptural associations.

My impression is that in any part of the world it would be thought charming. Though inferior to the Swiss lakes in grandeur, and to the Italian in sweetness, and without islands, yet the vivid green of the shores, the moderate height and occasional abruptness of the banks, the soft blue tint of the water, and the effects produced by the brilliancy of the sunlight and the rapid evaporation, make a picture not to be truthfully described as monotonous or otherwise than as a scene of natural interest worthy the attention of poet, artist, and lover of the beautiful.

Far away uprears imposing Hermon, while mountains flanked by hills limit the horizon. Like Lake Geneva it is exposed to sudden changes, the result of the high winds which sometimes rise, and Byron's words:

> "The scene is changed, and such a change!
> O storm and night and darkness,
> Ye are wondrous strong!"

may find illustration here. We were not fortunate enough to see a genuine storm on the lake, but the configuration explains itself to every eye familiar with the storm-generating forces latent in lakes that are in the vicinity of mountains, and from whose shores rise irregular hills.

At night the spectacle was subduing and thought-provoking. The starlit sky reflected in the absolutely smooth surface of water gave the effect of two firmaments, and it was as easy to study the heavens by looking downward as by looking into the glass of a reflecting telescope.

Less than seven miles in the widest place, not more than

Tiberias, Sea of Galilee.

twelve and a half miles long, shaped like a pear with its pointed end to the south, is this sacred sea; seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, its average depth is about one hundred and sixty feet. The surrounding region is volcanic, and earthquakes have been common. Fifty-three years ago half the population of the city lost their lives in a terrible shock which threw down the walls and many of the houses and shattered the castle.

Tiberias is supposed to have been built by Herod Antipas, in about the year 20 of the Christian era, in honor of Tiberius, the Roman emperor. The ancient city was one of the most prosperous—in fact, the chief city of Galilee. After Jerusalem was destroyed it became the center of Jewish dignity, wealth, and learning. Ruins are scattered for miles along the shore of the lake, but require an expert to explain their significance.

At the present time nearly two thirds of the population of the city are Jews. Many are from Europe, especially Poland, and belong to the sect of the Ashkenazim, though the same term is applied to Russian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Moravian, German, and Dutch Jews. The rest belong to the sect of the Sephardim—Spanish-Portuguese Jews. The Talmudists made their headquarters in this place; the two famous books of the Jews, the Mishna and the Masorah, were published here; and for centuries the Sanhedrim convened in Tiberias.

We visited the Jewish burial ground, where distinguished modern Jews are buried, especially those known as Talmudists. One name is honored both by Jews and Christians, Maimonides, who died six hundred and eighty-six years ago, a man worthy to be mentioned among scholars and philosophers of all ages. The others are buried in graves, but his body is encased in a somewhat ornate sarcophagus. A citizen gave us a tradition that when his body was brought there on camels, they went round in a circle, refusing to go away from the place where he is buried, or to carry the body farther, from which it was inferred that God miraculously indicated the site for his interment!

When we had been in camp a short time a gentleman called and announced that he was in Tiberias as a missionary of one of the Presbyterian churches in Scotland, and on finding that we

were ministers, expressed an earnest desire that we would conduct the service on the next morning, which was the Sabbath.

A message was received later from the adjacent tent, informing us that the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church would be read there the next morning, and inviting us to attend. The acceptance of the former invitation made it necessary to decline the latter. It was pleasing to have the opportunity for religious worship in our own language amid such scenes. The service was held in a little upper room, the residence of the missionary, and the congregation numbered thirteen. It was a new sensation to worship within sight of the sea on which Jesus walked and the shores along which were wrought some of his greatest miracles.

The founding of a mission in Tiberias seems to me the most hopeless work as yet undertaken by Protestantism. The Jews of this city are not surpassed in bigotry in the world; the Mohammedan population is inaccessible; the climate for a considerable portion of the year is so insalubrious that the missionary has to reside in Safed, a high mountain city. The principles of radiation from centers of seed-sowing, modification by general influences, the aid of the adherence of the government to the new religion, so useful in India, and some other parts of the world, cannot be applied here; and if anything important shall arise from this mission, it will be a triumph of grace and perseverance. A Syrian physician, educated in the Protestant College at Beirut, whom we met in the congregation, cautiously intimated that he thought "some time something might be done."

CHAPTER LVII.

From the Sea of Galilee to Hermon.

Four Hours upon Galilee—A Fishing Boat—Ruins of Capernaum—Vividness of Bible Narratives—Ain-et-Tin—Road to Banias—Encampment of Bedouins—Joseph's Well—Waters of Merom—Dan—Banias—Alleged Attempt at Robbery—Fountain of the Jordan—Probable Scene of the Transfiguration—Druses and Maronites—Ascending Hermon—Traditional Scene of Saul's Conversion.

In the time of Christ this little lake was the center of great activity. Nine cities stood upon its shores. Six—the two Bethsaidas, Capernaum, Chorazin, Tiberias, and Magdala—being important. Now the population is small, and nothing remains of these once flourishing places except huts and shapeless ruins. There were three boats upon the lake; we procured one and spent four hours in visiting the different points. It was an uncouth craft, and though several men were employed to row it, they could not make a speed of more than two and a half miles per hour. At last we reached the upper end of the sea, and the point where the muddy Jordan plunges in with astonishing force. For more than a mile its dirty waters pollute the lake, but it emerges from the other end as pure as the sparkling Saco or the Bear Camp which Whittier describes in "Among the Hills." As we sat upon the shore we beheld in fancy the long distance already traversed from the Dead Sea up through the beautiful valley of the Jordan to the Sea of Galilee. It is not wonderful that the Jews should revere the Jordan, for there is no river like it in the world;—plunging through this depressed basin, maintaining its identity as it rushes through the lake, and hastening on to be forever swallowed up in the awful basaltic abyss to which the world has given the appalling but truthful name—*The Dead Sea*.

On Galilee we witnessed a scene never to be forgotten. Seven men were fishing in a rude boat; some were naked, others nearly so, all bareheaded and barefooted. The bottom

of their boat was nearly covered with live fish, which they had just caught. The Lake of Gennesaret to-day abounds with fish of many kinds, some not usually found except in tropical countries. Few are caught, because there are few to catch them. How vividly this scene brought back the gospel narrative. As *they* fished, so did Simon Peter; as we stood upon the shore and looked upon them, so did the greatest One whose feet ever trod the earth stand, as he said: "Children, have ye any meat?"

Had we desired, we could not have visited the shore opposite to that upon which we were encamped;—at least without a large force to protect us, it being in possession of wild, marauding Bedouins.

The ruins of Capernaum are only about two miles from the Jordan. The thistles grow high enough to hide them all, but to those who are willing to study patiently they speak impressively of the things that have been, and help the Bible student to recall the scenes of which he reads. Here are plain indications of a synagogue, and many antiquarians believe it to be the ruins of the very building in which Christ preached the sermon in John vi.

Chorazin is supposed to have been about two and a half miles from Capernaum, and Bethsaida not very far away. Jesus spent so much time at Capernaum that it was called "his own city," and his opportunities of spreading the truth were far greater here than they could have been in isolated Nazareth. Here Jesus found Peter, James, and John; and his first interview and the miracle of the astonishing draught of fishes are described in the fifth of Luke. When Jesus "went into a ship and sat, and the whole multitude stood on the shore," a large vessel must not be imagined, but a small boat with one or two sails. It was on this sea that he slept, and arose and rebuked the winds of the sea; here that Peter saw him walking, and essayed to go to him, but sinking cried: "Lord, save, or I perish." From Capernaum Jesus sent Peter down to the sea to catch "the fish that first cometh up: and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee."

There seems to be a discrepancy between the accounts

Capernaum.

given by the evangelists of the locality of the miracle where the devils were allowed to go into the swine, and ran violently down a steep place into the sea; and ancient manuscripts and traditions do not materially assist in settling the question. Some archæologists try to make it appear that the swine had a sharp gallop of about two hours before they plunged into the water; others following the direct statements of Matthew have no difficulty in determining the place.

Speaking generally, the gospels would serve as a guidebook to the traveler upon these shores. No change has taken place except in the distribution of population and the decay of cities. I was continually astonished by the graphic descriptions of the New Testament. In the two or three days we were in the vicinity of the Lake of Gennesaret we were constantly absorbed in the coincidences and sometimes startled by the sudden vivid impressions of Bible realities with which the air, the water, the hills, the sky, and the shores throbbed.

At night the cries of jackals and the howls of hyenas as they came forth from their caverns, waking from their all-day sleep after their manner, to seek their prey in darkness, reminded us even more forcibly of the half-wild character of the whole region.

The second point selected for our camp was Ain-et-Tin, or Fig Spring. Papyrus, of which were made the manuscripts of antiquity, still grows plentifully in this vicinity. The region is marshy, and, though the place is pleasant for camping on a warm day, at night it becomes damp.

When we could linger no longer we took the most direct road to Banias, which soon became very bad, though it is the ancient caravan route from Damascus to Egypt. We passed a huge encampment of agricultural Bedouins, and, for the first time, saw among these ancient nomads something like living. They had control or actual possession of the plain for miles, their horses were fine, and the appearance of prosperity was pleasant to behold. From the site of this encampment the backward view included the Sea of Galilee and its shores and the distant mountains which we had descended from Nazareth. The forward glance included Hermon with its white glitter and Lebanon with its cedars.

At the Khan Jubb Yusef (Joseph's Well) they show the pit, certainly deep enough to put Joseph in, but as the Arabian geographers were ignorant of the situation of the Hebrews in his time their opinions on this subject are worthless.

Leaving the dirty khan we soon came to the Lake Huleh region, having risen nearly a thousand feet since we left the Sea of Galilee, for this lake—four and a half by three and a half miles, and ten or twelve feet deep—is three hundred feet above the Mediterranean. This is spoken of in Joshua xi as the waters of Merom. The buffaloes of the Bedouins wallow in the swamps, and pelicans, ducks, and other waterfowl are numerous. Here Joshua overthrew Jabin, King of Hazor.

We took luncheon at Dan, now known as Tel-el-kadi, the "Hill of the Judge," a beautiful as well as an interesting spot historically. The mound is about sixty feet high, and nearly a quarter of a mile wide; beneath it "bursts a beautiful crystal spring," and a huge pine tree stands there, with charming little streams running apparently free among its roots. This is one of the fountains of the Jordan. The Phœnicians called this place Laish. The Danites were a desperate clan. They slew the people and erected the images they had stolen on the way. One of the golden calves of Jeroboam was set up here, and hither came Benhadad and brought the Danites into subjection.

A Mohammedan sepulcher under a magnificent oak near by is an impressive object. That strange anticipative fancy which many love to indulge concerning the place and circumstances of their burial, could hardly select a more attractive couch than this on which to sleep the years away.

While at Dan we observed Bedouins of the better sort, who were watering their horses. At a distance they appeared savage, but, on scanning them narrowly, signs of a native politeness and kindness were seen. I was particularly pleased with the tenderness shown by the women to their infants. Children everywhere are cheerful if in health, and the faces of these little Bedouins needed only washing to compare well with those of boys and girls anywhere.

When we left Dan we passed out of Palestine. As we began to ascend Hermon, scenes of singular beauty and freshness came into view; brooks emerging from deep, green

woods; here and there an incipient cataract, filling the groves with melodious rhythm; breezes rustling among the leaves, mingled with the songs of birds; wild flowers of every hue, exhaling a fragrance which brought back the sweet perfume of the early buds of spring in the far-off home beyond the great deep.

That night we encamped at Banias, having ascended nearly five hundred feet in perpendicular height since starting from Dan. It lies between two valleys, and near a third; hence it has been called "a triangular terrace in a nook of the Hermon mountains." The slope is cultivated nearly all the way from the plain, and the abundance of water in that climate covers the entire region either with woods or other forms of vegetable life, reminding one of the vales and hills of Ireland.

The ancient name of Banias was Paneas, and there are historic remains of a civilization other than that of the Hebrews and the Phœnicians. Originally it was the name of a district which fell to Philip the Tetrarch, the son of Herod, who added to it and called it Cæsarea; the word Philippi was appended both to honor him and to distinguish it from the Cæsarea in Palestine, upon the Mediterranean. At present it is a village of sixty or seventy houses, a center of trade to the surrounding country, and we were interested in looking into the stores where Manchester prints are sold, and an assortment of other familiar articles. Ruins are numerous, and far above towers a castle, more than a thousand feet long, whose foundations are of large blocks beautifully wrought. On one side the wall is built on a precipice six hundred feet high. Near Banias are the ruins of a temple of Pan.

While we were sleeping, the Turkish guard suddenly began firing and aroused the encampment. According to his tale two men were attempting to enter the tent to steal. One of our friends had been robbed a few nights before. His wife had wrapped her jewels in a skirt, which was stolen; but the thieves, not having any appreciation of Western feminine apparel, threw it away. Some one found and brought it back a day or two afterward, with its contents, worth several thousand dollars, untouched. Whether there was an attempt to rob us we could not be certain. The guard may have desired

to elevate himself in our eyes in order to receive a reward for watchfulness. Such marauding attacks are not uncommon, and without bribing the officials it is difficult to secure the making of vigilant efforts to capture the thieves or recover the property.

We climbed to the entrance of the cavern from which bursts forth one of the chief sources of the Jordan. Near it are ancient niches, a few being in the form of shells. Over one is an inscription in Greek: "Priest of Pan." We cannot find a specific connection between Banias and Bible history, but there are several passages which indicate that Joshua's victories included this region. Biblical geographers consider Baal-Gad the same as Baal-Hermon, a title which shows that long before Greek times Baal was worshiped here. After Titus destroyed Jerusalem he came here and celebrated his victory with gladiatorial combats, in which Jews fought with wild beasts and with each other. During the Crusades it was the rallying place for Christians, and was frequently captured, but was conquered by them later, and again retaken by the Mohammedans.

The grotto from which the fountain of the Jordan gushes through upland meadows of mint and oleander thickets, resembles an artificial excavation somewhat in ruins. Masses of broken rocks render the entrance almost impassable, and almost hide it; but underneath these it forms a kind of arch. Those who cannot go there may find analogies in the sources of the San Antonio and San Pedro Rivers, of Texas; the Hudson and the Delaware give suggestions to those willing to penetrate to their springs—the former in the heart of the Adirondacks, the latter in the region of the Catskills.

The rush of the Jordan fountains is vastly greater than these last, though the Texas rivers lack only the grotto and the elevation to complete the parallel. Much more water flows forth at Dan than here, but it does not unite with these fountains through any well-marked channel. The water from Banias unites with two other sources four or five miles below Dan. The river thus formed is, at the confluence, about forty-five feet wide. As all the water which flows from under the hill at Dan finds its way into the plain and thence into the other

streams indirectly, the sources of the Jordan are the fountain at Banias, the Hashbanny which rises "higher up in the mountains," and the fountain at Dan. Josephus always speaks of the last named as "the little Jordan," and it has been long emphasized in common language as *the* source, since it produces more water than the other two; but the height from which they start gives an impetus which maintains their separate streams.

We had now followed the sacred river of the Jews from its grave in the Dead Sea to its birthplace far up among the mountains of Hermon. Every simile that poet could desire is here—fountains, tributaries, brooklets, cataracts, "stormy banks," "swellings," swift, resistless current, treacherous depths, quicksands, the blue, placid, but deceitful lake, inundations, wooded shores, now pellucid and again turbid waters, and last the dreadful sulphurous saline abyss, fitly named the Dead Sea.

While Old Testament references are vague, those of the New are quite distinct. It was at Cæsarea Philippi—that is, in this immediate vicinity—that Jesus asked his disciples, saying: "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" and here that Simon Peter answered and said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" here that Jesus said: "I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Whether Jesus came into the city cannot be ascertained. Near it was a mighty rock, upon which the temple of Augustus, which Herod the Great had erected, then stood, above the source of the Jordan. Inscribed around the majestic dome of St. Peter's at Rome are these words in mosaic: "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cælorum*" ("Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and I give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven"). It is thought by some that this inscription may have been suggested by this rock, which also may have influenced the form of the conversation. The Transfiguration is by most modern critics believed to have taken place here. The earliest traditions unquestionably placed it on Tabor; and even those who cannot acquiesce in that opinion have agreed

that no mountain would so fully "satisfy our feelings in this respect as the lofty, majestic, beautiful Tabor." It is objected that so early as the time when Tabor fell into the hands of the Israelites, recorded in the Book of Joshua, it was occupied by a town and by fortresses; and Josephus declares that he strengthened the fortification of a city there about A. D. 60. By the side of these statements is placed the account of the Transfiguration, which says that "Jesus took his disciples up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them." From Matt. xvii we would infer that it was upon the summit. What, now, is to be said for Cæsarea Philippi? The chief point made is that our Lord's miracle immediately preceding was at that place. Matt. xvi, 3, represents him as coming into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi. Mark viii, 27, also places him there.

Mount Tabor is a little more than fifty miles from Mount Hermon. If our Lord were represented as ascending the Mount of Transfiguration immediately after the miracle which he performed in Cæsarea Philippi, the case would be clear against Tabor; but Matthew (xvii, 1) says: "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart." Mark uses the same expression, except "leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves." Luke says: "About an eight days after these sayings, he took" them. There was ample time for the journey to Tabor; an average walk of nine miles a day would have accomplished it. As for the fortifications on Tabor, it is not certain or even probable that no solitary spot upon the extreme summit existed where the scene could have taken place privately. The almost inaccessible summits of Hermon tower more than seven thousand feet above Cæsarea Philippi, and the language of the gospels represents a separate mountain, and an ascent of it.

Though the question cannot be decided positively, the probabilities seem stronger for Tabor than for the vicinity of Banias.

The advocates of the former may sing:

"When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight."

Those who prefer the latter may chant:

"O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow."

Mount Hermon.

It was a steady climb up the slope of Hermon over bad roads. As we descended, a romantic object came in sight—a mill in the outskirts of a Druse village, Mejdel, in a plantation of silver poplars. These are a mysterious people, and together with the Maronites, their traditional foes, are frequently spoken of in dispatches concerning Syrian troubles. Their reciprocal hatred is historical.

The Druses are a sect of Mohammedans, founded by Hakem, a native of Cairo, a Fatimite Caliph.

I met a Druse, but could not draw much solid information from him. Draping all their forms in mystery, and employing figurative language, they exert a great influence upon their fol-

lowers by successive degrees of initiation. Among other strange things which they believe are the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and the notion that there is always the same number of men living in the world. Tobacco they utterly renounce and prohibit. They worship in solitary chapels, whose location is chosen in desolate places, and personally they are ambitious, brave, hospitable, and amiable. Many have departed from the region through which we were passing, and settled in the Hauran Mountains.

Maronites form a curious Roman Catholic sect, dating from 400, but they were not wholly subjected by the Roman Catholics until about three hundred years ago, and have always demanded and received special privileges from the pope. The lower clergy are allowed to marry, and instead of reading mass in Latin they are allowed to read it in Syrian. Intellectually they have attained little development, but are energetic. I procured one of their catechisms, and it is upon a plan which leaves little or nothing to choose between them and their enemies. The Roman Catholics have been endeavoring to induce them to say mass in Latin, and the graduates of the Maronite College in Rome comply with the instruction, except in the reading of the gospel, which is in Arabic.

In 1860 the Druses attacked them with fury, and though far inferior in numbers destroyed their capital and massacred many.

Hermon is worthy of the title of the Mont Blanc of Palestine, for it extends about twenty miles and is divided into three peaks, the highest of which rises ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—a solid mass of limestone with layers of chalk, the greater part of it covered with snow. As formerly, the snow of Hermon is used to cool summer beverages. Lebanon is a few hundred feet higher, but its position is less commanding.

We proceeded on our way to Damascus. Ascending and descending, never out of sight of this white dome, turning our eyes from beautiful flowers to volcanic rocks, and from these to curious piles of stone marking the sites of ancient villages; and from these to varieties of trees which we had not noticed before in Syria, among them myrtles; and again to extinct craters, until finally the plain, bathed in the light of the

midday sun, burst upon our gaze; now resembling the deserts of Egypt as seen from the summit of the Great Pyramid, and then a prairie of greenest hue, and as the point of view was changed seeming like Lake Superior on a calm day.

Our midday meal was partaken of under the shadow of a great rock. A portion of the way led along the course of a brook, a tributary of the ancient Pharpar. Our camp was pitched at Kefr-Hawar, and early the next morning we resumed the march.

The journey across the plain was the most wearisome yet experienced in Asia, and the most exhausting since leaving home. Unwisely we resolved to reach Damascus before dinner, and this involved seven hours in the saddle on a burning desert destitute of shade, with the temperature that of the hottest July or August day in this country. We came to the road built by the Romans from Damascus to Palestine and Egypt. Villages surrounded by orchards and vineyards break the monotony; and we crossed a beautiful river, called the Nahr-Barbar, believed to be a corruption of the ancient Pharpar.

The point of intersection of our path with the old Roman road is traditionally held, and with probable reason, to be the spot described in these words: "And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? . . . And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. . . . And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus." Drawing near the city everything underwent a change: sparkling streams, the plain "with verdure clad," the white minarets and mosques made one feel as if he were approaching an enchanted city. But the heat was so terrible, that, fearing sunstroke, I dismounted to bathe my head in the cool and refreshing waters flowing down from Hermon. These dissipated the alarming symptoms, and at 3 P. M. we reached the city gate.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Damascus.

Antiquity and Beauty of the City—History of the Great Mosque—Massacre of the Christians—The Street that is Called Straight—Improbable Legends—Protestant Mission—Grave of Henry Thomas Buckle—Salahiyeh.

DAMASCUS was an old city in the time of Abraham, whose prayer is recorded in Gen. xv: "Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus?" Tradition makes it much older, locating the murder of Abel at this place, to which Shakespeare refers in "King Henry VI:"

> "WINCHESTER: Nay, stand thou back;
> I'll not budge a foot;
> This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain
> To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt."

David conquered it in a bloody war, described in 2 Samuel. Elijah and Elisha frequently visited it, and the Books of Samuel and Kings abound with accounts of wars between the Israelites and the Damascenes. Ezekiel describes its great prosperity in the vision of Tyre: "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon, and white wool." It obtains its beauty and fertility from "the streams from Lebanon."

Next to the relation of Paul to Damascus, the story of the interview between Elisha and Naaman invests it with interest to the Bible student. He had good reason to say, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" No doubt since that time these rivers have changed their channels, like all streams in plains and deserts, but the configuration of the country and the sources of the streams, as in

Damascus from Cemetery.

the Mississippi and the Nile, are such as to show that these rivers are essentially the same as those spoken of in the Bible as situated here. The Arabians have always considered Damascus as the best earthly type of Paradise. Its situation, streams, and fruits harmonize with the description in the Koran. The city is charming and imposing, lying on the edge of a desert nearly half a mile above the sea level, and bounded on the other sides by mountains.

To the northward is the range of Anti-Libanus opposed on the west by Mount Hermon, dwarfing the volcanic mountains in the south.

The lakes which are near and the streams running through the city are filled with water of unusual clearness. One of the rivers divides into seven branches, two filling the conduits that supply the city, and the others watering suburban orchards.

Like most oriental cities Damascus is divided into quarters, Jews, Christians, and Moslems living separately. In general character Damascus is similar to Cairo; the bazaars are attractive features to strangers, for in them the products of the East are displayed, and mechanics may be seen at work.

I went to the horse market, but could not find any of the magnificent animals such as in ancient times were common in Syria, and doubt whether the Arabians ever had finer horses than are raised in Kentucky. The saddle market is a gay display, as the Syrians always made much of decorations of that kind. We had been put on our guard against the dealers who begin by demanding extortionate prices, sometimes finally selling the goods for less than a quarter of what was at first charged. The glory of the Damascus blade has departed, and the daggers sold are said to be made of an inferior article of steel brought from Germany. The tobacco-using habits of the people cause a demand for all kinds of pipes, the stems of which are of cork.

An extensive business is done in the sale of the fez. By a small investment we transformed ourselves into Turks, but found the caps too warm for use. One of the things which surprise strangers is that in that hot climate men will wear a form of head-covering giving no protection to the eyes and

warm enough for the cold days of an American winter. None of the merchants are in haste; all who were not busy were smoking, praying, reading the Koran, or conversing. They appeared to be on good terms with each other, but are united in a desire to allure to the utmost possible extent unwary travelers.

Mohammedan fatalism has some curious features, one of which is mentioned by Baedeker, who says there is no jealousy between rival venders of similar wares. If one who has nothing to do sees another driving a fine trade he simply says: "Allah has sent a good customer to my neighbor, and will in due time send me one also." An extensive business is done in clothing, as the people sleep in their clothes and soon wear them out. Barbers work in the open air, whether they are shaving or bleeding; for when a native feels ill he steps into a barber's shop and submits to phlebotomy to the extent of half a pint or more, after which he departs with the conviction that he must be better.

The tombs of three of Mohammed's wives are in the Damascus burying ground, and the view of the city from that cemetery is one of the best. Probably the largest plane tree in the world is on the river bank near the Saddlers' Bazaar. The trunk is more than four yards in diameter.

Where the Great Mosque now stands there once was a heathen temple in which pagan rites were performed until the growth of Christianity caused it to fall into decay, but about the beginning of the fifth century it was restored and transformed into a church. Its managers said they had the head of John the Baptist—one of the many heads of John that are in different parts of the world. After Mohammedanism arose the eastern part of the church was taken possession of by them, and for years the western left to the Christians. Finally it was taken by the Mohammedans, and this mosque erected upon the foundations. Ferguson gives an account of the seizure. The Caliph entered the church with guards and ordered them to remove or destroy every vestige of Christian worship, and standing upon the altar, he directed the work. There being an image of Christ near, one of his followers said: "Prince of the Faithful, I tremble for your safety; the power of that image against

Court of the Great Mosque.

which you lean may be exerted against you." "Fear not for me," replied the proud Moslem, "for the very first spot on which I shall lay my battle-ax will be that image's head." Thus saying he lifted his weapon and dashed the idol to pieces. The Christians raised a cry of horror, but their voices were drowned in the triumphant shout "*Ullah-u-Akbar.*" The Arabians pretend that supernatural beings assisted in erecting the church, and (which has some foundation) that one thousand two hundred Greek artists were brought from Constantinople to decorate it. In its grandest days six hundred golden lamps hung from the ceiling. The mosque is four hundred and twenty-nine feet long and one hundred and twenty-four and a half feet wide. As the wall was not entirely destroyed, what was left is a part of the mosque, on which is written an ancient inscription in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations," a quotation from the 145th Psalm, with the words "O Christ" inserted.

Saladin, whose virtues were recognized even by the Christians while they were terrified by his power and overthrown by his victories, is counted among the Mohammedan saints. It was Saladin who took Damascus, Aleppo, Diarbekir, drove back Renaud de Chatillon, and defeated the Christian army at Tiberias, captured Guy de Lusignan, who called himself King of Jerusalem, finally besieged and took Jerusalem and drove all the Franks from the country. It was he who took the gold cross from the dome of the Mosque of Omar and purified the edifice with rose water, and reconverted it from a Christian church to a Mohammedan sanctuary. Not till Richard I distinguished himself by the exploits which gave him the name of Cœur de Lion, did he meet a serious check. Saladin was undoubtedly the greatest warrior that Mohammedanism has produced, and equally distinguished for "temperance and chastity, humanity and generosity, patience and affability;" wherever he went he built hospitals, colleges, and mosques. His tomb is in a perfect state of preservation.

Of all wars since the classic times the Crusades are the most romantic and best adapted to stir enthusiasm in the young.

On the ninth day of July, 1860, the Christian quarter was set on fire; the whole Mohammedan population was in a state of wild excitement; hordes of fanatics, Kurds, Arabs, and Druses flocked to the city, and for twenty-four hours murder was systematically and furiously committed. Six thousand were killed, and the grossest outrages perpetrated upon their wives and daughters. The streets were blocked with the bodies of the slain, and had it not been for the courage of Abd-el-Kader they would have all been destroyed. I received accounts of the dreadful scenes from some who were in the city at the time.

Beneath the affable aspect which the ordinary Mohammedan presents when he wishes to make a sale, or expects any advantage, lurks a fanaticism that would find vent in deeds of incredible atrocity were it not for the military stationed there, and the fear the people feel of foreign powers.

And the Lord said unto Ananias, "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus." Unquestionably we saw the same street, although it is not quite straight, and was formerly wider than it now is. It is more than a mile in length, and ornamented with a colonnade of which traces remain. We visited the supposed house, which is converted into a church. The mythical house of Ananias is shown in another part of the city. The abode of Naaman is pointed out without a vestige of probability for the statement, but there is a propriety in its being a leper hospital. Several hospitals for these poor wretches exist in Damascus; there they sit, dying as they live, suffering the horrors of decomposition before the vital spark is extinct. Yet marvelous are the susceptibilities of human nature: they chat and laugh, and appear happy.

Another adventure of St. Paul took place here, given in his own words: "In Damascus the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me: and through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands." There is a gate in the wall of the city, Bab-kisan, which has been closed for seven hundred years, and tradition says that this was the place where St. Paul was thus let down. There are many houses along

the wall where such a thing could have been done. Not content with this, they exhibit a tomb under drooping trees which they call the tomb of St. George. This St. George is the man who helped Paul to escape, and lost his life for his part in the matter!

While in Damascus we had the pleasure of several interviews with the head of the Protestant Mission, the Rev. John Crawford, whom we found to be highly respected and beloved. The mission is doing a good work, and the influence of Mr. Crawford and his family is excellent.

Accompanied by him we visited the Protestant cemetery, a small inclosure kept under lock and key. After trying for years to secure the privilege of a piece of ground for this purpose, wearied with the delays of the Turkish government, the Christians took possession of it, and no objection has ever been urged.

Henry Thomas Buckle, the historian and political writer, is buried in Damascus. He went to the East, in the autumn of 1861, in the hope of improving his health, which had always been delicate. The epitaph is brief: "In memory of Henry Thomas Buckle (only son of the late Thomas Buckle, and Jane, his wife), who died of fever in Damascus on May 29, 1862, aged 40 years. This stone is most affectionately dedicated by his loving and only surviving sister. 'I know that he shall rise again.'"

Jobar is only about half an hour's walk from the city, and the scenery along the road is indescribably beautiful. The place is inhabited entirely by Mohammedans, and is of no interest except for its traditions.

The oldest point of contact between this suburb and the Old Testament is in the declaration that when Abram rescued Lot from the kings he "smote them, and pursued them unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus."

Mohammedan legends cluster about Salahiyeh. In the hills near it are buried thousands of Mohammedan saints. There Mohammed himself, while yet a camel driver from Mecca, gazed upon the entrancing scene, and turned away without entering the city, saying: "Man can have but one paradise, and my paradise is fixed above." They also hold that near

this spot the unity of God was revealed to Abraham. The finest view we had of the suburbs was from a point halfway up an absolutely barren hill, three or four miles from the center of the city. Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul* contains an admirable description of Damascus; and the authors are not extravagant in saying that "for miles round it is a wilderness of gardens—gardens with roses among the tangled shrubberies, and with fruit on the branches overhead. Everywhere among the trees is heard the murmur of unseen rivulets. Even in the city, which is in the midst of the gardens, the clear rushing of the currents is a perpetual refreshment. Every dwelling has its fountain, and at night, when the sun has set behind Mount Lebanon, the lights of the city flash on the waters."

CHAPTER LIX.

Damascus to Beirut.

Varieties of Weather and Scenery—Through the Lebanon Pass—Unique Lunatic Asylum—Origin and Situation of Beirut—Syrian Protestant College—Other Christian Missions—Grave of Bishop Kingsley.

AT Damascus we dismissed our caravan, separated from Selim, to whom we had become much attached, and took the diligence for Beirut (Beyroot).

Wherever the French build roads, the traveler is happy whether he walks or rides, for they are the best road builders in the world. When, as the guardians of Roman Catholic interests during the disturbances in 1860, the French, to protect the Christians, sent forces there and occupied the country, they built a magnificent carriage road from Damascus to Beirut, and one may take the journey of seventy miles between 5:20 A. M. and 5:30 P. M., or between half past seven at night and half past eight in the morning. Horses are frequently changed, which affords ample time to study the country.

The day of our journey gave us every variety of climate: the heat of summer and the shivering cold of winter, with blinding snow. Like every other path leading out of Damascus, the way led through gardens and conduits, the landscape being adorned with trees of rare beauty. The villas were handsome; a small one is known as that of Abd-el-Kader, who, after he was defeated by the French, received a pension and was allowed to live there on condition of not leaving the district of Damascus.

After three or four miles we reached the desert. At six miles we changed horses, and entered upon a fine tract watered by the Barada; but when we had ridden six or eight miles more we came to a desolate wilderness, a portion of which is elevated and used for encampments and reviews of the Damascus troops. Hermon, Lebanon, and other magnificent mountains appeared on either side; broad table-lands; wild glens several miles long,

with legends of banditti; dull valleys and steep ascents were traversed. On leaving the village of Shtora, whence the road diverges to Baalbec, we ascended to the Lebanon pass, five thousand six hundred feet above the sea. Behind were wild and barren mountains, and before us the path by which we were to descend to Beirut. The houses of that city showed far away as white specks upon a blue ground: that blue was the Mediterranean, which we had last looked upon from the mountains of Palestine.

Half a day's ride from this point is a lunatic asylum that has no parallel. It is in the village of Karyaten, and only the Bedouins patronize it. The process of cure is peculiar; a mixture of faith and works, and it is managed with as much shrewdness as the Christian science and faith healing operations of this country. The patient is bound and confined in a room by himself for a single night; the next morning he is found cured and without his fetters. The marvelous superiority of this method over all others is seen in this; that if he omits to pay for his miraculous recovery he at once relapses into insanity.

On arriving in Beirut we were met by Mr. McFadden, who had been left in the hospital at Cairo. After several weeks of sickness and debility, he had recovered sufficiently to make the journey by sea. Disease had changed him, but the hope and the pleasure of meeting friends put fresh color into his cheeks, and in three weeks from that day he seemed in better health than before the attack.

Beirut was founded by the Phœnicians, and was important in the time of Alexander the Great. To-day it is the most important seaport and commercial town in all Syria, beautiful in situation, surrounded by mountains, some snow-clad, and forming a striking contrast with the sea. In the last thirty years the population has quadrupled, and now amounts to more than eighty thousand.

The Syrian Protestant College presents missions at their best, and we were afforded every facility to examine them. Each of us being acquainted with President Bliss, or one or more of the faculty, we enjoyed a rest and refreshment of several days in Beirut, which affected us as favorably as did the encampment at Elim the Israelites.

Beirut.

The American Mission has been established in Syria for more than fifty years, and the names of Dr. Thomson, author of *The Land and the Book*, Dr. Eli Smith, and Dr. Van Dyke are known throughout the Christian world. The college was opened in 1866, though a preparatory class had been formed the year before. It has a complete system of buildings, among which is the Ada Dodge Memorial Hall, erected for the use of the preparatory department by the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, son of William E. Dodge of New York. The president lives in a fine structure known, from its donor, as the Marquand House.

When we were there, there were about one hundred students in the preparatory department, and sixty-five in the collegiate. Few American colleges have so fine a system of buildings, and none a more magnificent site. One was delightfully reminded of home by the Alcott collection of two thousand species of the plants of the Eastern and Northern States of America. We heard Dr. George F. Post, who has the reputation of being the best physician in Syria, lecture to the medical students on botany.

I had the pleasure of calling upon Dr. Van Dyke on the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Syria. This distinguished man went there originally as a medical missionary, but has become famous in the world of scholars and linguists because of his translation of the Bible into Arabic.

Beirut is the center of mission work which extends into the regions round about, and is superintended efficiently.

The cemetery near the church contains the tombs of some of the godly men who laid the foundations of this mission. The church, an imposing building, is well attended.

At the college we met the Hon. Edward L. Pierce, of Boston, the biographer of Charles Sumner, and formerly one of the professors of the Boston University Law School, and an hour was well spent at the hospital witnessing surgical operations performed by Professor Post, who, surrounded by students, relieved the sufferings of the sick and maimed.

There are other Christian missions in Beirut. The British Syrian institutions have their headquarters there, and in the district which they cultivate are schools containing nearly one thousand pupils. The Roman Catholics have an orphanage which

will accommodate six hundred, and sustain day and boarding schools. Another is known as the Dames de Nazareth. The German Jesuits sustain places of instruction; and a fine orphanage and school with a chapel, in which French and German services are alternately conducted, exists. A very interesting school is conducted by a learned Arab.

Compared with the present prosperity of the Syrian Protestant Mission, the early struggles of the missionaries to Syria form a contrast as great as that between the sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers and the present condition of New England. A magnificent presentation of Western civilization is made today in the presence of the Mohammedan world.

At a little distance the heroic aspect of missionary work still appears, and the results of preaching the Gospel in the mountains of Lebanon and in the villages of the plains, as well as the self-denial and isolation necessary to accomplish it, can be seen in less than two days' journey.

Before leaving Beirut I visited the grave of Bishop Kingsley of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died there, April 6, 1870, when returning from an episcopal tour through the missions of his Church in China and India.

CHAPTER LX.

Cyprus and Noted Islands of the Ægean Sea.

Cyprus—Lanarca—Greek Church of St. Lazarus—Rhodes—The Colossus—Symi—Kos, Birthplace of Apelles, Hippocrates, and Simonides—The Rock Island, Patmos—Classic Interest of Samos—Scio.

Again the time had come to trust ourselves to the capricious mercies and severities of the Mediterranean, and bidding the mainland of Asia a temporary farewell we took the steamship for the island of Cyprus. The voyage consumed twelve hours. Father Stephanos, whom we had met in Jerusalem, and who had acted as interpreter in our conversation with the Greek patriarch, was on board with some co-ecclesiastics, and we found in him a frankness in criticising his Church, and especially its politico-ecclesiastical manipulation, which demonstrated that it does not control the tongues of its ministers. No doubt, however, with Greek facility he could explain to the satisfaction of the authorities everything he said. I shall not make him responsible for any particular statements, not having warned him that he was being interviewed for publication, and being well aware that in all sects many feel free to criticise, in conversation with strangers, points which they would defend if attacked from without.

We went on shore at Lanarca, the capital, and saw so much of it as was possible during the time allowed before sailing. The island of Cyprus contains 3,723 square miles, and a population of 186,000; 125,000 of these are professedly Christians, and speak the Greek language. Glimpses of the mountain ranges which traverse the island, one parallel with the north and the other with the south coast, could be seen, and a few of the fever-breeding marshes that have brought the climate into disrepute. Bad harbors, frequent droughts, and inefficient government, together with neglect and want of drainage and cultivation, have kept poor one of the most fertile islands in the Mediterranean. There is a marked contrast

between its population to-day and that of ancient times. Then two million people lived and prospered upon it. Two sorts of fevers—ague and remittent—keep many of the inhabitants sick, unless they have the ability and the means to move from point to point according to the climate. Little remains of the old forests, or of the cedars, which are said to have surpassed even those of Lebanon.

Colonized by the Phœnicians, the Syrians, Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, and Romans successively held it.

Cyprus swords were so valued that Alexander the Great wore one presented to him by a king. On this island Solon spent the closing years of his life. In comparatively modern times it was a place of importance, and at the close of the twelfth century was conquered by Richard Cœur de Lion, who called himself King of Cyprus. In 1878 it came under the control of Great Britain.

Barnabas, "the son of consolation," was a native of Cyprus. Some of those that were scattered abroad after the persecution of Stephen went as far as Cyprus. When Barnabas and Paul were sent forth by the disciples they went there. After they separated because of contention about Mark, Barnabas took Mark and sailed to Cyprus; and when Paul sailed from Patara he left this island on the left hand, on his way to Syria. On Paul's journey from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, "one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple," with whom they were to lodge, went with them. In the terrible voyage described by the apostle in Acts xxvii, they "sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary."

In the bazaar was an abundant supply of all kinds of oriental fruits of the season, handiwork of the people, and of everything which such places usually contain. A guide, employed to conduct us through the Greek Church of St. Lazarus, pretended that the body of Lazarus was beneath the building, but he romanced superfluously, as the authorities do not claim that. He solemnly assured us that the Bible states that, after the resurrection of Lazarus, the Jews drove him away from Joppa, but his boat miraculously drifting to Cyprus, he landed at Lanarca, and the Christians made him bishop, the functions of which office he exercised until his death.

We saw a few of the relics which make Cyprus interesting to antiquarians, but many of the best are in New York. General Di Cesnola, a native of Italy, after a military education and service in the Sardinian army and the Crimean War, came to the United States, volunteered and became Colonel of the Fourth New York Cavalry and a naturalized citizen. Afterward, when consul at Cyprus, he made the collection of antiquities which he sold to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of which he is now director. An attack upon him, in art journals and in the daily press, which began in 1879, was referred to a committee of five distinguished citizens, who declared the charges groundless; it was afterward fought through the courts, resulting in a disagreement of the jury. The year after the attack Columbia College conferred upon the General the degree of LL.D.

The controversy was so partisan that no one could make anything of it. General Di Cesnola's *Researches and Discoveries in Cyprus* contains more information than any other accessible work on the subject. "The beautiful women of Cyprus" must have been indoors on the occasion of our visit, and the female inhabitants whom we saw on the streets, in the stores, and in the markets, foreigners.

From Cyprus we sailed to Rhodes, the usual time of the voyage being thirty hours. We were a little longer on the way. This is the most eastern island of the Ægean Sea, a center of primitive traditions; it emerged into history in the possession of all the elements of prosperity, and soon became a great commercial and colonizing power. Rhodes is mentioned in the history of every important war of ancient times in this part of the world. Its coasts present a noble appearance: the island culminates in a mountain summit four thousand feet above the water, and the gradual ascent of the hills produces, from some points of view, the effect of terraces. As a quaint authority says: "All that remains of the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, is the place where it stood at the entrance of the harbor." It was a bronze statue one hundred and five feet high, was twelve years in being erected, stood for only fifty-six years, being overthrown by an earthquake B. C. 222. The pieces re-

mained there eight hundred and ninety-four years. In 672 the general of the Caliph Othman IV sold them to a Jew, who carried them away on nine hundred camels. Happening to remember this passage from a translation of Pindar:

> "Wisdom true glory can impart
> Without the aid of magic art;
> As ancient fame reports when Jove
> And all the immortal powers above
> Held upon earth divided sway;
> Nor yet had Rhodes in glittering pride
> On ocean's breast appeared to ride,
> But hid beneath his briny caverns lay,"

I looked with curiosity upon the natural features of the island, which suggested the idea of its originating by the special power of Apollo, and elaborated the myth of its being raised from beneath the waves.

Later history connects it with the Knights of St. John, who dwelt upon it for above two hundred years after their expulsion from Jerusalem, finally surrendering to Suliman the Magnificent after a siege of four months.

From Rhodes we sailed past the island of Symi, often mentioned in history. The people earn their living by fishing for sponge, and both men and women have an extraordinary reputation as divers for sponge and coral. A Greek on the ship told amazing stories of the length of time the women could remain under water, and said it was a custom, when a disturbance took place among the women, to break it up by offering a reward to the one who would dive the deepest and stay under the longest; at which tale some of the Greek bystanders laughed incredulously.

Kos was the next island of importance which came into view, and what I had read and heard of it made me regret the possibility of landing. I can imagine no more stimulating way of disposing of three or four days than pedestrianizing on this classic island, the birthplace of Apelles, the painter, Hippocrates, "the father of all such as practice physic," and Simonides, the Greek poet, who had claims to distinction as a philosopher, as the first poet who wrote for money, and on account of adding four letters to the Greek alphabet.

It is still more famous as being the only city in Asia Minor which refused to obey the edict of Mithridates ordering the massacre of all Roman citizens. Paul also mentioned his coming to Coos. We were sailing over the route which Paul took, but in an opposite direction, he voyaging to Syria.

Isle of Patmos.

Patmos to me had more of mystery and fascination than all the small islands in all the seas. Nor is there anything uttered by man, within or without the Bible, more sublime than:

"I, John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

For six hours we were within full sight of it on a day of unsurpassed brightness, and seldom do travelers in this region have so grand a view. Many pass in the night, and others at such a distance as to be unable to discern the outlines of this irregular mass of rock. The island is but ten miles long and five

wide, and may be correctly described as a mountain of rock, two thirds of which is under water. The sea withdrawn, it would be one of the most striking rock mountains in the world. According to classic historians, the most precipitous and desolate islands were selected for the imprisonment of exiles, and no sooner did we discern Patmos than its appropriateness for such a purpose was apparent. A flat island is never impressive. Seeming to exist by the mercy of the sea which ever dashes against its shores, should it be entirely submerged it would not surprise the observer. But Patmos is the embodiment of sternness and force; its attitude that of a giant who had thrust himself up out of the sea, and stood through the ages defying its power.

The aspect of the mountain is similar to that of Gibraltar, as it is divided into two parts. On the east side is the harbor. Tradition says St. John received the revelation in a grotto halfway up the steep ascent, and with a glass we could easily distinguish the spot. Near the summit is the celebrated Monastery of St. John the Divine. At first we studied it through a glass, but the ship drew so near that it could be identified with the naked eye.

The Greek fathers who were on board looked upon this island with an interest not less than our own, and one, who had made seven voyages through these waters, said it was the first opportunity he had had of seeing it. The monks claim to point out the very spot where the revelation was delivered, even to identifying the fissures in the roof of the grotto through which the apostle heard the voice from heaven like the sound of a trumpet. That is bringing the matter to a fine point, especially as there is not the slightest reason to suppose from the book itself that any sounds were heard by his material ear. Whoever will carefully read the first chapter will not be left in doubt upon this point. All these wonders were seen by John in vision, and are types of spiritual truths. The island has a population of four thousand, a starving, poverty-stricken class, who live by working on other islands as farmers and by boating.

Samos is larger than Patmos, being thirty miles long and eight wide. A splendid picture was presented of the range of

mountains, extending from east to west, whence it derives its name. Patmos has no classic value. Samos was once the center of Ionian manners and learning, and has no Christian interest. All that we had known, read, or heard of ancient Greece came trooping up, and as we read an epitome of the statements of Thucydides recalling the fact that the Samians were the first of the Greeks, after the Corinthians, who paid attention to naval affairs, and remembered that they founded colonies in Thrace, Cicilia, Crete, Italy, and Sicily, and as we contemplated the island, now in possession of Athens, then of Sparta, then of Rome, tracing it down from the time that Antony and Cleopatra made it a place of residence, until it sank into its modern insignificance, we felt, as often before, that not the size of the territory, but the character of the people, makes its history important.

At Scio, or Chios, we made a landing. Its modern is almost as interesting as its ancient history. It claims to be the birthplace of Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," and that Ion, the tragic poet, and Theopompus, the historian, were born there is not disputed. In the time of Herodotus it was a member of the Ionian Confederation. Important as its history has been, the island is only thirty-two miles long and eighteen wide. As we sailed along the mainland and among the islands, our minds were filled with Bible names, such as Caria, Miletus, Trogyllium, Samos, Patmos, Coos, Chios, Mitylene, Ephesus, Cnidus, with classical Halicarnassus and the Meander. The tints of sea, sky, and landscape, the constantly changing outline of the mountains, caused the scenic interest to leave in the mind a suffused haze of delight. The historic, the literary, and the artistic formed a shifting panorama of things new and old. We were among places and scenes of which we had heard and read all our lives, and memory fulfilled the tribute paid her by Samuel Rogers :

> "And hence the charm historic scenes impart ;
> Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart ;
> Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale
> Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale," etc.

As we recalled Paul's missionary tours and John's sufferings and revelations, religion threw its charm over every object.

CHAPTER LXI.

Smyrna and Ephesus.

Beauty of Smyrna—Figs, Drugs, and Rugs—Cosmopolitan Population—Languages—Wandering Tribes—Religions—Tomb of Polycarp—Importance of Ephesus—Ruins of the Stadium, Odeon, and Great Theater—Temple of Diana—Incidents in Paul's Life Connected with Ephesus—Legend of the Seven Sleepers.

IT was with satisfaction that we disembarked at Smyrna. An old acquaintance and fellow-traveler, the late A. A. Vantine, founder of the famous carpet, rug, and oriental merchandise establishment on Broadway, New York, had said to me: "Visit Smyrna, and keep your eyes and ears open, for you will see strange peoples, and the sounds of more than fifty languages and dialects will bombard your ears." After listening by the hour on shipboard to his interesting reminiscences of twenty-six visits to Smyrna, Constantinople, Japan, and other countries of the East, I told him that when in Smyrna I should remember him, and on returning would report whether I found the city as he had portrayed it.

The conversation occurred but six years ago, yet, before the opportunity of making the report came, the hero of so many journeys had been summoned to that bourn whence no traveler returns, although his name upon the house still attracts attention.

He who goes to Smyrna for good hotels will be disappointed; but they are endurable. The hours of meals are primitive, dinner being served in the middle of the day.

I had not been in my room ten minutes before being forcibly reminded of my native land by the cheerful song of the mosquito. Smyrna is as famous for mosquitoes as New Jersey, and the winter is not cold enough to kill them.

We were filled with admiration of the beauty of the city as we entered a gulf which extends far inland, and the city lies

partly on the slopes of Mount Pagus, near the southeast of the gulf, and partly between that hill and the sea. Opposite to Pagus is a steep peak nearly one thousand three hundred feet high; and in the most ancient period of the city's history the Acropolis was upon this point. On the west side is another hill surmounted with the ruins of temples.

The sea in front and mountains as a background will give any city an imposing appearance, and its beauty is increased when arms of the sea reach inland. In ancient times, "when magnificent buildings and imposing Acropolis and the wide circle of massive walls combined with the natural scenery in one splendid picture," the effect must have been even more striking. I enjoyed several walks along the sea, constantly rejoicing in glimpses of Mount Pagus, and made a short trip up the mountain's side. Frank Street, containing the English consulate and chapel, the European casino, English booksellers, and the English pharmacy, is interesting to Europeans. Donkeys are as frequently used for riding in Smyrna as in Cairo.

Smyrna has a wide reputation for its traffic in drugs; in fact, it has monopolized this business in the East, and while prescriptions were being put up for me by one clerk I chatted with another, who seemed to be a polyglot, as he could turn like a courier from one language to another, but, unlike the courier, could converse intelligently and correctly upon any subject. Olive oil and attar of roses, scammony, galls, licorice paste, opium, madder, all sorts of drugs, dyes, and perfumes are wholesaled and retailed. The large tanks employed in the leech business are very curious. Before bleeding became unfashionable in medical practice an immense business was done in leeches.

Everyone has heard of Smyrna figs. Had it been in the season I should have gone to see them cured, though some say that the women who prepare them are among the dirtiest creatures to be found in the Levant. It is claimed there is a mystery in the method used which gives the figs their reputation.

Of the rugs and carpets I need say nothing, for the finest can be seen in New York. They are manufactured in towns in the

interior and brought to Smyrna. In the windows of the stores were curious handkerchiefs, and while passing through the Persian khan we saw rarely beautiful designs in carpets. Later in the season small dealers come in and peddle rugs and carpets about the city; sponges from the islands which we had passed are sold here.

In looking for Mr. Vantine's cosmopolitan population, I was not disappointed; for all kinds of dialects saluted my ears, and every variety of costume greeted my eyes. On the outskirts of the city there is a huge encampment of gypsies speaking their own language, and we observed some of them standing about the station.

The authorities divide the nations and languages into many groups: English and American; High Dutch, an old colony of Hollanders; French; Italians; Albanians; Slavonians, speaking Servian; Hellenic Greeks, speaking Romaic; Armenians, Persians, and Gypsies; Jews, whose language is mongrel Spanish and Italian; and varieties of Turanians, including Turks, Kizzilbashes, and Rayah Greeks speaking Turkish and Greek, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Asia Minor.

It was represented to us that not one language is spoken in purity; that most of the Mussulmans and Christians speak several languages, and that, under the influence of the modern Greek or Romaic pronunciation, and from their being a non-reading people, the Christians create dialects. Our old guide, Moses, in Palestine, illustrated this tendency by his fluency in languages and dialects. He could speak many languages, but none correctly.

In Smyrna there are many Negroes from Eastern and Central Africa. Among the most peculiar of mankind are the nomads, encamped within a few miles of the city; for this is the frontier of the wandering tribes who are scattered over the vast territory between Smyrna and China. At the present time there are twice as many Greeks in Smyrna as in Athens.

I dare not enter into the history of the city, as even an intelligent condensation would demand several chapters. Its myths begin to dissipate about seven hundred years before

Christ. It lay desolate four hundred years, but Alexander the Great is said to have had a warning in a vision from Diana to restore it. It became famous for philosophy and rhetoric, being named the "Forest of Philosophers," the "Museum of Ionia," "the Asylum of the Muses and Graces." Formerly insalubrious, the nucleus and generating center of plagues through all the centuries, for about sixty years it has been comparatively healthful. Miasmatic valleys surround it, and would render it uninhabitable were it not for a certain wind which they designate the *Imbat*.

The Turks allow religious freedom, and Greeks, Armenians, and Roman Catholics are undisturbed in their worship. A singular concession to Greek and Armenian prejudice appears in the fact that the Roman Catholic cathedral contains hardly an image. Many schools and missions exist, and the different religious creeds are divided into antagonistic sects. Among the Mohammedans there are several that are not allowed to practice their peculiar rites in this orthodox Mohammedan city.

Protestant missions have existed in Smyrna for years, and diverse statements are made concerning their success.

To Christians the preëminent interest of Smyrna lies in these words:

"And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write; These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."

"This once only her record flashes into unique and sudden brightness illumined by the praise of Christ himself, praise unalloyed by a single word of censure."

From the beginning Smyrna suffered tribulation for Christ from heathen and Jews; though Smyrna was rich, the Christians

were poor, but they were rich in faith. It was here that Polycarp was martyred, and he was bishop at the time that Ignatius passed through on his way to die for Christ in the amphitheater of Rome. Polycarp was a disciple of St. John, and from these circumstances it is the opinion of many, and is set forth in a work on the *Seven Churches of Asia*, edited by Professor Salmond, of the University of Aberdeen, that he was the "angel of the church in Smyrna" to whom the above words were written. Of him Irenæus writes his reminiscences in the latter part of the second century, saying: "I can tell the very place where the blessed Polycarp used to sit and discourse; his entrances, his walks, the complexion of his life, the form of his body, his conversations with the people, and his familiar intercourse with St. John, as also his familiarity with those who had seen the Lord."

The ruins of the amphitheater in which Polycarp was sacrificed for Christ are still there; his words just before he was burnt will never die. The proconsul who wished to set him free, as Pilate wished to deliver Christ, said: "Blaspheme Christ, and I will release thee;" Polycarp answered: "Eighty and six years I have served him, and he hath never wronged me; how then can I blaspheme my King, who hath saved me?" This sealed his doom.

The "candlestick" of Smyrna has never been removed. From that time to this it has been a Christian city, presenting the Gospel in a poor, mutilated form, but no doubt containing at all times a number of such as should be saved, and who through all the superstitions and ceremonies of paganized Christianity have adhered to the Head. It has always been spoken of as Christian, "the Moslems in scorn terming it the infidel Smyrna."

Some of our party went to see the tomb of Polycarp, the identity of which has been maintained. It stands on the side of Mount Pagus, below the Acropolis, near the ruins of an immense theater which was destroyed by an earthquake, and over it grows an ancient cypress tree. Above, within the Acropolis, is a mosque which is known to have been the church in which he preached.

Smyrna is worthy a visit from every traveler, whatever his

favorite line of study and observation. Yet many, generally well informed, are so ignorant of it that the remark is not infrequent: "What is the use of going to Smyrna?" They do not appear to know that it is to-day, and for ages has been, the most important city in Asia Minor, having its hand on Europe, Asia, and Africa, and abounding in antiquities, pre-Christian and Christian, and containing a unique conglomeration of more than two hundred thousand living human beings.

Ephesus is a cradle of mythology, the metropolis of the Ionian Confederacy, "next to Athens remarkable for being the scene of memorable events, for having the great School of Art, and as being, next to Jerusalem, the holiest of Christian cities, and the most noted in apostolic labors." Ephesus is the legendary native place of Apollo and Diana; one of the chief claimants for the birthplace of Homer; an alleged birthplace of Apelles;—Ephesus is necessary to the history of Crœsus, Artemisia, Xerxes, Cimon the Athenian, Alcibiades, Lysander the Spartan, Agesilaus, King of Sparta, and Xenophon; of Alexander the Great; of Ptolemy Philadelphus; of Hannibal; of Mithridates, Manlius, Scipio, Sylla; of Cicero, Pompey, and Augustus. Ephesus, renowned for architecture, sculpture, painting, philosophy; equally important in the Asiatic, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, and Mohammedan periods, under paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, can be visited in one day's excursion from Smyrna, the distance being forty-eight miles.

The morning appointed for the journey found me ill, but the thought of missing Ephesus was not to be endured, and a counter irritant might ward off a worse thing; so, whipping up the latent powers, I rose, and once in the train had nothing to do but exist and enjoy the attractive scenery, until the village of Ayasoolook was reached. It is at the entrance to a large fig district, the vineyards being on the adjacent mountains. Murray says that this "is a feverish place, with few permanent inhabitants," and that "visitors who stay over night should sleep in an upper story." For that reason only explorers remain long, and even they are recommended to stay at another village an hour's ride away, seven hundred feet above the level of the plain, and healthful.

Horses were obtained, but were so poor that though each man tried to get the best he subsequently maintained that he had the worst.

My beast had the most expressive countenance I have ever seen upon horse or ass, and a way of looking at other horses and their riders which resembled a satirical leer. I concluded that he would try to throw me; but physiognomy is as uncertain an index of character in horses as in men. He was peaceful, gentle, and had but one trick, that of occasionally pausing, generally in front of a ruin, and looking around as if to say, "Why do you bring me here?"

Nests of storks attracted our attention as we rode. These birds are revered by the inhabitants, and sail through the air or stand with equal majesty upon their high nests.

The finest account of Ephesus as it was may be found in the Book of Acts. In exploring the ruins we rode several miles on the sides of mountains and hills, and rambled over adjacent valleys. But fragments of monuments remain, from the Cyclopean walls down to the time of the Mussulman. The theory is that the country was originally settled, and that two or three smaller cities were built on Mount Prion, Mount Coressus, and on the hill near the present railway station; that these flourished, gradually approached each other, and finally united and formed Ephesus.

Only fragments remain of the magnificence of Ephesus, but much more than I expected, both of substructures and superstructures. The subterranean vaults are vast, the foundations easily traced, and there is no reason to doubt that the sites of almost all the famous buildings are identified. The Gymnasium, the Great Agora, and the two smaller markets, close to the base of Mount Coressus, are plainly marked. Ephesus was famous for its gymnasiums; one was nine hundred and twenty-five feet by six hundred and eighty feet; but another, where Agesilaus exercised the Spartans, was more celebrated. We stood in the theater, which would seat sixty thousand. It is a pile of ruins, but its walls in part still stand. The climate admitted of perfect ventilation, little use was made of windows, and immensity and simplicity were the elements of its grandeur. The Stadium and the Odeon and fragments of temples still

remain; the two former are positively identified, several of the temples hypothetically. Coins are extant upon which are inscribed the names of the temples of Ephesus. For centuries the Temple of Diana was buried beneath the accumulating débris and the soil of the plain, and the knowledge of its site was lost; but about thirty-five years ago Mr. Wood found inscriptions in the great theater, one of which gave the clew to the location of the temple.

Though a wanderer in many countries, and in the habit of reading accounts of ruined cities, not till I reached Ephesus did the full glory and value of the services of archæologists and antiquarians burst upon my mind. With the scene in full view, I read of the discovery of the Magnesian Gate; from which, according to Philostratus, a covered way led to the Temple of Diana. Mr. Wood dug for it, and eleven feet underground found the road with tombs on each side. For three years he explored this road. Finding an inscription elsewhere stating that the procession from the Temple of Diana entered the city by the Magnesian Gate and returned through the Coressian Gate, he drew the conclusion that the temple stood at the junction. After finding the Magnesian, he discovered the Coressian Gate, and in April, 1869, "he struck upon the angle of the peribolos just where it might have been expected to be." Then he discovered in that wall an inscription stating that the Emperor Augustus had rebuilt the peribolos wall around the Temple of the Goddess Diana, B. C. 6. His later discoveries were remarkable, including a pavement of square blocks of fine white marble, nine inches thick, on a level bed of black marble. These were eighteen feet below the soil, and on further examination he discovered that the lowest stratum of soil was composed of splinters of fine white marble calcined by fire. He came upon drums of marble columns six feet in diameter; then the south walls, and fragments of one hundred columns sixty feet high. By comparison he ascertained the dimensions of the temple to have been one hundred and sixty-four feet by three hundred and forty-three. One of my authorities compares this temple with the Parthenon, which is only two hundred and twenty-eight feet long by one hundred and one broad. The ruins found are

of the eighth successive temple, the preceding seven having been burnt. The sixth is supposed to have been begun six hundred years before Christ, and was built in a marsh to guard against earthquake. It is claimed that this temple was destroyed the same day Socrates drank poison, B. C. 400. The seventh was the one that Herostratus burned in order to perpetuate his name, giving rise to the lines which John Wilkes Booth used to repeat to his friends when he was contemplating the plan that ended in the assassination of President Lincoln:

> "The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it."

Amid these ruins I lifted up my voice and shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but none are left upon the earth to do her reverence. The temple is supposed to have been burned the year A. D. 260, but its final destruction is believed to have occurred under the decree of Constantine, A. D. 342. The demonstration of these facts on broad, general lines is absolute.

Guided by the Book of Acts we could easily follow St. Paul. He comes to Ephesus, accompanied by Priscilla and Aquila, and, after reasoning awhile with the Jews in the synagogue, departs for Jerusalem, leaving Apollos of Alexandria to preach. Aquila and Priscilla meet him, and from them he learns more of Christianity. Again Paul comes to Ephesus, and finds the disciples who had received only John's baptism. From the reference to this fact arose the notion that John the Baptist had been there, and they pretend to show the font in which he baptized. Paul now remained two years "disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus." As Ephesus was at that time given up to magic, Paul here wrought special miracles, and here the sons of Sceva tried to cast out the evil spirit and were confounded, so that "those who used curious arts . . . and books . . . burned them, and mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

Then arose the excitement. Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen impeached Paul, and said that the Temple of the Goddess Diana would be thrown down. The people rushed with one accord into the theater and cried for the space of about

two hours: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." We stood that day before the walls which had resounded to the uproar.

The words of the town clerk show that there must have been an image supposed to have fallen from Jupiter: "Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?" Timothy was at Ephesus with St. Paul, who sent him, together with Erastus, into Macedonia. The twentieth chapter of Acts states that while there St. Paul supported himself by tentmaking, a handicraft for which Ephesus was famous. A belief existed anciently that Paul was part of the time in prison here, which is quite probable, though the supposed St. Paul's prison is mythical. The Epistles to Timothy inform us that he was the first Bishop of Ephesus. It is also generally believed that after St. John was released from banishment on Patmos, he resided in Ephesus and the Virgin Mary dwelt with him there, and was buried there. For two centuries this was hardly doubted, but Jerusalem now claims his tomb. The Greeks allege that St. John is buried there under the ruins of a church.

Far up the side of Mount Prion is the Grotto of the Seven Sleepers. Eastern Christians believe that at the time of Diocletian seven young men with a dog went into this grotto to escape from their enemies, fell asleep, and did not wake for two hundred years, but woke with the impression they had slept only during the night. Going into the city they found everything changed; they could recognize neither the people, the money, nor the language. The Mohammedan believes this, and there is a whole chapter on the subject in the Koran: "The Chapter of the Cave." In Smyrna they sell rings with the names of the Seven Sleepers engraved upon them, which are used as talismans.

From Miletus Paul sent to Ephesus for the elders of the church, and delivered a wonderful address. But his prediction has been fulfilled; grievous wolves have entered in, not sparing the flock. In the message to the church at Ephesus the church is in general commended, but its members had to their credit a record of works, labor, patience, and abhor-

rence of evil; had tried those who said they were apostles and were not, and had found them liars, and had "labored and not fainted," and hated the deeds of the Nicolaitans. The only criticism is: "Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

The First Epistle to the Corinthians, contrary to the inscription which follows it in the New Testament, is believed to have been written by Paul when at Ephesus. The Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians is the most sublime of his writings, and justly characterized as majestic. Those who will read it in the light of the character of the city and its buildings will observe what an influence his residence there must have exerted upon Paul's mind.

CHAPTER LXII.

Athens.

The Piræus—Tomb of Themistocles—Modern History—The Olympieum and Stadium—Theater of Dionysus—Odeum—Propylæa—Parthenon—View from the Acropolis—Mars' Hill—Hill of the Pnyx—Institutions of Athens—Mount Lykabettos.

FROM Ephesus we returned to Smyrna, whence we sailed for Athens, a short voyage, but memorable from the fact that we gazed for hours upon the receding shores of the continent of Asia, sailed among celebrated islands, and scanned the motley crowds gathered at the ports. As the coast of Salamis, with its various bays, and the mountains and islands which bound the horizon appeared, all trace of fatigue and seasickness disappeared. Greece, historically the most absorbing to the mind of all the countries of Europe, and Athens, its crown and glory, were just before us.

The Piræus is a low, long hill forming an excellent harbor, and having at its base a flourishing seaport with a population of thirty or forty thousand, an entirely modern city; and when we were there many ships were at the piers. Some of the ruins are not unworthy of comparison with any in Greece. The tomb of Themistocles is here, and the view from the Acropolis, easily reached (the hill being less than three hundred feet in height), includes important parts of the city of Athens, the Attic Plain, the bays, the far-famed islands of Ægina and Salamis, and is indeed grand.

The crowd at the landing was as numerous and noisy as any that we had met. There is a railway to Athens, but we preferred to ride more slowly and become familiar with a landscape every foot of which is associated with Grecian history. For a while the road runs along one of the two walls which formerly connected Athens with its harbor. One advantage which the carriage road has over the railroad is that it commands more views, the latter in many places passing through cuttings.

From the ship we saw the Acropolis of Athens, and I have never seen another place which for the first time on a distant view seemed so familiar—so true to nature are the paintings and engravings of the Acropolis. The road was exceedingly dusty, and would have been very hot if not shaded by trees, and had not the vineyards and olive plantations given the country a refreshing appearance.

As late as 1834 Athens was a miserable little village of about three hundred houses. That was the year of the transfer of the seat of government; though the standard of the war of independence was raised in the Peloponnesus in the year 1821, it was not till 1833 that the Turkish troops evacuated. The actual business of the government began here in 1835. Since that event the present beautiful city has been reared.

The important thoroughfares resemble those of the best cities of Europe, for Athens has the advantage of having been planned by a scientific architect. Its streets are regular, houses well built, boulevards wide, and squares spacious. The population is nearly a hundred thousand, though the city is of little importance in a commercial point of view, and derives what prosperity it has from being the capital, the abode of the king, and the only place in all Greece where polite and refined society can be found; and from being the resort of students and travelers, and the residence of many distinguished men who value and furnish the means of culture.

Athens has fine hotels. Ours was the Hotel D'Etrangers, which we found satisfactory. There we met ex-President White, of Cornell University, who had stayed at the same hotel twenty years before.

The newspapers are printed in Greek, and it is an interesting fact that they can be read easily by college students who remember their Greek! Without serious difficulty I could follow the accounts of ordinary news and educational and religious discussions—especially when near Principal Bancroft. The city has street cars, aqueducts, spring water, and rivals Egypt in the manufacture of spurious antiquities. A regular business is done in fraudulent coins and gems brought from France. A gentleman gave me an account of an American merchant who had purchased several hundred dol-

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lars' worth of fraudulent antiquities, and was so disgusted when an expert informed him that the entire collection was not worth more than five dollars that, though he had intended to remain some weeks in Greece, he took the next steamer for Marseilles.

The king's palace, built of marble and limestone, was somewhat hastily constructed, and has a superabundance of windows; but its situation is fine, and a general view of it pleasing. The palace garden is beautiful, cool, and shady. Services are held in the chapel every Sabbath, and those who attend have the opportunity of seeing the king, who worships devoutly.

We attended services on Sabbath morning at the mission of the Rev. Mr. Kalapothakes, and heard him preach; and later we went to a Greek church, where the singing was characteristically fine, and the services ornate and protracted.

The objects in Athens which I most desired to see were the ruins, battlefields, scenes of particular tragic events, and haunts of the philosophers, poets, sages, orators, and teachers who gave Greece its real glory. The Arch of Hadrian, which divides the old from the new city, has been gnawed by the tooth of Time, but inscriptions make it an historic landmark. Upon the side next the town, in Greek, is this inscription: "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus." On the other side: "This is the city of Hadrian, and not of Theseus." This arch dates back at least to 150 A. D.

Fifteen Corinthian columns of the Olympieum are all that remain of a work that began five centuries before Christ, stood unfinished for more than three, was then carried forward, despoiled, and finally completed by Hadrian. Only the Temple of Diana at Ephesus surpassed it in the vastness of its dimensions. The people congregate here on summer evenings, and refreshments may be obtained. There is always a breeze, and views of mountain, plain, city, and bay are fine.

The Stadium, scene of the Panathenæan games, would accommodate fifty thousand spectators, as it had sixty rows of seats running all around it, the reserved seats being made of marble. It is still impressive, and has been improved within the last twenty years at the expense of the king. It gives the visitor

a peculiar sensation, no matter how often it is repeated, to tell him, as he wanders among such scenes, that succeeding generations have burned up statues and columns for the lime that their marble contained.

The theater of Dionysus (Bacchus) has been made intelligible since 1876, and more can be learned about it now in a half hour than prior to that time could have been laboriously deciphered in a week. The student who recalls the fact that this is "the cradle of dramatic art of Greece, the spot in which the masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes first excited delight and admiration," will wish to linger here.

Our way to the Acropolis led past the Odeum of Herodes Atticus. Ascending the steps to the bastion supporting the Temple of Nike, we passed through the Propylæa, and with each step amazement deepened. Its colonnades, columns, steps of marble, Eleusinian stone, massive walls, and mingling of Ionic and Doric styles, made up a stupendous composite which I confess myself unable to describe without transferring bodily the plans and specifications prepared by the Archæological Society. Yet, though almost mentally paralyzed in the Propylæa, I was able to perceive the superiority of the Parthenon, but only after exploring it for hours, and viewing it from every point. The sense of its grandeur culminated in the conviction that it is the most magnificent work ever executed by the hand of man. In the union of delicate art with massiveness it had no equal. The ruins of Egypt are more amazing; these more attractive. There brute force is seen; here force guided by highly-trained intellect and molded by exquisite sensibility. In the Parthenon one feels rather than thinks. The mental image of the whole, but not of its parts, is brought away. To-day I can see the vast inclosure as distinctly as though I had spent yesterday upon that summit where two thousand years ago the Parthenon was dedicated to religious worship. If in its present ruined state it so affects the mind, what must it have been when crowned with the magnificent sculptures of Phidias?

I discovered that some of the descriptions which I had read were dependent upon the imagination. Visitors to

London may see many of the best sculptures in the British Museum; they are known as the Elgin Marbles, and give greater assistance in forming an idea of the ornamentation of the Parthenon than can now be obtained in Athens.

Wonderful as were these buildings, the superb site upon which they were placed increased their effect. To-day, one standing upon that hill can see the bay of Phaleron, the town and harbor of Piræus, the island of Salamis, the coast as far as Corinth, and mountains nearly a hundred miles distant upon the horizon.

Separated from the Acropolis by a shallow depression is Areopagus, or Mars' Hill. Here sat an ancient court, having supreme jurisdiction in all cases of life and death. On the north side of it lay the market place. To Athens Paul came from Berea, and waited for Silas and Timotheus. When he saw the city wholly given up to idolatry, he disputed in the synagogues with the Jews, and in the market. It was scarce five minutes' walk from the market to the summit of Mars' Hill, and it is agreed that probably on the hillside toward the market Paul delivered the sermon recorded in the seventeenth of Acts. No church has been built there; the hill is as bare as any desolate rock, and is one of the few places not monopolized by the Jews, or by either of the two great divisions of Christianity, the Latin and the Greek, which have disputed for the possession of the Eastern World.

Some of the English-speaking travelers and residents desired to hold a religious service upon Mars' Hill, which was done about 4 P. M. on Sunday. When the time came a small and select audience assembled, representing England, Scotland, five States of the Union, Canada, and seven religious denominations. Three Christian bodies were represented in the conduct of the services. Dr. Bancroft, a minister of the Congregational communion, read the Scriptures and offered prayer; the sermon was delivered by the writer; and the closing prayer was made by Mr. Mills, of the Society of Friends, President of Earlham College in Indiana. Not far away stood several priests of the Greek Church closely watching the proceedings. More forcible than anything said or sung was the fact that, though Paul was driven out of Athens,

in every part of the civilized world the religion which he preached is revered, and not one human being remains to worship the gods in whose honor was erected the Parthenon, to which our voices reached. Of Paul's sermon it is said that "some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." Not far from the place of our service, toward the west, are the ruins of the Christian church dedicated to Dionysius the Areopagite, everything indicating that this spot, now utterly desolate, was densely populated in the time of Paul; for when he visited Athens the city was at the height of its magnificence.

The hill of the Pnyx, famous as a place of meeting of the political assemblies of the Athenians, and where were delivered the orations of Demosthenes and of all the great orators, commands an inspiring spectacle. The foundations of the Bema, or orator's stage, can yet be traced. The place of assembly was an artificial terrace, two hundred and twelve feet wide, and three hundred and ninety-five feet long.

Athens contains numerous public institutions; among them the Academy of Science; the University, which has fifteen hundred students; the Library; the Polytechnic Institute, containing Egyptian antiquities; and the Museum of the Archæological Society. Dr. Schliemann's private residence we found as interesting as any other place in the city.

At the American School I presented letters of introduction which had been kindly furnished me by Professor Van Benschoten, who spent one year in Athens as head of that school. To our regret, the director, Dr. Charles Waldstein, was absent from the city. The number of students was only seven, but these were pursuing special courses, and, making Athens a center, were exploring the classic cities, accompanied by the professors.

I ascended Mount Lykabettos, nine hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, an easy ascent, though steep. On the summit is the little Chapel of St. George. The view rewards the climb, as it includes a more remarkable historical prospect than any similar height near Rome can boast.

The home of Sophocles is known as the Kolonos, and those who visit it may see the graves of Otfried Mueller and Charles Lenormant. But more attractive to me was the site of the Academy where Plato and others taught. To visit the city of Plato, Aristotle, Themistocles, Thucydides, Aristides, Pericles, and Demosthenes; to be where they lived and wrote and spoke, and where the chisel of Phidias carved immortality for himself and his native country, accomplishes for Grecian history what a visit to Palestine performs for Jewish,—transforms it from dead literature into a living form.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Corinth.

En route—Situation and Importance—History—The Modern Town—Ruins at Old Corinth—Kraneion, the Home of Diogenes—Prospect from Acro-Corinth—Characteristics of the Greek People.

FOR various reasons the traveler for pleasure will choose the train rather than the steamer in going from Athens to Corinth. The road runs north across the Attic Plain; west through the valley formed by Mount Ægaleos and Mount Parnes; and along the boundary line between Attica and Megara, giving views of the Bay of Eleusis and the coast of Salamis. After crossing the plain of Megara, we passed through mountains, rocky cuttings, narrow passes, and through the midst continually of sea and mountain views, until, having traveled fifty-seven miles bristling with mythological, poetic, and classic associations, we reached Corinth.

New Corinth has eight thousand inhabitants, and is three and a half miles northeast of the old town. A canal has recently been cut across the Isthmus of Corinth, connecting the gulf with the Saronic Gulf; but this is only the carrying out of a project conceived in the early period of the history of Greece, contemplated in the times of Cæsar, Nero, and Hadrian, but remaining incomplete until 1881. It was built by a French company, is three and a half miles long, and reduces the journey from Messina to the Piræus from fifty-eight hours to less than half that time; it also diminishes the journey from Messina to Constantinople by two days. Being one hundred feet wide, it is almost as striking in appearance as the Suez Canal. The railway crosses it at the height of two hundred and thirty feet; and there are two breakwaters, each seven hundred and eighty-five feet long, having lighthouses on the ends.

There is nothing at New Corinth of special interest, as the place is not forty years old. Situated on a narrow isthmus, which connected northern Greece with the Peloponnesus,

Ruins of Temple at Acro-Corinth.

and near both seas, no city ever had a more favorable situation than Corinth, and from this its ancient renown and prosperity were derived. As a center of trade in the Greek world, until the Persian wars it had but two rivals, Ægina and Miletus, in Asia Minor. By 404 B. C. the glory of Corinth had culminated. It passed through various vicissitudes, each leaving it permanently worse than before, until it was destroyed by Rome under the Consul Lucius Mummius, by whom its territories were divided, its people enslaved. After this it was uninhabited for a hundred years, when Cæsar reestablished it, and its fortunate site gave it speedy prosperity. "This was the Corinth that St. Paul knew, the most splendid commercial city of Greece, and the chosen abode of luxurious materialism and frivolous immorality."

But where is its glory now? Old Corinth lay in the plain, which gradually ascended to the foot of the citadel, and originally had a circumference of five miles; but the walls, which extended to the sea, would make a circuit of fourteen miles. There are some columns, the remains of a temple which is considered one of the oldest Doric monuments. The columns are twenty-three and a half feet high, and nearly six feet wide at the base. Besides these there are only a few miserable houses and the inn.

Not a great distance from the tavern is the suburb of Kraneion, where Diogenes lived, and which was the scene of the famous visit to him of Alexander the Great. All that can be seen at Old Corinth is so insignificant as to be scarcely worth a visit; but the ascent to the summit of the Acropolis, or Acro-Corinth, should on no account be omitted. For this our horses were detached from the carriages and saddled for the steep climb of three quarters of an hour, which brought us to a point where they could no longer be used. Three lines of fortifications, built in the Middle Ages, give an almost inaccessible aspect to the citadel. Ruins of houses and chapels are scattered about, and, the prowess and conquests of Venice having extended as far as Corinth, old Venetian cannon still lie there. A cistern nearly one hundred feet long is a relic of the Roman period.

A steady climb of a half hour was required to reach the sum-

mit of the Acro-Corinth, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere was pellucid, and the view was more helpful to the comprehension of much of the important geography of Greece than any map, however carefully prepared. The mountains of Argolis, beyond which is the plain of Argos; the Arcadian chain, the Corinthian Gulf, like a sea of glass; the mass of mountains in Bœotia, Phocis, and Ætolia; the Peloponnesian mountains; Parnassus, Helicon, the Hill of the Muses; the Saronic Gulf, Salamis, Ægina, many other islands, and the Attic Peninsula, were all visible, and good eyes could see Athens, with the Acropolis and the Parthenon. This is one of the grand views of the world, equal in beauty to that from the summit of Vesuvius, and far excelling it in sublimity.

The desolation of the Acro-Corinth is not so complete as to obscure all traces of its former grandeur. In the Middle Ages it was of no importance, but in 1558 the Turks captured the fortress. In 1682 the Venetians took it, but it was recaptured by the Turks in 1715, who held it till 1821, when the Greeks threw off the Turkish yoke. The ruins illustrate all these struggles. In the worship of ancient Corinth, Apollo received high honors, but Venus was the presiding deity, and on the summit of the Acro-Corinth stood a temple to her, within whose precincts was practiced shameless debauchery, such as the apostle says is not to be named.

The community that Paul founded there was continually lapsing. It assists to the understanding of many references in his epistles to remember that there is no reason to believe that the Christian community was at all numerous relatively to the whole population.

The manners of the people in places of business, upon the streets, and in the hotels show that the Greek people are unusually cheerful, vivacious, intelligent, and graceful. At the churches the ladies are noticeable for symmetry of form, excellent taste in dress, and in some instances for remarkable beauty. In Athens the Greek women generally dress like the rest of the population of Europe, though some, especially the poor, wear a fez adorned with a gold thread tassel. The Albanian costume is worn by many of the men; and the Albanian peas-

ant women are picturesque, in their full waists, embroidered at the sleeves, and kept in place by a leathern girdle, the whole covered with a short, white wool jacket, and with their heads and necks encircled by strings of coins.

The men of the wealthier class are faultlessly attired, and in public places the better class of children appear respectful to their parents, while on the best of terms with them. What travelers and merchants say of the Greeks is not at all to their credit as respects honesty and truth. A representative of an English house, who has for years traveled in the East, declares that a Greek can outwit a Jew, and an Armenian is too sharp for a Greek. I could learn nothing of importance to the formation of an opinion as to the national character of the people. Unfortunately, almost all representations agree in calling them a caricature of the French; there is, however, this to be said: they have a strong desire to improve socially and politically, and are patriotic. Wherever they go they love their own country and wish to return to it, and "it is a common occurrence for Greeks who have made fortunes abroad to bequeath or present their wealth to their native country for the erection of churches, schools, or orphanages, the endowment of libraries, or some similar object." Anonymous gifts are made for benevolent and patriotic purposes in large amounts and in considerable numbers, the good effects of which we saw in several institutions.

Greece appears to be the original home of the supposed exclusively American practice of treating, for when two or more persons drink wine or coffee together "it is the invariable custom that one pays for all."

The Greeks have one habit which might be introduced elsewhere with advantage. Men have often looked with envy upon women who converse by the hour, their hands busy with knitting, crocheting, embroidering, or some other occupation which does not employ the mind, whereas men have nothing to do—a fact which has a bearing upon the practice of smoking, whereby in the intervals of conversation they are occupied pleasantly, often forging chains which they would be glad to break. In Greece the men would be supposed to be religious, from the fact that they generally carry strings of

beads: they are not, however, rosaries used for religious purposes, but "simply supply a mechanical occupation for the hands during conversation," equivalent to Yankee whittling.

Here, as in Italy, I saw conclusive evidence that the glory of ancient Greece and Rome was due largely to the extraordinary situation occupied by these nations. Greece was as near to Asia as to the rest of Europe; Italy near to Greece, and almost in contact with Africa; both of them maritime; both so situated as to have extraordinary commercial advantages, and when they rose into power the remainder of the continent of Europe and adjacent islands was in the hands of barbarians who could not contend successfully with Rome and Greece until those nations were enervated by luxury. The development of the world has moved upon other lines, and it is impossible that Greece should ever become one of the first powers, or that Italy should rival ancient Rome. Those nations, though dead, yet speak in the classic models of architecture and sculpture and the standards of excellence in poetry, oratory, and even philosophy.

I came away from Greece convinced that it is a misnomer to speak of Greek as a *dead* language. A student who will take the trouble to examine the specimens of English used three hundred years ago will find that modern Greek as a written language is more like ancient Greek than modern English is like ancient English. But with spoken Greek it is not so. It is said to require a month of close study in Athens, under a teacher, for a person familiar with ancient Greek to become qualified to converse with the people.

To the traveler in health I unhesitatingly recommend Greece for knowledge or pleasure. Eight weeks, half of them spent in the saddle, is a sufficient allowance for general travelers; but if one cannot stay more than a fortnight, he should select a few things rather than attempt many; for Greece, like Egypt, is confusing unless time be taken for assimilation.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Constantinople.

Salonica—Mount Athos—The Dardanelles—Beauty of Constantinople Seen from the Sea of Marmora—The Golden Horn—Constantinople Made up of Three Dissimilar Cities—Disenchantment—Dr. Long—The Seraglio—Imperial Gate—Santa Sophia.

FROM Athens we returned to the Piræus to embark for Constantinople. The sky was clear and the sea smooth. Standing upon the deck we looked long upon the mountains, finding our farewell glimpses even more impressive and pleasing than those obtained on arriving. It is impossible that the effect of sea, land, and sky should not in large measure have given their character to the Greeks. The most stolid could not gaze unmoved. Energy breathes in the air and dashes in the waves. Adventurous fishermen, sturdy farmers, enterprising merchants, active colonists, with the products of art, the effusions of poetry, and the impulses of oratory, found not only congenial surroundings, but adequate sources and resources in this wonderful land.

We were now to traverse a sea as renowned as any upon whose waters we had sailed. As the steamer moved northward along the coast, during the day our eyes were strained to identify the more celebrated points, and in the night to discern the lights upon the mainland and islands, each suggesting some name famous in times of old. Soon we reached the gulf and shore of Salonica, a part of ancient Macedonia, otherwise Thessalonica. To the Thessalonians Paul wrote his Epistles. There, too, Cicero lived as an exile. The city of Salonica has a population of more than a hundred thousand.

Another prominent feature is Mount Athos, standing upon one of the three prongs of the peninsula, bounded by the Gulf of Salonica on the southwest and the sea on the northeast. It is a resort of pilgrims, has one or more monasteries supported by each of the different nations recognizing the Greek Church,

and other places of private retirement under the influence of esoteric principles.

Constantine's mother is credited with being the founder of the first of these monasteries. No woman is allowed upon the peninsula, and all female animals are excluded. Even the Turkish officer cannot have a woman in his house. The government is by a holy synod of twenty deputies, one from each monastery, and four chosen from the community.

Among the islands, Samothracia, Tenedos, and Lemnos are the most important. Threading the cluster of little islets at the mouth of the Hellespont, we entered the strait, the current being strong enough to retard our progress, and passed in succession the points where Xerxes's bridge of boats was built, where the army of Alexander crossed from Europe to Asia, where the crescent was first planted in Europe, A. D. 1360, by Suliman, son of Orchan, and where Leander and Lord Byron swam across.

Two ancient fortresses, called the castles of Europe and Asia, stand here, where the strait is but eight hundred yards wide. That on the Asiatic side is known as the "Earthenware Castle," from a famous manufactory of pottery. If properly fortified, it would be impossible for hostile vessels to pass. In old times brass guns and stone shot were used, but now some of the forts are supplied with Krupp guns.

Finally we emerged into the Sea of Marmora, occupying ourselves with the thought of approaching a city built to rival and supersede Rome; an event contributing to the destruction of the most stupendous empire of the world. This sea is one hundred and eight miles long.

Of all descriptions, none are so florid as those of the approach to Constantinople and of the Sea of Marmora; even the prosaic compilers of guidebooks unite to assert that there is no lovelier scene upon earth than that which confronts the traveler who approaches Constantinople. De Amicis, the romantic, gives a summary of the observations of celebrated writers who are in despair of attaining a true description. "Perthusiers stammers; Tournefort says that language is impotent; Fonqueville thinks himself transported to another planet; La Croix is bewildered; the Vicomte de Marcellus be-

Constantinople and the Golden Horn.

comes ecstatic; Lamartine gives thanks to God; Gautier doubts the reality of what he sees." He further says that a cold German declares that the loveliest illusions of youth, and even the dreams of a first love, are pale imaginations in the presence of that sense of sweetness that pervades the soul at the sight of this enchanted region. Chateaubriand, though writing coolly, says that it is the most beautiful spectacle in the world. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu puts "perhaps" before that description, "as if leaving the first place to her own beauty."

The captain advised us to rise before dawn, as the finest view is to be obtained at that time. Principal Bancroft and myself were on deck among the earliest, but the youngest member of our party overslept, to his sorrow and ours also; for without attempting what the most skillful descriptive writers have failed in, I declare the spectacle to be marvelous.

The situation of Constantinople would give to any city a magnificent appearance in whatever style of architecture constructed. The Sea of Marmora is clasped to the Black Sea, the Euxine of antiquity, by the Bosporus, an arm seventeen miles long, and varying in breadth from six hundred yards to two miles. In the middle it is about two thousand eight hundred feet wide. Bosporus appears to be an ancient name, signifying literally Ox-ford. There is a legend that it was given to the strait because across it swam Io, transformed into a cow. Others suppose that the name was given because the strait is so narrow that an ox could swim it. The name was common in antiquity, and therefore this was called the *Thracian* Bosporus.

We left the Sea of Marmora, and passed into the Bosporus, which here divides Europe from Asia. There are several gulfs, each forming two promontories. By far the most important of these is reached soon after entering the strait. It is at right angles with the Bosporus, and appears at first so to continue; but on entering Europe it curves like the horn of an ox, and this is the far-famed Golden Horn. It was anciently the port of Byzantium, founded nearly seven hundred years before Christ, on the promontory which faces Asia and stems the waters of the Bosporus; and because through it flowed the

commerce of three continents it is worthy to be called the "Horn of Abundance." Through all the early ages the ancients fought for Byzantium, notably the Persians, Spartans, and Athenians. It was to stir the Athenians to help to defend that city against Philip of Macedon that Demosthenes delivered his greatest oration. The tradition is that as the Macedonians were about to succeed, a light appeared in the heavens in the form of a crescent, by means of which they saw and escaped their danger. When the Mohammedans finally conquered Constantinople they found upon the Byzantine coins the crescent commemorating this event, therefore it was adopted as the device of the conquerors of Constantinople.

When Rome conquered the Grecian world Byzantium came under its control, and in A. D. 330 was made by Constantine the seat of his empire. In 668 the Arabs attacked it, but the mighty walls and Greek fire repelled them. Though besieged by Russians and by Latin crusaders and Mohammedans, not until 1453 was it finally captured by the Turks under Mohammed II.

It has suffered twenty-four sieges, eighteen of which it resisted successfully.

Constantinople now really consists of three distinct and dissimilar cities. Stamboul, the Turkish city, occupies the site in large part of Byzantium; the Sea of Marmora on the south, the Golden Horn to the north, and the Bosporus to the east. In shape it is triangular, and it requires a ride of fourteen miles to make the circuit of the sides. The Golden Horn is twenty-five hundred feet wide at the mouth, but gradually narrows. Stamboul, like Rome, rests upon seven hills: to the north, on steep slopes and over the summits of hills, are the suburbs of Galata, Pera, and Tophane. On the other side are the European cities of Galata and Pera, and a mile away, and the same distance from Stamboul across the Bosporus, spread over the hills and opposite the mouth of the Golden Horn, is the Asiatic quarter, Scutari.

We gazed upon the walls with their towers, against which the sea breaks; Santa Sophia; the countless minarets; the spruces, pines, firs, and sycamores; the purple and yellow houses, the gardens, the mountains in the distance; the waters

brilliant in the warm sunlight; the golden domes of the Greek churches. One minaret is not especially imposing, but hundreds, in different colors, in close proximity to domes, produce an indescribable charm. In the distance was Kadi Kaioi, built upon the ruins of the ancient Calcedonia, once the rival of Byzantium; that Calcedonia which was founded B. C. 685 by the Megarians, to whom, for having chosen that site instead of the point where Stamboul stands, the oracle of Delphi gave the title of the blind people.

Of all illustrations of distance lending enchantment to the view this stands preëminent. As sunset after a day of fogs is sometimes glorious, and a few moments afterward the clouds lower and night closes in mist, so when one wanders about the streets of Constantinople he finds that De Amicis does not exaggerate when he says: "The vision of this morning has vanished. The Constantinople of light and beauty has given place to a monstrous city scattered over an infinity of hills and valleys; it is a labyrinth of human ant-hills, cemeteries, ruins, and solitudes; a confusion of civilization and barbarism which presents an image of all the cities upon earth, and gathers to itself all the aspects of human life. It is but the skeleton of a city, of which the smaller part is walls and the rest an enormous aggregation of barracks, an interminable Asiatic encampment, in which swarms a population which has never been counted, of every race and every religion. It is a city in process of transformation, composed of cities in decay, cities of yesterday, and cities now being born; everything is in confusion; on every side are seen traces of gigantic works, mountains pierced, hills cut down, houses leveled to the ground, great streets designed: an immense mass of rubbish and remains of conflagration upon ground forever tormented by the hand of man. . . . Take a step in advance, behold a wide panorama; take another backward, there is nothing to be seen; lift your eyes, a thousand minarets; descend one step, they are all gone. . . . An indescribable architecture, apparently of expediency, lends itself to the caprices of the ground, with a crowd of houses cut into points in the form of triangular towers, of erect and overturned pyramids, surrounded with bridges, ditches, props, gathered together like broken fragments of a mountain."

Experience of many cities built upon hills had taught me that the perspective is continually foreshortened, and that darkness and dampness in many quarters are the price paid for light and splendor in others. Neither is it possible to have rectangular streets, nor to avoid tunnels, precipices, and embankments. Yet the constant transitions of view yield successive surprises and contrasts, which give to such cities a charm that those built upon plains can never possess unless they contain a multitude of domes, towers, and spires. It was to do away with the littleness and monotony of the plains that the mighty temples, obelisks, pyramids, and colossi of Egypt were erected.

It took considerable time to recognize the ephemeral character of the beauty and grandeur of the view which had held us entranced upon the ship's deck, amid the morning dews and damps, from three o'clock until we landed at eight. We then began to plan a systematic exploration of the city, the result of which was new wonderment which remains to this day.

At intervals for years I had promised an old friend, Dr. Long, of Robert College, to visit him in Constantinople, and at last had been able to inform him of the probable time of my arrival. Before we were fairly settled he honored us with a call, and placed his time at our service. It was a delight to see the universal consideration with which he is treated in the city where he has spent so many years; and it was a constant surprise to observe him talking with Turks in Turkish, Bulgarians in Bulgarian, Germans in German, and Frenchmen in French; indeed, he seemed as a magician, independent of the common limitations of humanity. Every man whom he met heard him in his own tongue; not as couriers who chatter like magpies their familiar phrases, but as one who understood the language critically, made it second nature, and spoke it with the facility of a native. Yet Dr. Long is such a many-sided man that he is not Professor of Languages, as might be supposed, but of Natural Sciences. He is practically the physician among the Turks of the region around the college, and the people who were constantly coming and going seemed to regard him as an arbiter of life and death.

Taking carriages, we made the circuit of the walls of Stamboul. They were built by Constantine the Great, and by his successors repaired in alternate courses of brick and stone, and extend along both shores close to the sea, the foundation sometimes being under water. The length of the walls is about thirteen miles. A traveler who has seen every important wall on the face of the globe declares that the walls of defense which extend from the seven towers on the Sea of Marmora to the shore of the Golden Horn are not surpassed elsewhere in the world in beauty or desolation. "These are the walls," says a French traveler, "of Constantine—at least, what is left of them after time, sieges, and earthquakes have done their worst." The breaches made by catapults and ancient battering rams are plainly to be seen. Some of the towers are rent and their fragments tumbled into the ditch, and they are everywhere overgrown with rank grass, trees, shrubs, and in some cases are held up by the roots and branches of plants. It is a triple wall, with two rows of towers. The late Sultan Abdul Aziz gave these to his mother to be destroyed and sold for building materials, and but for the interposition of the British minister one of the finest remains of antiquity would have been destroyed.

During this tour we were accompanied by Professor Millingen, of Robert College, who has made a special study of mediæval architectural remains, and enlightened us upon many points.

The Seraglio presents as great a contrast to what it was as the Alhambra, yet it is one of the principal features of Constantinople. The palace stands on the extreme point of the promontory at the mouth of the Golden Horn, which stretches toward Asia at the entrance to the Bosporus. The half-ruined state of the walls and towers at first strikes the eye, but not unpleasantly. Like the Alhambra, the buildings, having been erected at different times, according to the caprice of the princes and Sultans, form an establishment destitute of harmony. The buildings are on the top of the hill, and the gardens below reach to the sea. The huge trees, the grass contrasting with the sparkling waters of the Bosporus, the ruined walls, and the structures on the high plateau, give a

splendid prospect to an observer from the lower points, and especially from the deck of a vessel.

The Sublime Porte, otherwise called the Babi Humaioom, or Imperial Gate, has arrangements for luxurious living more elaborate than the world ever saw elsewhere. The kitchens have no chimneys, but are surmounted by perforated domes through which the smoke escaped. There are nine kitchens; the first was for the Sultan, the second for the chief Sultana, the third for the other Sultanas, and the remainder for the officers and servants. Since the time of Sultan Mahmood the Ottoman emperors have not lived there, but in the days of its glory the Grand Vizier, assisted by his counselors, therein determined all causes without appeal. In the same center of authority and regal magnificence embassadors were entertained. Interesting collections of jewels, oriental weapons, carpets, chairs, clocks, etc., are exhibited to the curious.

Had I not already described the mosques of Morocco, Algiers, Egypt, and Jerusalem, I should attempt a description of several of the mosques of Constantinople; but as all are similar in general features, I shall mention but two in this conglomeration of Mohammedan ecclesiastical edifices.

Santa Sophia was founded in A. D. 325, the twentieth year of the reign of Constantine, the year in which was opened the Council of Nice, and was dedicated to the second Person of the Holy Trinity, Eternal Wisdom. In 404 it was set on fire by the followers of Chrysostom when they were exiled; rebuilt by Theodosius II in 415; burned to the ground in 532 in the time of Justinian, and by him rebuilt and greatly enlarged in 538. Twenty years afterward the eastern half of the dome fell, but was rebuilt still more magnificently. To adorn it the finest marble, granite, and porphyry were brought from all parts of the world; eight columns from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and many from Athens, Troas, Heliopolis, and Ephesus. The Mohammedans have modified it, and on the minarets glitter crescents, and the cupola is of vast size. Various miraculous sites are pointed out and curiosities shown; among them the cradle of the Saviour, and the basin in which he is said to have been bathed. There is a column which sweats, and the Turks believe that the dampness which gathers upon it will

Mosque of Santa Sophia.

produce miraculous cures. There is a mysterious window and a stone of beautiful pure Persian marble, almost transparent, which reflects the rays of the sun with dazzling brilliancy.

Having taken off our shoes according to the law, we entered the mosque, passing the cistern, the fountain of ablution, to which every Mohammedan goes as he enters the holy place.

The mutilation of the crosses by the Turks was apparent. To one standing beneath the dome it seemed as though balanced in the air. This marvelous achievement of architecture is one hundred and seven feet in diameter, rises forty-six feet, and is elevated one hundred and eighty feet above the ground. On the walls are the names of the four attendants of the Prophet. They seem to be supporting four six-winged seraphim, representing Mohammedan archangels, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, and Israfel, whose names are inscribed in letters ten yards long. The original altar built by the Christians faced the east, but the Mohammedans could not use it; for according to their law every man must pray with his face toward Mecca, which is southeast from Constantinople. The pulpit is on the same line. Every Friday the prayer is read for the Sultan, and the Sheik who reads it has to carry a wooden sword into the pulpit, which has been the usage in all mosques first dedicated to Islam through the power of arms, in remembrance of the custom of Mohammed, who preached with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other. Two flags hang there to show the victory of Islam over Judaism and Christianity, and of the Koran over the Old and New Testaments.

As I was turning away from Santa Sophia, thinking it more magnificent than St. Peter's at Rome, but hardly daring to suggest such a thought, a traveler called my attention to a passage in the second volume of Ferguson's *Architecture*, in which the author expresses doubts whether "any Christian church exists of any age whose interior is so beautiful as this marvelous creation of Byzantine art."

CHAPTER LXV.

Constantinople.—(Continued.)

The Sultan's Forty-seventh Birthday—The Floating Bridge—Along the Shore of the Bosporus to the Black Sea—Ships and Boats—The Armenians—Head of the Greek Church—Support of Mosques—Muezzin—Philanthropies of the Mosque of Suliman—Spinning Dervishes—Robert College.

WE arrived in Constantinople on the forty-seventh anniversary of the Sultan's birth, and at night the city was gorgeously illuminated. My enthusiastic traveling companion declared that he had never seen anything comparable to the brilliancy and variety of the pyrotechnic displays of that occasion. Despots while in power are certain to be honored. Practically they praise themselves; the people pay the bills *nolens volens*, but as they enjoy the spectacle, such exhibitions of sovereign power and glory may be among the most potent means of sustaining the institutions. The late Czar of Russia was received with eclat on his visit to Warsaw, but, a day or two before, I had seen hundreds of those who would not do him honor dragged to the citadel, and in the streets through which he would pass the windows were ordered closed, and sentinels stationed everywhere lest the bullet of the assassin, sent from his lurking place, find its way to the brain or heart of the subject of such seemingly unanimous praises. The history of modern Turkey shows that soon after such celebrations the Sultan may drink a cup of coffee that disagrees with him!

A floating bridge, a quarter of a mile long, connects Galata with the opposite shore of the Golden Horn. It would be worth a journey of a week each year of one's life to stand for three hours at the end of that structure.

"The exhaustless currents of human beings that meet and mingle forever from the rising of the sun until his setting presents a spectacle before which the market places of India, the fair of Nijni Novgorod, and the festivals of Peking pale."

Bosporus and Castle of Asia.

The fair of Nijni Novgorod surpasses for the same period of time this pageant; but it lasts only a few days, while these scenes continue winter and summer, from generation to generation. Turks on donkeys, long lines of camels; Negresses, Armenians, Greek women with skullcaps and streaming hair, Mohammedan women on foot, veiled women, Tartars clad in sheepskins; Catholic priests and sisters of charity, Persians, Jews, English travelers, Frenchmen, Germans, easily identified; friars of different orders, some bald and others wearing cowls; military officers; men wearing the uniforms of the navies of the different nations; peasants, dervishes, Circassians, "who go in groups of three and five together with slow steps; big bearded men, of terrible countenance, wearing bearskin caps like the old Napoleonic Guard, long black caftans, daggers at their girdles, and silver cartridge boxes on their breasts; real figures of banditti, who look as if they had come to Constantinople to sell a daughter or a sister, their hands imbrued in Russian blood." We went to this bridge half a dozen times, and learned to distinguish the Bulgarians, Georgians, Cossacks, Egyptians, and other races.

The contrasts in costume and colors were astonishing. So many languages, intensified by the characteristic voices of different peoples, some a terrible guttural bass, others a metallic baritone, and still others rising into shrill cries and piercing shrieks, made a startling jargon.

The people of Constantinople are continually embarking and disembarking. The configuration of the city makes it possible to go from business to residence by steamers, much after the manner of the population of London along the Thames, or of Paris along the Seine. Many steamers on the Bosporus pass alternately along the Asiatic and European shores, and excursions can be made at will. The beauty of the scenery is enhanced by unusual formations; for the Bosporus is really a chain of lakes formed by several promontories on the European shore. "Seven currents in seven different directions follow windings of the shore. Each has a counter current, whereby the water driven by violence into the several bays thus flows upward in an opposite direction into the other

half of the channel." Besides, there are seven bays on the European side, corresponding to the promontories on the Asiatic, and only the unimaginative spirit could fail to discern what changes of scenery must result from shores thus broken. The Turkish names of the villages are wonderfully suggestive. A few on the European side are historically significant, others pastorally. Galata, the abode of the god; Tophane, artillery manufacture; others signify the dried fountain; the farm village; European poplar; the babe; the hazel nut village. On the Asiatic side are the point of quails, the fig village, the heavenly water. One has a tragic significance, the bloody; another a restful sound, the weary man's village.

Dr. Long accompanied us to the Black Sea, pointing out the palaces, villas, and historical points. From the remotest point of time of which records have been preserved, the dangers of navigation at the entrance of the Bosporus to the Black Sea have been great.

The Symplegades, otherwise the Cyanean rocks, are those through which Jason sailed to capture the golden fleece. Beacons have been recently erected, light-ships placed at the entrance, and a service according to the practice of more western nations has been established for the saving of lives.

The Giant's Mountain is the highest hill on the shores of the Bosporus, and the view from it is thus described by Byron:

> "The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
> Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades.
> 'Tis a grand sight from off the 'Giant's Grave'
> To watch the progress of these rolling seas
> Between the Bosporus, as they lash and lave
> Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease."

We reached sufficient elevations in some of our tours to realize the correctness of Byron's description. He subsequently describes, in language not quite in harmony with the standard of this age, the tendency of the dangerous breakers on the Euxine to produce seasickness.

The Mohammedans say that Joshua is buried on the summit of the Giant's Mountain, and Dr. Long informed us that the Turks make pilgrimages to the summit in order to be cured of

diseases. They pray at the tomb and drink, in a cup of water, some of the sand. They also leave pieces of their clothes hanging there, on the theory that as the fragments are aired the disease will disappear.

A delightful excursion was taken on the Golden Horn. On these boats the fares are so low, the crowds so great, the steamers so peculiar, and the divisions upon them so arbitrary, as to give a stranger a feeling of insecurity. But the inhabitants, accustomed to things, have no fear, and accidents are infrequent.

Ironclads, war vessels, passenger steamers from every country in Europe, ships laden with corn from Russia or from the countries along the Danube, Greek and Turkish coasters, surround one, and among them "hundreds of kaiks go, and swift as dragon-flies flit here and there with loads of gold-bedizened beys or veiled women."

The spectacle which entrances the traveler has no effect upon the individuals who afford it. They never look at each other, have marvelous agility in keeping out of each other's way, and most of them, except where two or three are traveling together, are as silent and grave in their appearance as if on their way to a funeral, though hurrying as if belated.

The Armenians in Constantinople are an important part of the population. Their country, an elevated plain, the height of the central divide between the Atlantic and Pacific, culminating in Mount Ararat, was for ages the frontier of Christianity. The Armenians, wherever found, are men of influence and ability, surpassing both Greeks and Jews in commercial enterprise, especially in the Turkish empire. Having visited their churches in Russia, Jerusalem, Greece, and Smyrna, I was curious to see them in Constantinople, and found their ritual, while resembling that of the Greek Church, to be less paganish. The American Board has been very successful in Constantinople among Armenians.

The head of the universal Greek Church is the Patriarch of Constantinople, and is greatly venerated. The Russians and several other peoples, however, will not submit to his jurisdiction. The one requisite among the Armenians is ability to read the prayers and lessons, and the unusual spectacle is pre-

sented of a large religious organization whose priests are inferior in point of education and culture to the majority of their people. The Greek priests are often still more ignorant.

Struck by the number of mosques, I inquired how they are supported. They are heavily endowed, holding a species of mortgage on tracts of land in the city, which are sold subject to ground rent, or mosque tax. If one proposes to purchase real estate in Constantinople the first question to be asked is whether it is thus subject, and, if so, to what extent; for whoever purchases must pay tribute to the mosque.

I frequently listened to the call to prayer known as the muezzin. At the appointed time the proper officer ascends the minaret, and walks around, uttering words which cause every faithful Mohammedan to perform his devotions. The call signifies: "God is good! Bear witness that there is no god but God. Bear witness that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to prayer! Come to felicity! God is great! There is no god but God."

The Mosque of Suliman the Magnificent, though built on the general pattern of Santa Sophia, was intended to surpass it. The result was the most beautiful extant specimen of architecture originally intended for a mosque. Here are the largest monoliths in Constantinople. The windows are ornamented with flowers; the two finest, of stained glass, were captured from the Persians by the founder. Besides being a place of worship, it is a philanthropic institution, supporting three schools, four academies for the four different sects of the faithful, a school of medicine, a hospital, a kitchen for the poor, a resting place for tourists, a library, a fountain, and a house of refuge for strangers.

The Sultan's weekly journey to the mosque for religious worship is an event in Constantinople. Having obtained through Mr. Straus, the minister of the United States, a permit to enter a house owned by the Sultan, we were present at the appointed time, immediately in front of the mosque. Usually the Sultan starts about twelve o'clock, and the name of the particular mosque he intends to visit is made known a little before that hour. The way was lined with troops, the bodyguard of the Sultan in splendid uniform leading the proces-

Dervishes.

sion. Until recently he went on horseback, but on this occasion sat in a carriage, which passed near us. He was a grave, solemn-looking man, appearing much older than he really is; his beard iron gray, complexion sallow, and his eyes were heavy.

On this occasion there were several thousand troops, and the display was fine. When the Sultan had passed, coffee and sherbet were served to us, after which we withdrew.

Accompanied by Professor Long, who explained the various steps of the performance, we visited the spinning dervishes. They are named Mevlevi, and performed in a convent known as Tekke. As they enter the circular mosque, monotonous music is heard, which is performed upon a kind of flute. The chief seats himself, and the dervishes bow before him; having removed their outer garments, they extend their arms, raise their heads, and begin to spin.

They were grave and serious, keeping perfect time, and their motions were, though rapid, so regular and easy that their garments appeared to be a part of themselves. It is suspected that their skirts are weighted, as it seems impossible that they should so perfectly follow the movements of the body unless they received an impulse which could not be communicated to light fabrics. Dr. Long represented them as a worthy class of Turkish citizens. Viewed as dancers, they are entitled to praise for the perfection of their movements; but they exhibited systematic fanaticism rather than genuine ecstasy. There was no indication of loss of consciousness as there was with the howling dervishes.

More than seventy orders of dervishes exist in the Mohammedan world, some composed of intelligent men. I was introduced to a Sheik, and visited him at his residence, being received with oriental courtesy, and by the aid of an interpreter had a memorable religious conversation. The secrets of the worship of that order I could not penetrate, as no one is allowed to be present; but the room and its contents were shown to us. The views expressed of the Deity by that divine do not differ as to the divine attributes from those prevailing among Christians. He gave a definite rank to Jesus Christ, like most Mohammedans, regarding him as one of three

prophets, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, of whom the last is the greatest.

Robert College, to which so many Americans have contributed, is situated on the heights of Roumeli Hissar, which rise on the shore of the Bosporus, not far from the village of Bebek. The professors are gentlemen of high character and culture; the spirit of the institution all that could be desired. It encounters a difficulty not met in anything like the same degree at Beirut, in the number of languages and dialects spoken by the students.

The history of this now celebrated college blends the philosophical and the romantic. The American missionaries in Turkey found, after a short time, that without the means of a higher education their work would come to a standstill. This situation became known to Christopher R. Robert, a New York merchant, who in 1860 proposed to Dr. Hamlin to sunder his connection with the American Board and come to America to raise money for the object. Mr. Robert agreed to pay his expenses and give him ten thousand dollars to start the subscription. At that time he had no idea of founding a college and no thought of giving it his name, but he went on until, including what he bequeathed, he had given over four hundred thousand dollars to the college.

In 1863 Dr. Hamlin opened the college with four students. On July 4, 1869, the corner stone was laid. The new building was finished in May, 1871, and when the new year began in September, one hundred and seventy students were enrolled. For a number of years the Turks refused to grant an imperial charter. Since they granted the charter the rights of the college have been respected, and additional favors have been granted when asked. While they have sought to counteract the influence of the college, they have done it "in a legitimate way by the founding of schools and colleges of their own, and trying to make them more attractive than Robert College."

During its history the institution has had one thousand five hundred and fifty-one students; and the average time spent by the nongraduates is three, and by the graduates six years.

The majority have been Americans, Bulgarians, and Greeks;

and they have had, besides these, Austrians, Circassians, Albanians, Jews, Persians, Russians, Armenians, Assyrians, Servians, and Turks, and a few Danes, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, and English. Of the alumni, forty-six have become government officials, many of high rank; twelve judges, seventy-one teachers, including professors and principals; ten editors, twenty-two lawyers, twenty-four physicians; the majority of the students have become merchants and bankers, now scattered all over the world.

As the higher schools in Constantinople are openly atheistic, while there is great jealousy among the Greek and Armenian Churches of the advance of Protestantism, their most distinguished ecclesiastical authorities are disposed to support Robert College as a bulwark against atheism.

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CHAPTER LXVI.

Constantinople.—(Concluded.)

Turkish Burying Grounds of Scutari—English Cemetery and Florence Nightingale's Hospital—American Bible House—Portraits of the Sultans—Rise and Fall of the Janizaries—The Turk—Column of the Three Serpents—Fountains—Censorship of the Press—A Translator Perforce—The Sultan and Laborer.

SCUTARI is the largest of the suburbs of Constantinople, and has been for ages the post station for Asiatic couriers, the rendezvous of caravans from Asia, and is the point where travelers going East begin their journey. It, too, has seven hills.

The burying grounds at Scutari are extensive and beautiful. A careful writer says that probably an accurate census of the present Turkish population would not be found to exceed the twentieth part of the tenants of that single cemetery. Every Turk has his own grave.

The tombstones are of Marmora marble, and those which mark the graves of men have carved upon them a representation of the headdress which they wore in life. Sultan Mahmood's favorite horse is interred in this cemetery under a marble canopy resting upon six columns.

The English burying ground is near the hospital, the scene of the labors which made immortal the name of Florence Nightingale. The tombs of many British officers, some of distinction, are here, and beneath mounds are the remains of eight thousand nameless dead. The hospital has been turned into barracks.

We ascended hills whence we commanded a splendid prospect of Stamboul, the Bosporus, Sea of Marmora, glimpses of the Black Sea and far-off mountains of Asia and Europe.

The renowned Bible House of Constantinople is well adapted to its purpose; marked in all its departments by evidences of

American energy, and also by indications of conservative management.

Looking from an upper window I perceived a long, low block near by, and said to Mr. Bliss, who was conducting us through the establishment:

"Does the Bible House corporation own that block?"

"It does not."

"When that is removed, if buildings of the character of others in the street are erected, your views from these windows will be cut off."

"No," said he, "they cannot do that; we own the *air*."

"What does that mean?"

"There is a custom in Constantinople of selling the air above houses, which makes it impossible for the owner to build above a certain point, and we have taken the precaution to purchase the air between here and the end of the block."

At the Treasury we saw bowls full of rubies and other precious stones, reminding me of the magnificence of Russia. Thence we went to a kiosk, which commands entrancing prospects of the gardens and the Golden Horn.

One of the members of the "great house of Vanderbilt" was present, and the consul general paid special attention to him and to his party. This made another wealthy citizen of the United States so angry that, like the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal son, he "would not go in," because he could not bear to see the "consul general dancing attendance on Vanderbilt;"—another scene in the ceaseless play of human ambition, the chief actors probably alike unconscious.

Among the remarkable things seen that afternoon was a succession of portraits of the Sultans, from the conquest of Constantinople down to the present time. The contrast between the oriental dress and ferocious aspect of the conquerors and the European attire and mild look of the more recent, is suggestive.

Visiting the scene of their massacre, I inquired into the history and examined the relics of the Janizaries. Beginning as new troops, from which the name is derived, after irregular

service of thirty years, they were organized in 1362, and formed the earliest standing army in Europe.

The southern Slavic kingdoms were conquered, and one fifth of the captives, including all the able-bodied youth, were converted to Islamism and trained as soldiers. Three hundred years ago they were the best disciplined body of soldiers in all Europe. Afterward they deteriorated, for instead of being drawn from the Christian prisoners of war, they were recruited from menials and idlers. They often mutinied, and sometimes deposed Sultans or put them to death, and robbed cities over which they were appointed as guards.

An attempt to discipline them caused the abdication and death of Selim, and on November 14, 1808, they committed the most terrible outrages ever perpetrated in Europe. The new Sultan was compelled to pardon them, but secretly planned their destruction. He allured some of their officers and many Mohammedan priests and dervishes to support his views, and published a decree that from each regiment one hundred and fifty Janizaries should be formed into a regular militia. At this they revolted, and on June 14, 1826, were guilty of frightful outrages. Then came the crisis expected by Mahmood II, when he determined upon their destruction. Troops were in readiness, the sacred standard of Mohammed was displayed, and the best citizens supported the troops. Artillery, already in position, was prepared for the conflict. The end was this: "Burned alive in their barracks; cannonaded in the At Meidan (which we visited), where they made their most desperate defense; massacred singly in the streets during three months; the remainder condemned to exile." More than twenty-five thousand were slaughtered, since which time the Janizaries have ceased to exist. The Mamelukes of Egypt were cavalry; the Janizaries infantry.

The present Sultan is Abdul Hamid II. His brother, Murad, was the legitimate successor, but being deposed because of insanity, his uncle, Abdul Aziz, became the Sultan. He was soon deposed and murdered, and is now popularly spoken of as "Abdul as *was*."

Wherever I went among the Turks I listened and observed; for they differ from any race with which I have been brought in contact.

The term Mohammedan refers to religion; Turk to race. The true name for Mohammedanism is Islam, a religion of Semitic origin; the Turks are of a different descent. There are not more than seven millions of Turks in the world, while there are more than a hundred and fifty millions of Mohammedans. "The Turks had their home in the steppes of Central Asia, and are of the same race as the Tartars of the Crimea, the Kisil-Bash of Armenia, the Kalmucks of the Caucasus, and the Turkomans of Khiva."

The Turkish power originated in a band of Turkish slaves, made the bodyguard of a Caliph of Bagdad. Soon they became masters. A hundred years afterward they embraced Mohammedanism. Their Sultan—which name really means ruler—they called "Protector of the Father of the Faithful." In 1072 the Sultan, Alp Arslan, defeated the Byzantine Emperor, and ruled all Asia Minor. I quote the most condensed statement of their history: "To suppose that such an empire as that of the Turks could have been founded and maintained by simple force, under such strangely exceptional circumstances, is to contradict the plainest facts of human nature. They ruled their empire with a moderation and wisdom long unknown in western Asia, and they treated those of other creeds with a clemency which contrasted favorably with the Christian nations of Europe in that age."

Their recent history is known to students. At present those of Turkish blood are a small minority in the Turkish empire. A particular aspect is common to them;—dreamy, serious, self-contained, grave; a countenance that does not promptly respond, and kindles no enthusiasm. Ideal descriptions of them have been given which would lead one to suppose that they had no thirst for knowledge, desire for gain, or wish to travel; no love, and no ambition. Yet he who sees them transacting business will observe indications of interest, and one who watches closely will find evidences of all the passions of human nature. Indolence, consciousness of superiority, belief in destiny, low views of women, and in the case of the more

bigoted continual doubt and suspicion of all other races, are marked traits.

All that I could gather leads to the conclusion that the name of Turk, like that of Jew, has more odium to carry than it deserves. Hospitality is universal, their system of etiquette elaborately designed to make guests comfortable, and a larger proportion of them than of oriental Christians are true to their religious views. Protestants in Turkey receive better treatment than they would if Russia were in command of the country.

The Turks are not without wit. One specimen which I heard was this: "Said a dervish to a camel: 'What makes your lip so crooked?' to which the camel replied: 'What is there straight about me that you should take exception to my lip?'"

Another was a story of a man who called upon a Turk to borrow his donkey. The owner declared that he was not at home. While the conversation was progressing the donkey from within brayed. Said the applicant: "There, he is here. Let me have him." Said the Turk: "I will lend no man anything who will believe a donkey's voice against mine."

The bronze Column of the Three Serpents, about fifteen feet high, with the tails of the serpents downward and the bodies twisted spirally as far as the necks, is a curiosity. The heads of these serpents formerly spread outward, and supported the golden tripod of the priest of Apollo at Delphi.

An obelisk of Egyptian granite, fifty feet high, stands in the center of the hippodrome. Constantine was obliged to leave the hippodrome unfinished on receiving information that the Gauls threatened to attack Rome.

Another column, nearly one hundred feet in height, formed of pieces of porphyry, joined together with copper rings, is called the Burnt Column, on account of the blackness resulting from fires to which the city has been exposed. Once it was surmounted by a statue of Apollo, the work of Phidias.

Seven Towers, which stand at the southwest angle of Constantinople, where the walls join the Sea of Marmora, remind one of the Tower of London. The Janizaries used this as a

prison for the Sultans whom they had dethroned, or assassinated them there. No less than seven Sultans have been put to death in that way. In this place, in old times, whenever men were thus killed, their heads were hung from the battlements.

The city abounds in fountains, carved with representations of vases filled with flowers and artistic arrangements of fruit. Some are very large, culminating in a series of domes. In the beautiful suburbs of Constantinople are the Sweet Waters of Asia and the Sweet Waters of Europe: these are the parks to which multitudes go. There are fine carriage roads, and to the Sweet Waters of Asia the drive is six miles.

Slavery still exists, but the slave market described by travelers of a few years ago is abolished. The natives of Georgia and Circassia are still brought to Constantinople. These are white slaves: I saw two supposed to have recently arrived. The Circassian women who come to Constantinople from homes of poverty and hardship, on their arrival are not attractive in appearance; but after being subjected to a daily Turkish bath, being protected from the sun, and having the benefit of wholesome food, they become really beautiful in appearance. Turkish wives are not kept in a state of slavery. Those who have opportunity to know say that they have more liberty than European women, being allowed to roam at will through the bazaars and to drive in disguise through the streets. The wives of men of rank are always accompanied by eunuchs, but others are unattended; it was a surprise to me to see them going about the streets with apparent freedom.

The guests of wealthy Turks are treated with hospitality, and all the finery belonging to the women is displayed. Ladies only can obtain admittance to the harems, and one has written an account of what she saw. Speaking of the clothes, she says: "The visitor must express admiration, but not astonishment; for in the latter case she would then be classed as poor, having no fine clothes of her own, and treated during the rest of her visit accordingly." This lady also makes an observation which can be applied in other parts of the world: "Though Turkish ladies will pass over any display of coarseness or rudeness, they are quite able to distin-

guish between any practice which arises from a difference of manners and that which springs from a want of breeding in a woman."

In the streets of Constantinople eunuchs are seen riding with the wives of their owners, or leading children, and are distinguishable by their dress, height, beardless faces, and effeminate manners. They are usually very black.

Dogs run wild, not one in five hundred having an owner; they have a perfect police system, being divided into districts, and if any dog crosses the boundary line by the length of his body all the dogs of that department try to kill him.

Having heard much of the censorship of the press, and having had the opportunity of seeing its workings in Russia, I was interested to ascertain to what supervision literary men are obliged to submit under the present press regulations of Turkey. The editor of a paper in Constantinople must constantly have on hand a certain amount of matter, to serve as harmless padding, to fill the spaces left blank by the censor's pen. Sometimes when the form is ready for the press, and no trouble is anticipated, unexpectedly there arrives an official sheet from the censor, without whose "imprimatur" nothing can be published, and the luckless editor sees, it may be, from a column to a whole page crossed out. One of the most frequent offenders used to fill the spaces with stars and daggers, or other printer's missiles, which when taken with the context would suggest to a shrewd reader what had been omitted. A law was then made that the spaces must be so filled as to give no hint of what had been left out.

Not a great while ago an editorial acquaintance of our informant found that the pen of disapprobation had been drawn through a strictly scientific article upon the rainbow. In utter bewilderment he sought an interview with the censor and respectfully asked why this was condemned. He was told that an article upon the rainbow could not be allowed to appear on account of a stringent order received at that office to permit the publication of no article connected in any way whatever with the subject of astronomy.

In a recently published series of Scripture biographies, the statement that Ruth's connection with the family of Elimelech

became in the order of Providence the means of liberating her from the heathen traditions of her ancestors "was at once detected and erased." The account of David playing the harp before King Saul, and the outburst of passion indulged in by the latter on that occasion, was also stricken out, making a serious break in the narrative.

The most remarkable story that I heard in Constantinople about the censorship of the press was this, which was vouched for on convincing authority: A certain Christian banker or stockbroker of Constantinople, who spent some years in Paris, and understands French and has an unusual command of the Turkish language, occupied his leisure hours in translating into Turkish a chapter from a French book giving the experiences of a detective in working up noted criminal cases.

He had a few copies printed for circulation among friends. A few days after an officer appeared at the office of the author with a copy of this publication and asked if he were the writer. He admitted the fact, adding that he hoped he had done nothing wrong. The officer asked if there were any more of the story. The author replied, "Yes," that there was plenty more of the same material. "Very well," replied the officer, "I will call the day after to-morrow, and you will have ready for me in manuscript sufficient to make another pamphlet of the same size as this which you have printed." The frightened author protested that the time was too short, but the officer gave him a look which gave him clearly to understand that refusal meant danger, and naming again the hour at which he would call for the work, took leave.

The literary aspirant, bewildered and anxious, closed his office, went home, and in thirty-six hours of almost continuous labor accomplished the task assigned and returned to his office. At the appointed hour the mysterious visitor reappeared and demanded the manuscript. With a trembling hand it was passed over to him. He glanced at it a moment, then saying, "Yes, that will do," took leave without offering any explanation.

After two days he again appeared, and said: "See here,

there is more of that story." The writer admitted that there was more. "Very well," was the reply; "the day after to-morrow, at the same hour as before, I will come again. Have ready the same amount of manuscript;" and waiting for no remonstrances the man was gone. Again the broker left business and going home applied himself bravely to the task, secretly regretting that he had ever seen the book from which he was translating. The officer appeared at the appointed time, and receiving the roll of manuscript went away without remark.

After two or three days, as the broker was busy in his office, another officer made his appearance, and after asking, "Are you Mr. So-and-so?" said: "You are wanted; you will come immediately with me." The broker turned pale, and began to beg off; but the officer said: "You have nothing to fear, but you must come immediately with me." The broker followed the officer to the street corner, where they entered a carriage which appeared to be waiting for them, and they were driven to the palace, received with honor by the guards, and shown through a side door to a private room. There the broker was left alone for some minutes, when a high official entered, bearing in his hand the two rolls of manuscript which had been prepared under such pressing orders.

"Are these your writings?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"How much more is there of that book?"

"It is a large volume, your excellency."

"Where is it?"

"At your servant's house, your excellency?"

"You will go along with my officer to your house and fetch that book here to me."

The man accompanied by the officer went home, and in a short time returned bearing the French work from which the extracts had been made. He was asked to point out how far he had translated.

"Very well," said the high official, in a quiet tone, "you will begin there. In the next room you will find an abundance of writing material; also a French-Turkish Dictionary. You will set to work immediately and complete the volume before

leaving the place. There are servants in attendance who have orders to supply all your wants."

"And so," said my informant, "at the time I received the information the lucky or unlucky fellow was still hard at work upon his great literary undertaking. No restrictions were placed upon his communications to his family, but no respite from work was allowed. His business, of course, was suffering, but the possibilities of a brilliant literary career were opening before him."

It is well known that in Turkey a hymnal for the use of Protestants was expurgated, and among other things the piece, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," was stricken out. On literary grounds few would be disposed to condemn the censor for that, but the reason he assigned was that it is adapted to stir up an insurrection.

The story of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, except in its supernatural elements, has been paralleled over and over again in the history of Constantinople. One of the Sultans not so very long ago was in the habit of going about in disguise like the famous Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. On one occasion, passing a place where a man was excavating a cesspool, he heard him say to himself in a loud voice: "Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this!"

A few hours afterward an officer approached the unfortunate man, and said to him: "Come with me." Horror took possession of the laborer, who, when found by the officer, was dressed like a gentleman, and was taking his ease in a café. He tried to ascertain why he was wanted; for some went into the secret place under the control of the government, and never came out; but no satisfactory answer could be given. After being detained for a long time in fear and suspense, he was at last brought before a high official, and examined. Finally, he was taken into the presence of the Sultan, who was astonished to see the man, who had been covered with filth a short time before, so well dressed and intelligent in appearance. He said to him: "Are you the man whom I saw at work in a cesspool?"

"I am."

"How is it that I find you dressed in this way?"

"I am well paid for my work, which is very filthy and disagreeable, and afterward I cleanse myself and take mine ease."

"But what did you mean when you said: 'Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this?'"

The man trembled, knowing that at a word his head might be smitten from his shoulders.

"Speak!" said the Sultan. He answered that a man often says in anger what his heart will not acknowledge.

"But what dost thou mean?"

He hesitated, and the Sultan reiterated his command: "What dost thou mean? What deeper filth is there than that in which thou dost work?"

He still hesitated. The Sultan assured him that no harm should come to him, and the man then replied:

"My work is disagreeable, and I was almost tempted to leave it when I thought, 'I am still free;' I am obliged to flatter no one; if I give up this work I may be compelled to take service under the government, to live by flattery and falsehood, and so I said to my soul, 'Persevere, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this.'"

The Sultan, according to the story, was so pleased with this answer that he gave him a handsome present and allowed him to go away unmolested.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Flight through Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, and Vienna, to Paris and New York.

Adrianople—Philippopolis—Government of Eastern Roumelia—Convention of Protestant Mission Workers—Sofia—Bulgarian Church—Picturesque Costumes—Buda-Pesth—The National Museum—Vienna—Emperor Franz Josef—Paris Exposition.

Soon after leaving Constantinople we entered a charming country of undulating ridges, already covered with the vegetation of early spring. Previous to the treaty of Berlin, Eastern Roumelia was under the direct authority of the Sultan of Turkey. Since that time it has been removed therefrom, and is a tributary principality, enjoying the right of self-government. It is formed of the old provinces of Slivno and Philippopolis, with part of that of Adrianople, and occupies the upper basin of the Maritza River, which is navigable as far as Philippopolis. The view as we rode along was wonderfully beautiful. Villages and towns are far apart, and one might easily have fancied himself traveling through a succession of parks connected with some ancestral estate, his only perplexity that he saw no house or castle, and few persons. Sheep and cattle were grazing, and we saw some fine horses.

Adrianople, one hundred and thirty-seven miles to the northwest of Constantinople, was the first important city through which we passed; next to Constantinople its rank was the highest in European Turkey. For nearly a hundred years, and until they gained possession of Constantinople, the Turks made it the seat of government.

Higher up, on both banks of the Maritza, is Philippopolis, now the capital. This region was part of ancient Thrace, and Philippopolis was founded by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. Since 1360 the Turks have held it. Immense masses of granite surround and underlie the city; at the base

of these eminences the country is perfectly level, and the ground so low that rice is cultivated there. The independent existence of Eastern Roumelia, now a self-legislating province, gives it much more interest to Western travelers than it would have if still a province of Turkey. It sustains its own army, makes its own laws, and has a Christian Governor General, appointed indeed by the Sultan, with the consent of the European powers. Notwithstanding its independence, the Turkish government retains the right of occupying certain strategical positions for the defense of its empire.

I had the good fortune to be at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, during a convention of all the native workers in the Protestant missions for the whole region under the control of the American Board, and to meet Dr. Riggs, that venerable missionary whom Dr. Long assisted in translating the Bible into the Bulgarian tongue. The church, which would seat five or six hundred, was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, who were addressed by energetic, original, and thorough speakers, according to the testimony of the missionaries of the American Board.

The Bulgarian Church is a very low form of Christianity. The principles of the Gospel are concealed under a mask of superstitions; no intelligible instruction is given; pomp, ceremony, priestcraft, support the religion, which exerts little influence over the daily lives of the people, and can afford little or no comfort in their experiences of privation and toil.

Were it not for the palace, one or two elaborate hotels of an Eastern style, and the foreign names on the signs, it would be easy to mistake the place for an American prairie town already endeavoring to put on the airs of a city. In traveling through the country I was struck with its fertility, with the number of rivers which flow to the Danube, and with the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The general aspect, however, is not one of prosperity, and a primitive scene was that of buffaloes drawing carts. Many of the Bulgarians are striking-looking men.

After leaving Sofia we rode for hours in full view of the Balkans, and we traversed Servia, which is about as large as Switzerland, and lies between the western Balkan and the Illyrian Mountains. For many a long year these brave

Buda-Pesth.

mountaineers fought for the right of self-government, and are worthy successors of the Servian monarchy which after the fourteenth century fell before the Turks. In 1829 it gained the right of self-government, but was nominally subject to Constantinople until 1877, when its freedom was confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin.

Mountains, hills, and forests were interspersed with fields surrounded by hedges and meadows. Hogs are the most valuable product of the country. The landed nobles of Servia are great pig-dealers, and it may be said of much of the region, as it was of Cincinnati some years ago, that the aristocrats are those whose fathers packed pork for a living, and the democrats are those who pack it themselves.

The people so hate the Turks that their best wine is called "Turks' Blood." A recent traveler says that whenever a bottle of it is opened the first who tastes it affects surprise and asks, "What is this?" A second, having tasted, replies, solemnly, "Turks' Blood." Whereupon the first rejoins, "Then let it flow freely."

The villages are straggling; fifty or sixty houses "are spread over a space as large as that occupied by Vienna." We passed through the capital, Belgrade, situated at the union of the Danube and the Save, in the midst of grand scenery. The costumes of the men and women were picturesque. Towle's description in his little book, *The Principalities of the Danube*, is literally correct: "The men wear drab-colored short jackets lined with red, and caps and sashes of red, and their belts are provided with pistols and poniards. Their legs are covered with big trousers to the knee, below which point they fit close to the calves and ankles." The women affect bright colors; their dresses are trimmed with embroidery; wide sashes are worn with long fringed ends, and on their heads are red leather caps wrought in silver and gold lace; every woman wears gold earrings.

Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. It lies on both sides of the Danube; and has a population of above four hundred thousand, being the second in numbers in the Austrian empire. Buda is upon the Danube side of a range of hills, and above it is an imposing

castle. Pesth is on the other side. The hills are covered with vineyards wherein grow the grapes which make the famous Tokay wine. The city is full of monuments and abounds in churches; among its beautiful features are the bridges which connect Buda with Pesth. Great use is made of Turkish baths, and also of hot mineral baths, some of which date from the time of the Romans.

There are numerous art galleries in the city, which already considers itself a rival of Vienna, and in them I saw the finest collection of the Spanish masters outside of Spain.

The National Museum contains many curiosities, among them a piano made by Broadwood and given to Beethoven; by him it was some years afterward given to Liszt, and by him to the museum. Striking a few chords I evoked sounds of peculiar sweetness, but of less depth and brilliancy of tone than is expected from the instruments of famous makers of the present day.

One of the curiosities is Luther's will, which has been declared authentic by a committee of experts.

Another was a note signed by Louis Kossuth, the style of which was imitated in the Confederate notes of a dozen years later.

$100. No. A. Hungarian Fund.

This will entitle the holder to One Hundred Dollars at the rate of four per cent per annum from this date, the principal payment in ten equal annual installments from the date of the establishment in fact of the Independent Hungarian Government, and the interest thereon payable half-yearly from the last above date and at the National Treasury of such Government, or at either of its authorized agencies in London or New York. L. KOSSUTH.

Dated at New York, July 1, 1852.

In the very year and month of the date of that note, with a crowd of other boys, I followed the Hungarian patriot about the streets of an American city, not fully understanding his aims, but perceiving, when he spoke, the peculiar pathos and power which made him so famous.

I inquired of various officials in the museum and elsewhere as to his standing with the Hungarian people. He was considered to be patriotic, courageous, disinterested, and eloquent, but visionary, and in his old age peevish and incapable of adapt-

ing himself to what has proved a satisfactory adjustment of the two peoples which now constitute the great empire of Austria-Hungary—two distinct kingdoms united under a common ruler of the German House of Hapsburg, and maintaining a common policy in military and diplomatic affairs.

From Buda-Pesth we went direct to Vienna, where I had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor of Austria when he appeared for the first time in public after the horrible suicide of his son, the Archduke, to review the Austrian troops. For three hours I saw the flower of the Austrian infantry and cavalry perform its evolutions.

The Emperor Franz Josef, with his staff, passed within a few feet, giving me the opportunity of looking upon his face. The traces of anxiety, disease, and sorrow were plainly visible. When we look upon kings on state occasions, we do not have a fair representation of their natural expression; for self-consciousness and an artificial gravity rob the eyes and the other features of their light and animation. Even American Presidents and their wives, with the limited amount of display in which they participate, show the effects of the situation, and either a stolid aspect or a meaningless smile takes the place of the changing lights and shadows which in ordinary social intercourse are perpetually charming.

Having arranged to sail for New York on the tenth of May, on this occasion I made little stay in Vienna, but hastened to Paris, arriving on the day of the opening of the Exposition, in which we spent three days delightfully.

With my face once more turned toward home the voyage seemed long, although *La Champagne* made a shorter trip than usual at the season; and after so many months of wandering I contentedly took my place once more with those who sing:

> "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
> Home-keeping hearts are happiest."

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